

EINSTEIN COMFORTS THE JEWS

Page 9

November 26, 1938

5¢ A COPY

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



ROBERT DREYER

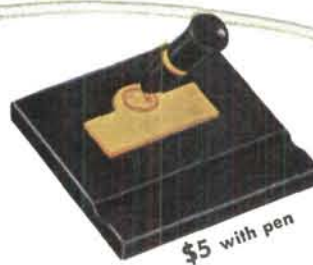


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THIS prompt, pleasant, and safe precaution may spare you an irritated throat or a nasty cold that hangs on.

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Listerine right away

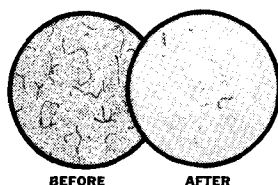
In such emergencies, Listerine Antiseptic comes to Nature's aid. Used full strength as a gargle, it cleanses the mouth. Then reaches deep down into the throat, to relieve inflammation and to kill threatening bacteria by millions. See germ-reduction chart at right.

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Seven years of medically supervised research showed that those who gargled with Listerine



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LISTERINE
THE *SAFE* ANTISEPTIC

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Collier's

November 26, 1938

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JIM MARSHALL The Orient
JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editor

Next Week

THE lawyer who defended Kurt Bruckner was a woman. Later she escaped from Vienna and got across the border before the Nazis marched in. Just in time, too. But no one could understand why she had undertaken Bruckner's defense when even his fellow Nazis were disgusted by his crime, which was the sordid and brutal murder of a woman old enough to be his mother. You would have to feel the strains and pressures of a country ruled by violence and fear to understand the dramatic events that led to this tragic climax. "From Information Received," a brilliant short story by James Hilton, shows you how it happened.

ONE clear, warm Sunday morning in 1935 two shy little men set out from their farm to pay a call. They were brothers, the name being Van Sweringen, and the purpose of the call was to save an empire, the largest railroad empire in America. For years the two shy little men had maintained control of it by playing a precarious game of chance, for which they improvised the rules as they went along. And this game, even now when its originators are in the grave, goes on—and the empire still hangs in the balance. It's an illuminating example of what's wrong with our railroads. John T. Flynn shows you the nature of the gamble.

THE convertible coupé that made Oliver Pond jump so fast and so ridiculously to avoid getting squashed against his own front wall contained a girl. You have probably never met anyone who was at once so beautiful and so ambitious. Mr. Pond, a landscape architect by profession, heartily disliked ambition. The results of this informal meeting are set down by Alan Green in "Your Money or Your Love."

HIGH up among the commonest dreads of modern life stands dread of the dentist. To improve your relations with your dentist we suggest you follow the directions laid down by Dr. Sherman in "Save Your Teeth." He tells you how to do it.

ED worked for WPA—his brother Red was a "Jitterbug" and so didn't have time. Their old man was a philosopher. And Della—Della was a girl. You might expect drama to blossom from such a combination, but hardly the sort you find in Frank Fenton's short story.

RICHARD HOFFMAN, Marcia Davenport, Agatha Christie, Humphrey Cobb, Hugh Kahler, Freling Foster and others complete the list.

This Week

SHORT STORIES

CLEVE F. ADAMS

Speak No Evil. Victim of the flood. Page 11

LESLIE T. WHITE

Hangin' Crazy Benny. The prisoner takes a hand. Page 12

ALAN LeMAY

Uncertain Wings. Comedy and romance in a race against tragedy. Page 15

JACLAND MARMUR

Via All Oceans. The girl who wrote a letter to a whaler. Page 20

THE SHORT SHORT STORY

You Liked a Parade, by Donald H. James. Page 49

SERIAL STORIES

HUMPHREY COBB

None But the Brave. The fifth of six parts. The unmaking of a hero. Page 17

AGATHA CHRISTIE

Murder for Christmas. The third of ten parts. Enter Poirot. Page 22

ARTICLES

ALBERT EINSTEIN

Why Do They Hate the Jews? A great scientist analyzes the sorrows of his people. Page 9

FRANK CONDON

Local Ghost Makes Good. Jesse James makes restitution in Pineville. Page 14

RALPH FUREY

Stars Are Not Born. Roasting on a gridiron. Page 18

ROSE AND BOB BROWN

From Nuts to Soup. Shell game in the kitchen. Page 24

FRELING FOSTER

Keep Up with the World. What's going on here? Page 6

EDITORIAL

The Old Trust-Busting Phony.

Page 70

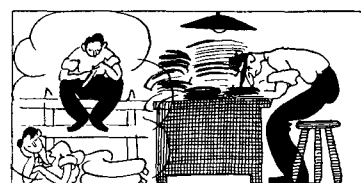
COVER

ROBERT O. REID

Any Week

MR. ALBERT RENALDS of Des Moines, Iowa, has sent us a polite letter assuring us that when we get around to buying a tractor he'd like to do the selling. Just what we'd do with a tractor interests us. And yet we know of nothing we'd rather own. "My machine," says Mr. Renalds, "is so powerful that you can do the work of a four-horse team in one sixth of the time and so flexible that you can throttle it down to where you could pull teeth with it. "Do you know," continues Mr. Renalds, "that humane legislation will be introduced into Congress forbidding the use of horses where tractors can be used? Don't be caught napping."

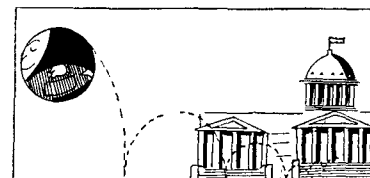
PERHAPS a dependable tractor could pull us out of the bad graces of Mrs. Naomi K. Gufford of Los Angeles, California, although we're pretty sure she'd deny the existence of anything so powerful. Mrs. Gufford accuses us wrongfully of being opposed to old-age pensions. Again in error, she says that we've never read the Bible. "We all know," says she, "that you haven't read the Bible because you're a foreigner." But she pains us deeply by saying that "Nobody read your libelous article about the California Pension Plan except the robber barons who employed you to write it." The only more demoralizing letter we've had on the subject came from an ex-robber baron who is extremely anxious to get on the nearest pension list.



"THERE is a healthy rumor going around," writes Mr. Weldon M. Muchacker of Denver, Colorado, "about laws making it illegal for any person to earn his or her own living. Look into this, will you? There is a fellow named Morgan up in Wyoming who is ballyhooing a plan whereby everybody with a job will be forced to support two people out of work and that these two unemployed persons may not be related to him in any way. I told him to send some of his literature to you. His only sorrow is that he did not think of this soon enough to file for Congress. Then there's that guy in Oregon, or maybe it's Washington, who is trying to sell some congressman a bill making it illegal to charge anybody on relief or WPA for rent, food, clothing, coal, gas, newspapers or transportation. Did you say, 'Poor Czechoslovakia'?"

FOR reasons of her own Miss Kay O'Donnell of Brooklyn, New York, notifies us that "Kyle Crichton is better than Charles Dickens but not as good as Leo Tolstoy, although the latter was humorless. If Mr. Crichton ever ceases to write for you I will stop buying Collier's. How old is he?"

MR. JOSEPH C. MURDICK of Sioux Falls, South Dakota, thinks there's nothing to rejoice about in Senator Wheeler's forecast that Congress will not be a rubber stamp. "It will probably be much worse—a rubber ball," mourns Mr. Murdick. "Watch it bounce around."



AND Mr. Vincent X. Cuneo of Kansas City, Kansas, demands that the visit of the king and queen of England be submitted to a plebiscite. "If one cent is spent entertaining royalty in this country the New Deal has betrayed democracy," says Mr. Cuneo.

WHAT Mr. R. R. Colhoun of Little Rock, Arkansas, thinks may be the making of a new spy uprising happened on a St. Louis-bound train. Two ample, elderly ladies were wedged together in a seat just back of Mr. Colhoun. Most of their conversation was in whispers. But presently one of the ladies asked quite loudly: "Are you sure you have the code book in your pocket?" She said she had. "All right, then," said the first, "your first duty is to find out from the conductor whether there is anybody important on the train."

OUR problem for the week comes from Major E. Correy Brent of Wady Halfa in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. "Have you any record of a fellow named Israel El Gore?" demands the major. "This Israel El Gore sold me a subscription to your magazine which after four numbers ceased. I may say in passing that I do not hold you responsible, the four magazines that I received looking to me to be issues which had seen considerable service elsewhere. They whetted my appetite for more. I do hope that Israel El Gore has not fallen very much into the hands of the Arabs. And yet my fondness for the fellow is not what it was."

WHY, Izzy!

W. D.

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SAVE YOUR EYES



NATURE places your eyes in deep sockets, surrounds them with bony structure, provides quick-action lids and cleansing tears to help protect your eyesight.

Moreover, Nature warns you when all is not well with your eyes. If you have unexplained headaches at the end of the day or headaches that increase with the use of the eyes, a tired feeling after reading, watering or bloodshot eyes, crusts or scales on the lashes, puffiness of the lids or blurred vision—a competent eye specialist should be consulted.

The specialist may be able to give relief by prescribing and fitting glasses, or he may find that treatment of some underlying medical condition is necessary. If you wear glasses you should visit your eye specialist periodically to have the lenses checked. Incorrect lenses or frames that do not hold the glasses in the right position can cause serious eyestrain.

Simple Rules for Conserving Sight

Don't strain your eyes by reading or working in a dim light. Avoid glare. Prolonged close eye work should be frequently interrupted by resting the eyes, either by closing them or by looking off into the distance. If you

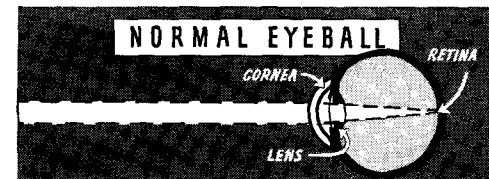
read in bed, make sure that your book is held at equal distance from *each* eye—never read when lying on your side and always have the page well lighted and *below* the level of your eyes.

If something gets into your eye, be careful. Do not rub the eye as this may have serious consequences. When the natural flow of tears does not wash out the offending substance, try drawing the upper lid over the lower one. If this fails, have a doctor remove it. Unless ordered by an eye specialist, avoid the use of ointments, salves and other remedies.

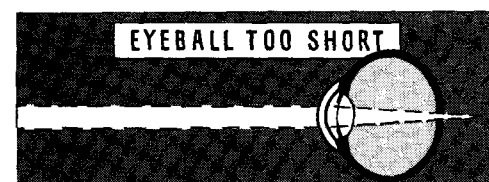
Eyesight Lost is Seldom Regained

The eye, like other parts of the body, is subject to changes due to advancing age. Even though your eyes seem normal, your safest course lies in regular examinations, plus prompt professional attention whenever a symptom appears. Remember that eyesight lost is seldom regained.

If discovered in time many defects can be rectified and the eyesight corrected. The Metropolitan booklet "Care of the Eyes" contains valuable information. A post card brings you a free copy. Address Booklet Department 1238-C.



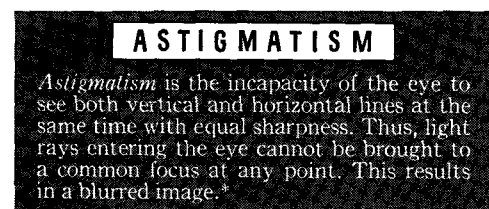
When the normal eye is looking into the distance, light rays focus the image directly on the retina—or back part of the eyeball. The muscles which control the lens of the eye come into play for close work.



The *farsighted* person has a short eyeball. Light rays entering his eye focus the image *back* of the retina. He may be able to see distant objects but cannot focus on nearby objects without straining the muscles of the eye. *



The *nearsighted* person has a long eyeball. Light rays entering his eye focus the image in *front* of the retina. He can see objects close at hand but cannot focus for distant objects. *



* These defects can be corrected by glasses.

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KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Shoplifters constitute one of the largest groups of criminals in this country and their activity has become a major problem of the big department stores. As an example, shoplifting costs one such New York establishment an average of \$3,000 a day, including the salaries of its detectives.

The peba, a nine-banded armadillo, is the only animal whose litters, comprising four young at a time, are invariably all members of the same sex.—By Sullivan G. Ashby, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

The Great Salkeld Church in Cumberland, England, has a dungeon that was built to hold those captured in the Border Wars; the Houses of Parliament in London still have pink ribbons hanging from the hooks in the coatrooms for the checking of swords; and many old houses on the island of Guernsey have seats built on the sides of their chimneys for weary witches.—By Mary Onodera, Honolulu, Territory of Hawaii.

One of the flourishing kinds of medical quackery in this country is treatment by colored lights. These devices, using ordinary electric bulbs behind colored glass, are "guaranteed" to cure a wide variety of ailments. Blue is usually used for rheumatism, green for infections, yellow for indigestion and orange for calcium deficiency.

Both men and animals sometimes are afflicted with an abnormal excitability and irritability caused by the fall in barometric pressure that precedes storms. Highly susceptible persons often awaken during the night with headaches brought on by this atmospheric condition.

A short time ago, the London Zoo owned a Spanish toad that could eat a meal worm so fast the action could not be seen by the unaided eye. When a slow-motion movie was taken, it showed that the toad shot out its tongue and grabbed and deposited the worm in its mouth in about 1/1,500th of a second.

As slow and fast oxidation generate the same amount of heat, a log that has undergone complete decay over a period of years has produced as much heat as it would have if burned to ash in a few hours.—By Jacquelin Gwinn, Arcadia, Indiana.

Evipan, one of the newest anesthetics, works with incredible rapidity. An intravenous injection usually induces deep sleep in the patient in about five seconds.

Marble can be forced out of shape. In laboratory tests, columns of this stone, encased in tight brass cylinders and subjected to intense pressure for a long period of time, have been distorted into short, thick masses without a single fracture.—By Mervin A. Mater, Brooklyn, New York.

Probably the most labor ever put into the manufacture of a single piece of jewelry was the matching, drilling and stringing of 120,000 seed pearls that were made into a necklace a few years ago. This work, if done by one man, would have required at least ten years.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher.



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Easy to own...your present car will probably represent a large proportion of Plymouth's low delivered price...with the balance in surprisingly low monthly instalments. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

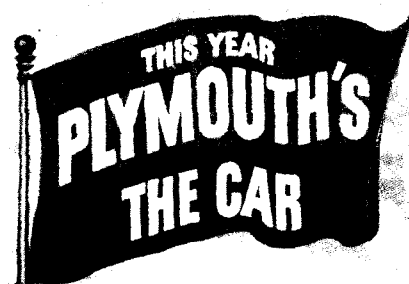
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NEW "DE LUXE"



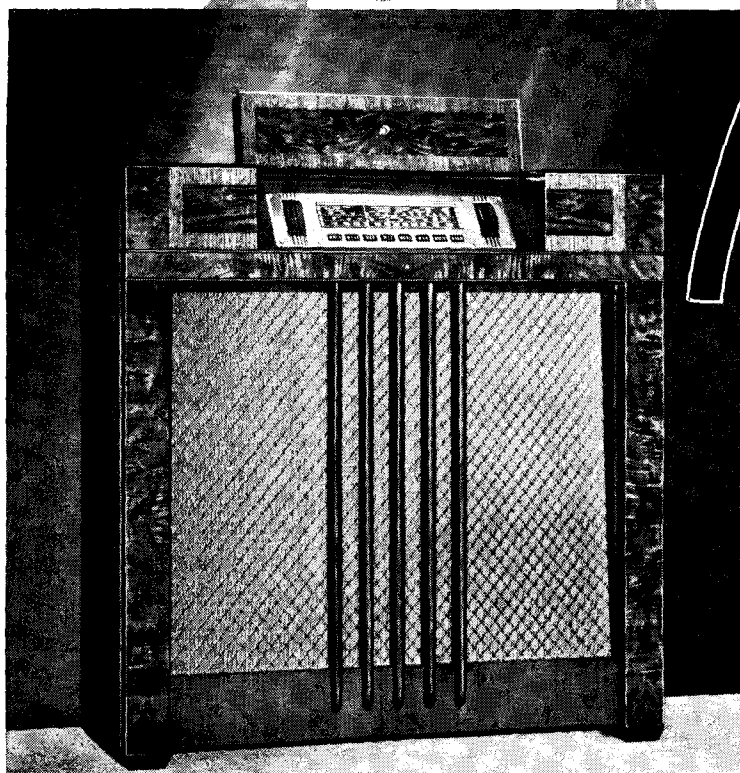


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Mystery Control



The lovely new Spinet type cabinet of the 1939 Philco sets a new vogue in radio furniture that will endure over the years. Graceful simplicity, quiet charm, costly, highly figured Walnut woods... a cabinet that enriches the home and blends with the furnishings of any room. Setting the key for several Philco models, it is acclaimed by home decoration experts as the complete answer to the universal demand for radio cabinets of good taste, which do not clash with their surroundings.

In tone, thanks to new developments in the Philco laboratories, the 1939 Philco brings you thrilling reality... glorious, full-bodied, deep richness. You find the secret in the new Philco Balanced Field Speaker combined with the famous Philco Inclined Sounding Board.

In performance, the powerful circuit of the Philco 116RX brings you all that's interesting in the air in American and Foreign reception. Your eight favorite stations are tuned away from the set with Mystery Control; *all* stations may be tuned at the set with the handsome Finger Tip Disc Controls on the Inclined Instrument Panel.



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No Plug-in..
No Cords
of any kind!**

YES, a thrilling new Philco, reaching glorious new heights of tone, performance and beauty. And, *in addition*, Mystery Control... a miraculous invention giving you a *luxurious new radio comfort* which only those who own it can enjoy.

Think of this. You place this lovely new Philco just where it best adorns the setting of your living room. And you operate it *from any place in your home* with Philco Mystery Control! Mark this—the Mystery Control unit has *no wires, no plug-in cords, no connection whatsoever with the radio, house current or anything else*. You carry it around as easily as a book and place it wherever the mood strikes you—anywhere in any room, upstairs or downstairs, as near to the radio as you wish or as far away as you can enjoyably listen. And then... without moving a step, without budging from your chair... you turn the dial on the Mystery Control. *Like magic*, you hear the station change on the radio! You regulate volume! You even turn the radio off!

Isn't this the one radio comfort you've wished for? Remote Control—without the nuisance of wires—from any place that suits your fancy, at any time. No more trudging back and forth to run the radio... *no more annoyance*. What about that old radio of yours, now? No matter how well it has served you, surely now it falls short! *Trade it in*—don't deny yourself and your family the joy and comfort of this new Philco with Mystery Control, the latest triumph from the laboratories of the world's most popular radio.

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Why Do They Hate the Jews?

By Albert Einstein

TRANSLATED BY RUTH NORDEN

Collier's asked the most famous victim of anti-Semitism to explain why the Jewish people are the object of organized persecution in Germany, in Italy and elsewhere. Why do they inspire bitterness even in democratic countries? Dr. Einstein here presents his views

I SHOULD like to begin by telling you an ancient fable, with a few minor changes—a fable that will serve to throw into bold relief the mainsprings of political anti-Semitism:

The shepherd boy said to the horse: "You are the noblest beast that treads the earth. You deserve to live in untroubled bliss; and indeed your happiness would be complete were it not for the treacherous stag. But he practiced from youth to excel you in fleetness of foot. His faster pace allows him to reach the water holes before you do. He and his tribe drink up the water far and wide, while you and your foal are

left to thirst. Stay with me! My wisdom and guidance shall deliver you and your kind from a dismal and ignominious state."

Blinded by envy and hatred of the stag, the horse agreed. He yielded to the shepherd lad's bridle. He lost his freedom and became the shepherd's slave.

The horse in this fable represents a people, and the shepherd lad a class or clique aspiring to absolute rule over the people; the stag, on the other hand, represents the Jews.

I can hear you say: "A most unlikely tale! No creature would be as foolish as the horse in your fable."

LEON THOMAS

אל רחום ותנון!

Be Thou with the afflicted who flee away from the cruelty of the oppressor. Quench the passions of fanaticism and hatred. Plant in their stead the feelings of love and brotherhood. Grant understanding to those who take counsel together how best to succor the fugitives and to aid the forlorn. Show them the way wherein they should help and the work they should do, and grant that their labors may prosper. Inspire our hearts and the hearts of all our brethren, in every place of their habitation, with tender pity, that they may bring the gifts of their hands to satisfy the souls of the afflicted and to provide quiet resting places for the poor outcasts. Bestow Thy blessing upon our dear land under whose shadow we dwell in peace and happiness, and visit us all with mercy and salvation. Amen.

This is from the eloquent and moving "prayer for the Jews of Russia offered up on the Day of Atonement, 1891"—a prayer that rises today from Jewish hearts.



But let us give it a little more thought. The horse had been suffering the pangs of thirst, and his vanity was often pricked when he saw the nimble stag out-running him. You, who have known no such pain and vexation, may find it difficult to understand that hatred and blindness should have driven the horse to act with such ill-advised, gullible haste. The horse, however, fell an easy victim to temptation because his earlier tribulations had prepared him for such a blunder. For there is much truth in the saying that it is easy to give just and wise counsel—to others!—but hard to act justly and wisely for oneself. I say to you with full conviction: We all have often played the tragic role of the horse and we are in constant danger of yielding to temptation again.

The situation illustrated in this fable happens again and again in the life of individuals and nations. In brief, we may call it the process by which dislike and hatred of a given person or group are diverted to another person or group incapable of effective defense. But why did the role of the stag in the fable so often fall to the Jews? Why did the Jews so often happen to draw the hatred of the masses? Primarily because there are Jews among almost all nations and because they are everywhere too thinly scattered to defend themselves against violent attack.

A few examples from the recent past will prove the point: Toward the end of the nineteenth century the Russian people were chafing under the tyranny of their government. Stupid blunders in foreign policy further strained their temper until it reached the breaking point. In this extremity the rulers of Russia sought to divert unrest by inciting the masses to hatred and violence toward the Jews. These tactics were repeated after the Russian government had drowned the dangerous revolution of 1905 in blood—and this maneuver may well have helped to keep the

hated regime in power until near the end of the World War.

When the Germans had lost the World War hatched by their ruling class, immediate attempts were made to blame the Jews, first for instigating the war and then for losing it. In the course of time, success attended these efforts. The hatred engendered against the Jews not only protected the privileged classes, but enabled a small, unscrupulous and insolent group to place the German people in a state of complete bondage.

The crimes with which the Jews have been charged in the course of history—crimes which were to justify the atrocities perpetrated against them—have changed in rapid succession. They were supposed to have poisoned wells. They were said to have murdered children for ritual purposes. They were falsely charged with a systematic attempt at the economic domination and exploitation of all mankind. Pseudo-scientific books were written to brand them an inferior, dangerous race. They were reputed to foment wars and revolutions for their own selfish purposes. They were presented at once as dangerous innovators and as enemies of true progress. They were charged with falsifying the culture of nations by penetrating the national life under the guise of becoming assimilated. In the same breath they were accused of being so stubbornly inflexible that it was impossible for them to fit into any society.

Almost beyond imagination were the charges brought against them, charges known to their instigators to be untrue all the while, but which time and again influenced the masses. In times of unrest and turmoil the masses are inclined to hatred and cruelty, whereas in times of peace these traits of human nature emerge but stealthily.

Up to this point I have spoken only of violence and oppression against the Jews—not of anti-Semi-

tism itself as a psychological and social phenomenon existing even in times and circumstances when no special action against the Jews is under way. In this sense, one may speak of latent anti-Semitism. What is its basis? I believe that in a certain sense one may actually regard it as a normal manifestation in the life of a people.

The members of any group existing in a nation are more closely bound to one another than they are to the remaining population. Hence a nation will never be free of friction while such groups continue to be distinguishable. In my belief, uniformity in a population would not be desirable, even if it were attainable. Common convictions and aims, similar interests, will in every society produce groups that, in a certain sense, act as units. There will always be friction between such groups—the same sort of aversion and rivalry that exists between individuals.

The need for such groupings is perhaps most easily seen in the field of politics, in the formation of political parties. Without parties the political interests of the citizens of any state are bound to languish. There would be no forum for the free exchange of opinions. The individual would be isolated and unable to assert his convictions. Political convictions, moreover, ripen and grow only through mutual stimulation and criticism offered by individuals of similar disposition and purpose; and politics is no different from any other field of our cultural existence. Thus it is recognized, for example, that in times of intense religious fervor different sects are likely to spring up whose rivalry stimulates religious life in general. It is well known, on the other hand, that centralization—that is, elimination of independent groups—leads to one-sidedness and barrenness in science and art because such centralization checks and even suppresses any rivalry of opinions and research trends.

Just What is a Jew?

The formation of groups has an invigorating effect in all spheres of human striving, perhaps mostly due to the struggle between the convictions and aims represented by the different groups. The Jews too form such a group with a definite character of its own, and anti-Semitism is nothing but the antagonistic attitude produced in the non-Jews by the Jewish group. This is a normal social reaction. But for the political abuse resulting from it, it might never have been designated by a special name.

What are the characteristics of the Jewish group? What, in the first place, is a Jew? There are no quick answers to this question. The most obvious answer would be the following: A Jew is a person professing the Jewish faith. The superficial character of this answer is easily recognized by means of a simple parallel. Let us ask the question: What is a snail? An answer similar in kind to the one given above might be: A snail is an animal inhabiting a snail shell. This answer is not altogether incorrect; nor, to be sure, is it exhaustive; for the snail shell happens to be but one of the material products of the snail. Similarly, the Jewish faith is but one of the characteristic products of the Jewish community. It is, furthermore, known that a snail can shed its shell without thereby ceasing to be a snail. The Jew who abandons his faith (in the formal sense of the word) is in a similar position. He remains a Jew.

Difficulties of this kind appear whenever one seeks to explain the essential character of a group.

The bond that has united the Jews for thousands of years and that unites them today is, above all, the democratic ideal of social justice, coupled with the ideal of mutual aid and tolerance among all men. Even the most ancient religious scriptures of the Jews are steeped in these social ideals, which have powerfully affected Christianity and Mohammedanism and have had a benign influence upon the social structure of a great part of mankind. The introduction of a weekly day of rest should be remembered here—a profound blessing to all mankind. Personalities such as Moses, Spinoza and Karl Marx, dissimilar as they may be, all lived and sacrificed themselves for the ideal of social justice; and it was the tradition of their forefathers that led them on this thorny path. The unique accomplishments of the Jews in the field of philanthropy spring from the same source.

The second characteristic trait of Jewish tradition is the high regard in which it holds every form of intellectual aspiration and spiritual effort. I am convinced that this great respect for intellectual striving is solely responsible for the contributions that the Jews have made toward the progress of knowledge, in the broadest sense of the term. In view of their relatively small number and the considerable external obstacles constantly placed in (Continued on page 38)



Speak No Evil

By Cleve F. Adams

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

A cop-killer trapped in a flood, and Regan, who found that dead men may tell tales—to a woman

THE water was so swift that boulders taller than a man rolled in it, wallowing their brutal way down to the sea. Smaller boulders, hundreds of tons of them, rounded and smoothed by other floods and more agile than their fellows, banged and crashed along on the crest, or sank slyly beneath the surface only to reappear again farther down. The effect was that of a Gargantuan pouring of concrete, dumped from the mixer which was the Sierra Nevada range.

There were other things in the yellow maw of the flood. There were houses and cars and bridges, dissolving magically before the eye, and there were men. These men would have to die. There was no hope for them. The little boat would have died too, had it ventured into the raging main channel. It was already loaded beyond the bounds of safety, and the thickset man in the stern sheets knew it, and cursed quietly each time the inadequate outboard motor was tipped into his lap by hidden debris. The propeller and shaft housing were battered almost beyond recognition. It still rained and it was night.

Up in the bow the boat's one lantern gleamed yellowly on Jorgensen's slicker. Jorgensen was a big man, even for a cop. He stood there, poised like a blond Viking, head bared to the rain. Occasionally he would laugh as if this were a lark. Jorgensen was very young.

Once he turned and yelled at the man in the stern. "Hey, Sarge, I bet you never seen anything like this before!"

"No," the thickset man said.

There were seventeen others in the boat. The boat had been built to carry six. They sat there, packed together, saying little because there was so very little to say. Only a few of them were grateful for being alive. A woman who was the sole survivor of a family of five prayed quietly. Detective-Sergeant Regan fought the motor.

It was a little ironical, he thought, that in all this chaos they should be looking for one man, so that they could hang him. Every cop on the metropolitan force, every man on the county staff, wanted the flood to spare Christy Charles so that he could be hanged. Because he had killed one of their number. There was supposed to be a point of honor involved somewhere. It wasn't enough that Christy Charles should just die. He had to be hanged.

This was Regan's third trip since eight o'clock—since the El Cajon dam had gone out. It would probably be his last in that particular boat. It was leaking badly through its thin planking. The roar of the water and the incessant pounding of the rocks were wearing Regan's temper thin, too. He thought that if they asked him just once more if he'd seen anything of Christy Charles he would tell them exactly how he felt.

He hoped that Charles had died as countless others had died tonight. It would be easier on Karen that way. Hanging a guy is sometimes pretty tough on the guy's wife. Even if the guy is a heel and deserves it.

The motor coughed, went dead. Regan stared over the heads of the others at the black jut of land he had hoped to make. It was problematical whether the boat could make it now, without power. The tremendous urge of the current was already swinging the bow out toward the maelstrom of the channel. There were no oars.

Regan began taking off his shoes. "Jorgensen."

"Yes, Sarge?"

(Continued on page 60)

Regan said through set teeth, "Did you blast the dick or was it Charles?" He knew the answer

Hangin' Crazy Benny

By Leslie T. White

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

An amazing story of the prisoner who captured an armed mob—with only a pair of handcuffs and a reputation

ALTHOUGH Sergeant Fargo held the usual metropolitan copper's prejudice for all "hick-town" jails, he found the Metroville county jail even uglier than he had remembered it. As he followed the deputy sheriff out of the police sedan which had brought them from the city, he paused for a contemptuous survey. There it squatted atop a knoll in the center of town, resembling nothing so much as a tombstone. The small park across the street was almost as unattractive.

The jail itself occupied the second story of the ancient structure, the main floor being divided between the sheriff's office, the farm adviser and the county nurse. Fargo had visited Metroville before, with prisoners, so he led the way up to the jailer's musty little office and loafed indifferently against the door of the cell block while the jailer and the deputy sheriff went through the formality of the booking slip.

It was strange, Fargo mused, that this particular booking was just like any other. There was the little coterie of local reporters, slightly awed by the big-shot detectives from the city, and several hacks from the large news services. A couple of cameramen angled around for picturesque shots of the noted prisoner who was to be salted away in this hick jail for a year. For over seventeen years Fargo had watched such scenes as this and invariably they bored him. Of late, however, he had relegated such routine matters to his subordinates, for his position on the homicide squad had been too important. But this time the choice was not his.

For now Sergeant Fargo was the prisoner!

The case had angles. It had been a political maneuver, and Fargo had been tagged the goat. He was still too cynical about it to be bitter. The young district attorney had called him inhuman, tough, brutal, callous, nerveless, and utterly lacking in human sympathy. That was quite a collection of names, but then the D. A. had been ambitious and the conviction of a veteran police officer would be quite a feather in his political cap. Every so often the general public liked to see a copper nailed to the cross and because Fargo was known to be a relentless man hunter himself, because he had been pictured in the press as fearless, lacking the nerves which plague the average citizen, he made an excellent victim for sacrifice.

His crime, if you disregarded the emotionalism of the D. A., was not particularly heinous. The penal code section under which he had been convicted read: "Every public officer who, under color of authority, without lawful necessity, assaults or beats any person, is punishable . . . etc." Technically any veteran copper could be snagged on that charge at one time or another, but you couldn't convince the jury of that. They resented Sergeant Fargo's cold-blooded lack of fear.

The evidence was this: A stool pigeon had told Fargo that one Rusty Lugano was holed up in a fourth-rate hotel. It looked at the time like a hot tip and Fargo wanted Lugano for questioning, so he forthwith went down to look over the hotel. He could not have secured a warrant for Lugano even if he had tried, because he had no legal evidence, but Fargo never even thought of a warrant to pick up a rat like Lugano. Most coppers would have taken along a couple of men to shake down a joint like this hotel, in anticipation of trouble, but Fargo ignored trouble.

The manager of the hotel, knowing that the new district attorney was gunning for cops in the usual attempt to whip the police department into line, chose this particular moment to oppose Fargo and demand a warrant to search the hotel. He backed up his demand with a slightly moth-eaten house detective, four or five furtive-looking bellhops, and a motley assortment of minor clerks and house guests who acted as if they didn't like cops.

THIS concerted opposition looked to Fargo like guilty knowledge on the part of the manager that Lugano was in the place. If he allowed himself to be turned away, or if he hesitated for reinforcements, Lugano would have due time to make good his escape. Those were vital factors, as the defense counsel pointed out at the trial, but actually Fargo skipped that mental process. He simply told the manager to go to hell and started for the elevator, and the manager, the house dick and the bellhops attempted to eject him. The D. A. convinced the jury that the manager had had a legal right to do so. But it remained in the "attempt" classification, because Fargo was a bad man to push around.

By the time he had slapped the manager to the floor, and broken a knuckle

on the melon-headed house dick, he quit using his bare hands and resorted to his blackjack, because of the number of opponents. Impartial observers admitted that it was a swell battle, although it wrecked the lobby of the hotel. And Fargo finally won his point, because he did go and shake down the sixth floor. But he failed to locate Lugano, which later complicated his case somewhat and went against him at the trial. The young prosecutor pointed out that Fargo had acted "under color of authority, without lawful necessity," and, anyhow, it was time the police officers learned to obey the laws and stop barging into hotels and beating up their staffs, to say nothing of destroying property.

So Fargo was found guilty as charged.

The conviction might have carried a penitentiary sentence due to the fact that a blackjack, although a most convenient little instrument, is legally considered a "deadly weapon," but the judge knew something about the problems of a cop, and, anyhow, he suspected that the case had a political angle, so he reduced the charge and sentenced Fargo to a year in the county jail, thus saving him from the stigma of a felon and preserving his citizenship.

Now, the local county jail held a good many guests installed through the diligence of Sergeant Fargo, and they would

have liked to welcome him to their midst. Fargo himself disdained to ask for quarter, but his friends put in a word where it would do the most good, and so Fargo was transferred to Metroville, the largest town in the adjoining county.

METROVILLE was one of the oldest towns in the state, with a population of approximately fifteen thousand, mostly small businessmen who gleaned a living dealing with the farmers in the surrounding area.

The sheriff of the county had been in office less than seven months when Fargo was installed in his jail. He was a middle-aged man whose peculiar qualification to hold office was the fact that he had failed in business. But Galloway was a good old name in Metroville; Si Galloway, the sheriff's father, had started his dry-goods store nearly half a century before and so, when the son finally bankrupted the business, the community elected him sheriff.

Despite his inexperience, however, Sheriff Galloway had definite ideas. He told Fargo as much when they were booking him.

"You needn't expect any special privileges or favors in my jail," he warned. "You'll be treated like any other prisoner—no better, no worse. But if you try to trade on the fact that you've been a big-city policeman . . ."



THE SHERIFF

he knew his way around. Furthermore, Durkin was loquacious after the first couple of drinks, and Fargo was a good listener. Durkin had two favorite topics: first, that men weren't as tough as they used to be, and that Galloway was a lousy sheriff. Fargo himself had rather definite ideas on both subjects, neither opinion in conflict with the jailer's.

"It takes experience," Durkin insisted, "to make an officer. All this bosh about science . . . hell! Galloway reads all the books, but look at him. Nothing but a political glad-hander! Will he take advice? Naw! He won't even have experienced men for deputies. Afraid they'd show him up, he is. Me, why, I wouldn't be here now only he don't dare fire me. I been jailer here since Gus Galloway wore dresses."

"They'll learn," Fargo prophesied, "that law bein' what it is, there's times you've got to be tough."

"Plenty of times," Durkin echoed. "Galloway will get a lesson some day. Y'know, Fargo, that's the main reason he don't like you. Like the newspapers, he thinks you're cold-blooded. I reckon maybe he envies you, him bein' so excitable and jumpy like a woman when anything unusual happens." Durkin drained his bottle. "He uses you for a bad example when he talks before the service clubs on how good he is. You got a tough reputation around this community, Fargo—thanks to the sheriff."

"Metroville's opinion don't worry me a damn," Fargo grunted. "When I'm out of here I'm going back to the city, where I belong."

"Well, don't be so hellishly hostile about it," the jailer growled, and dropped the subject for the moment.

On the Friday night—or rather Saturday morning, for it was just after two o'clock—the call came in that Aunt Molly had been murdered, Fargo was loafing (Continued on page 54)

THE COP

"You can save that speech," Fargo interrupted him, "until I ask for it."

The first night Fargo was in the main tank at the Metroville county jail, the other eleven prisoners tried to put him through the "kangaroo court;" that is, they were going to have some pretty tough fun at Fargo's expense, and shake him down for any money he might possess. That was really too bad, in its way, because Fargo meant to get along. But after the fight, after two of his tormentors had been taken out to receive medical attention, Fargo was removed to the "dungeon."

It was not actually a dungeon; it was merely a solitary cell on the first floor, back of the booking desk. It contained two berths, one over the other, and was used to hold dangerous prisoners, such as murderers, maniacs, prisoners who might attempt suicide, or who might be assaulted by other prisoners if confined in one of the two regular tanks.

Old Durkin, the night jailer, made the change on his responsibility and although Galloway regarded the move with disfavor—it looked to him like special privilege—he let it stand. The sheriff hated trouble almost as much as Fargo ignored it, and when Durkin pointed out that the ex-sergeant would be so much dynamite in a tank full of other prisoners, Galloway shrugged and warned against undue partiality.

Now, it wasn't that Durkin was partial, but, being a veteran officer himself, he could not see that Fargo had done anything to warrant censure, to say nothing of incarceration. So nightly, after the jail had quieted down, Durkin opened two things—his pint of bourbon and the "dungeon." Fargo fell into the habit of loafing in the battered little office, his feet on the under-sheriff's desk. Then he would scan the various wanted circulars and police bulletins. Twice in his first month he identified new prisoners who were wanted elsewhere, and Durkin got the credit.

Old Durkin liked that, and he liked Fargo. He was well along in years, nearly half again as old as Fargo, which would put him in his middle sixties, and although his experience had been rural,



MARTHA
SAWYERS

BENNY

Local Ghost Makes Good

By Frank Condon

Jesse James made the Ozarks famous, but at great cost to the Ozarks. Returning now as a celluloid ghost to repay the debt, he has made Pineville a prosperous town

HE WAS generally regarded as a rather wicked little lad and his home community felt ashamed. Local people either hung or shook their heads. Nobody cared to meet him socially and a few braver ones shot at him. His home town even denied he was born there and tried to shove him off on neighboring communities, and all the while he kept on hell-roaring around the country, killing people, robbing banks, shooting sheriffs, holding up trains and acting rough.

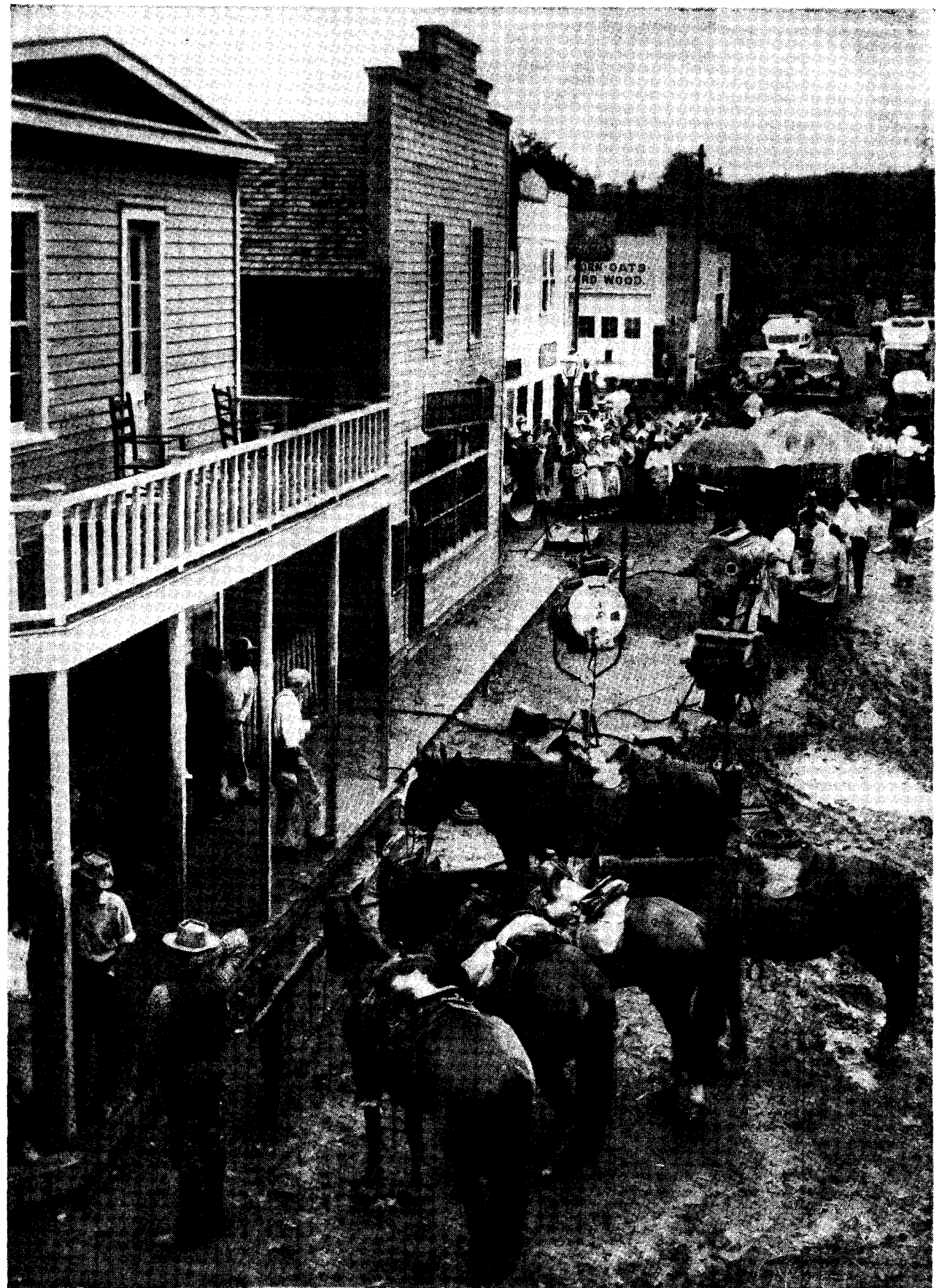
In the end, an old buddy named Bob Ford shot him from behind, and that was the finish of Jesse James. He died hanging a picture, which is probably as good a way as any.

That was back in the sixties, when the North and the South were busy, and it happened down in the southwest corner of Missouri, where you could almost stand on a high rock and spit into either Arkansas or Oklahoma. It was generally understood that Jesse James was born in St. Joseph and was bad all over the Ozark country, and one of the towns where he festered around and hid out nights was Pineville, Mo., a hamlet that never put on airs then and doesn't now.

Pineville looks about the same as in 1865. It's the county seat, with a courthouse and a surrounding fence, and that's how it happened to horn into this motion picture. Yes, they just made a picture in Pineville, about Jesse James. The movies get around to everything in due time, so they swarmed in on Pineville, because that's where Jesse James used to jump his horse off cliffs, hide in caves, rob trains and act sultry about life in general.

They had to pick a town with a courthouse, and Henry King, a movie director, flew around in his private plane, a Waco cabin job, till he could look down and see a town with a courthouse, and that was Pineville. They say Mr. King flew all of ten thousand miles, just looking down for courthouses.

You could have knocked all the Pineville citizens over with one feather when they heard the movie shooters were heading in. It was an incredible wind-fall, the like of which will not come



Main Street, Pineville, Missouri, as shooting began on the Jesse James saga

again, and when Mayor F. T. Drum told the boys there wasn't any doubt, all present looked cheerful and Mrs. Martin set up the ice cream. It is a known fact, even in McDonald County, that movie companies always carry unlimited bills and spend them like water.

Little old Pineville has an estimated and unproved population of 371, not counting Lump Ward, who has been tight ever since Sullivan beat Kilrain. The local folks are not familiar with movie people, although they have a film theater in town, and it would do all right if the magnates would make silent pictures, with subtitles in printing. They

get along without sound in Pineville. It was F. T. Drum, the mayor, who first mentioned the enterprise, speaking to Mrs. Mildred Martin, sole owner and operator of Martin's Café.

"I hear," the mayor spoke up, "that these movie people just got into Noel yesterday and are coming right over and set to work."

Noel is eleven miles down the road, and the movie company naturally would land in Noel, as that town sits on the railroad.

Mrs. Martin worked the news around town in about ten minutes, and the next day proved Mayor Drum was right. A

soiled-looking youth tore into town on a motorcycle. Following him, some trucks appeared, loaded with fantastic machinery. More trucks rumbled out of the north. Henry King glided in, not in his plane but in a limousine. Actors and actresses, featured and supporting players, stepped from cars. Cameramen started unlimbering their artillery and Jesse James was back once more in his ancient haunts, after seventy years. The big bad wolf of the community had returned in spirit and it only goes to prove there is some good in the very worst bad, for here was this bloodthirsty bandit

(Continued on page 44)

DOC BLAIR sat on the pilot's bench in front of the Cherry Valley Flying Service hangar watching a dual-control instruction plane take off and land. Nobody else was paying any attention to this monotonous maneuver; Doc was the only one around there—except Gus Taylor, the unfortunate instructor—who had noticed that something interesting always happened when George Featherstone was in the air.

Gus Taylor hadn't mentioned it to anyone; Gus was never heard to criticize anybody. But Doc had noticed, because he was a great hand to notice. Doc claimed that he had a waist measurement of seventy-two inches, and that though he owned three airplanes he couldn't fly any of them. The former was an exaggeration, and the latter untrue—he was a very competent pilot, when he wanted to be. But mostly he liked just to sit around, enjoying the smell of motor oil, and the sound of his friends hollering at one another above the roar of airplane engines.

George didn't fail him. He started to taxi into the wind for a take-off; then unexpectedly swung the plane in a ground loop, and staggered into the air cross wind, directly toward the hangar. The little plane, clawing for altitude, passed so low over Doc that he almost jumped inside. All this was bad, but nothing, really, for George.

Just then, as the plane went out of Doc's sight over the hangar, he heard the engine backfire and die. There was an instant's mysterious quiet while Doc listened paralyzed to the whir of the fading prop. Then a blasting crash shook the hangar; the plane reeled into view again, and glided down to a perfect landing.

Inside the hangar some pieces of the sheet-iron roof kept falling for a little while, at intervals of a few seconds.

Deliberately Doc looked all about him. The Cherry Valley field was only a small layout, marked on the maps as an emergency landing, in a nest of high-tension lines and assorted obstructions. Two senior pilots and Gus Taylor were the entire staff, handling everything from student instruction to charter service, in person. So now, with the two senior pilots away, there was no one on the apron, no one in the hangar.

Doc wiped his forehead. Something almost as incredible as this happened every day, nearly—and no one ever seemed to see it but himself. The thing was getting him. As if somehow he were seeing things that couldn't happen, and didn't.

THE airplane taxied back to the apron, and George Featherstone stepped down—a tall, wide-shouldered, chesty figure, blond and confident. He shouted back at Gus, "See you after lunch!" Then he swung aboard his open roadster without opening the door, and wheeled out, spurring gravel.

Gus Taylor climbed out of the cabin slowly, his face a blank. He spent a little time inspecting the undercarriage, but apparently the plane had come through without even a flat. Gus walked over and sat down beside Doc, his movements casual.

"Now just how under heaven," Doc demanded, "did George manage to do that?"

Gus asked warily, "Did you see it?"

"Of course I saw it."

"Well," Gus explained reluctantly, "George didn't do that. I did it."

Gus had a big clean grin that he was hardly ever without, and his gray eyes were usually merry. He was grinning now, but Doc thought the grin looked artificially fixed, and the eyes a trifle glassy.

"You see," he said, "George likes to take off the short way of the field, even if it's cross wind. He says it gets him

Uncertain Wings

By Alan LeMay

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

Throwing on a little coal guarantees a hilarious flight for George. And you



He managed, after a brief, spirited struggle, to claw sufficiently free so that the robe blew out the door and away

on his way quicker. So, to break him of it, I throttled off his engine, just as he got over the hangar. And I said, 'Now what are you going to do?'

"And George said, 'I'll throw on a little coal,'" Doc guessed. "George is a great hand to throw on a little coal."

"No; that's where he fooled me. Quick as a flash, he reaches out and cuts the switch—and he says, 'Now what are you going to do?' . . . Well, I had to bounce her off the hangar roof to make the field. I figure George won that trick, Doc."

Doc looked at him for a long time. "Gus," he said, "when it comes to getting into trouble in the air, here we have a master. Look, Gus. There are people—some of them good smart athletes—who just can't learn to fly. You know that. But George is unique. You never saw anything like him in all your life!"

"Well, no; I don't know that I ever did, exactly."

DOC put a hand on the pilot's shoulder. "Gus, don't you sometimes wonder? Doesn't he sometimes make you think? Don't you ever have a leetle, faint suspicion that all is not well, that something is wrong, that this thing can't go on?"

Gus Taylor lighted a cigarette. "Well," he said slowly, "a little thing happened the other day that made me feel kind of doubtful, at the time."

"Was it when he kicked into that outside spin, over the cemetery? Was it when he choked the engine and tore out the telephone line? I probably saw it from the ground."

"I don't think you did," Gus said thoughtfully. "It was just a little thing. Not much of a fire, when you look back—"

"A fire?"

"It seems he had a lighted pipe in his pocket. It ignited the seat cushion, somewhat."

"Burn his pants?" Doc asked hopefully.

"Oh, no; no. Burned my pants."

"By golly, it's supernatural!"

"It bothered me a little, for a minute."

"You're softening up, Gus. Here the ship is only slightly on fire—just a small cabin blaze—and you admit you're bothered!"

"It wasn't that so much. What kind of worried me is that the cushion is guaranteed fireproof. I always thought it was asbestos. And he sets it on fire. I guess—I guess it doesn't pay a fellow to think about those things too much."

"Listen, Gus," Doc urged, "you're on borrowed time, and so is he. Give this weird genius a washout! Let him go ignite somebody else's asbestos seat."

Gus studied his cigarette; it seemed to Doc that he faltered. But he shook

his head. "I couldn't let Gloria down that way."

"Gloria Case doesn't own you!"

"Oh, no; no. She owns him. She's going to marry him."

"Just because she's a former student of yours—"

"Best flyer, man or woman, I ever turned off. Doc, she's racing class. It's natural I feel friendly toward her."

DOC studied him. "Friendly, huh?"

Why don't you admit what's the matter with you? You've never been the same for five minutes since she first came around here."

"Shucks, Doc, you're wrong. I've got a girl of my own. In Chicago."

"Never heard you mention her if you have. And I suppose I've heard you speak of Gloria Case, and her swell job of flying, upward of five thousand times."

Gus looked chagrined. "Shucks, that's bad. I didn't realize that."

"I guess you don't see much of this girl in Chicago."

"Well, no; no. I was kind of figuring to fly up there and bring her down for a week end. Right now, though, with Bill and Steve up there at the Air Show, I have to hold the hangar down. Bill and Steve had to go up there to sell Tailwinds, at the display."

"Why doesn't she fly herself down here, then?"

"She can't fly. To tell the truth, Dotty doesn't seem to be interested in the air, so very much."

Gus went into the hangar and began pulling on his coveralls. He would have time to start taking down an engine before George got back.

This is what you get, Doc was thinking, if you're one hundred per cent competent, a streak of light around an engine, a ball of fire in the air. This is what you get for keeping your mouth shut and attending to your business—never coming up with a squawk or a holler, but only a darn' grin. This is what you get. You get George.

And what does George get? George gets Gloria Case. Gloria was small and bright-haired, and her eyes, golden as topaz, lighted up easily with her quick smile. It was a smile that drew her lower lip down, flashing small irregular teeth, with a curious, very characteristic effect of high vitality. And her good hands had a nice competence upon stick and throttle. Doc wondered if she would ever have looked at George if she had seen Gus first.

Gloria had not seen George fly yet. George had made her promise not to watch him fly until he got his pilot's ticket. There being no chance that any inspector would ever license George, this threatened that Gloria would never

(Continued on page 39)



"Well," said Doc cheerily, "here they are!" George and Dotty slept peacefully in the hay

None But the Brave

By Humphrey Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

The Story Thus Far:

NEIGHBORS and close friends, in a small Canadian town, Andy Paige and Dick Patterson are in love with the same girl: Louise Frawley. When the World War starts, Louise goes to London, where she becomes an ambulance driver; Andy and Dick—between whom there is a tacit understanding that neither will speak to Louise about marriage until the war is over—join the army and go to France.

There, at the front, Andy soon observes that Dick—a nervous, highly imaginative boy—does not relish life in the front-line trenches. Then, on an unusually perilous mission with his friend, he learns the truth: Dick Patterson is a coward!

Wounded in the course of that adventure, Dick is sent to London. When he returns he is a lieutenant; and he brings with him many stories of Louise, his constant companion in England. . . . Andy has a curious gift: from time to time, he has a feeling that someone he knows is about to die, and invariably that person is killed. Now, to his horror, he has a premonition—very faint—that Dick Patterson has not long to live.

A prisoner-taking raid is planned. Dick is to command the raiding party, and Andy wonders how Dick is going to acquit himself.

Dick surprises him. He leads the raiders out, at night, and, in the course of some terrific fighting, displays extraordinary courage! Andy is with Dick, at the time. He gives "Shorty" Turner—an officer of whom the men are very fond—a full account of the episode. And he is delighted to note that he no longer has the "hunch" that Dick is to be killed.

Moved from the front, the Canadians begin an intensive course of training for open warfare. A big attack, perhaps a general offensive, is to be launched. When? The men can only wonder . . . and prepare to take it.

V

ONE Friday toward the end of June, a full battalion dress parade and inspection was called. The colonel and the headquarters officers were standing out there facing us, and the adjutant was holding a sheet of paper in his hand.

"A court-martial sentence," I whispered to Sergeant Williams.

"Looks like it," he said.

"Bat-talion!" the colonel bellowed. "Stand at ease!"

He nodded to the adjutant, who thereupon took a pace forward and started to read.

"His Majesty the King has been graciously pleased—" the adjutant began.

The whole battalion was instantly on the alert, every one of us craning his neck to catch the adjutant's rather husky voice.

"—to honor the 99th Canadian Scottish Battalion with the following decorations for bravery and devotion to duty during our raid on the enemy trenches in the Latour sector.

"To Lieutenant Miles, the Military Cross.

"To Lieutenant Campbell, the Military Cross.

"To Sergeant Osborne, the Distinguished Conduct Medal."

Hell, I said to myself, that's a damn' unfair trick to leave Dick out.

"To Sergeant Williams, a bar to the Distinguished Conduct Medal."

Good old Jack! But if Miles and Campbell rated M. C.'s, Dick Patterson certainly did, too!



"To Corporal Paige, a bar to the Military Medal."

That was fierce! I felt myself blushing at what Dick must think—me getting a bar to my M. M. when he had done all the work and got nothing.

"To Privates Stickler, McBain and Neave, the Military Medal."

The adjutant paused for a moment and a subdued cheer began to rise from the ranks.

"As you were!" shouted the colonel. The cheer cut itself off in mid-air. I was so mad at the scurvy trick they had played on Dick by leaving him out that I wanted to go right over and sock the colonel on the nose.

Then I heard the adjutant's voice again:

"For most conspicuous gallantry, outstanding bravery, and devotion to duty, His Majesty the King has been further graciously pleased to confer upon Lieutenant Richard Patterson—the Victoria Cross!"

The battalion went wild!

It's the first and only time I've ever seen it done, but we did it. We just broke ranks spontaneously and made a rush for Dick, and nobody tried to stop us.

Up he went on a tumultuous, cheering sea of khaki, and there he stayed for the better part of an hour while we carried him round and round the parade ground.

The Victoria Cross!

A real decoration! Whether pinned to the breast of a field marshal or attached to the tunic of a private, it was always the same—a red ribbon, a bronze cross that had in it, I believe, iron from some of the guns captured at Waterloo, and on the medal the words: For Valour.

And there was only one place where you could win this, the greatest of all British decorations: in the face of the enemy.

Tears were streaming down my cheeks.

I DIDN'T get a chance to see Dick, except for a moment before he was caught up by the adjutant and the major and several others and carried into the headquarters mess for a round of drinks.

"You're a scout officer, all right," I said to him, repeating the words I had used on the raid. "Nice work, kid."

Dick looked sort of dazed and answered irrelevantly: "I've got to have dinner with Shanks."

Shanks was what the troops called Major-General Sir Algernon Vaugirard Smith-Shankland, the commander of our division, and a man with very long legs.

"So you knew about it?" I said.

"No, I didn't. The adjutant told me to get packed up a half-hour before parade. Said I was going to England. I asked him what for, and he told me to mind my own business—which was just what I was doing, I thought. He also told me to see that I was properly turned out because I was going to dine at Division on the way. I figured maybe it was an invitation from Shorty. But I had no idea why the hell I should be going to England."

"Well, you have now," I said. "Give my regards to the King." My hand sought his and then we were pulled apart as he was swept into the mess by a flying wedge of his brother officers.

As I walked away from there, feeling a little lonely and out of it, I began to see all that had lain beneath the surface of my talk with Shorty Turner.

You couldn't fool Shorty. He had

(Continued on page 28)

Among others honored by His Majesty had been Louise Frawley, of the Volunteer Aid Department, for heroism

Stars Are Not Born

By Ralph Furey

If you are one of those fans who believe football stars are born that way, Coach Furey will gladly give you an argument. And now let him tell you about the football career of Bill Smith, a typical candidate who rose to fame in the only way it's possible—the hard way

IT WAS like the day Red Grange had against Pennsylvania back in 1925. Yale couldn't stop Smith any more than Penn could stop the redhead on that memorable mud-splattered field. Siwash was unbeaten but it hadn't played any team with the record of Yale. Yet today Bill Smith was hog-tying Yale, running her ends dizzy, finding cracks in her hitherto impenetrable line; tossing long accurate passes to the Siwash receivers; making tackle after tackle on the defense, returning punts for long gains and kicking an average of fifty yards.

Two minutes to go and the scoreboard still read Siwash 0, Yale 0. Yale punted and Smith grabbed the ball on his forty-yard line. Both Eli ends were down on him. He stiff-armed one and waved a phantom hip at another. Then he was off. Sixty thousand people were on their feet screaming encouragement. Smith ran fast but not wildly. Two Siwash men were in front of him and he used them cleverly. Finally he was in the clear; he was away all alone and he streaked across the goal line without anyone near him.

Up in the press box Bill Corum turned to Grant Rice and said, "You can't keep that Bill Smith off your All-America team, Granny."

"I wouldn't want to," Rice said. "He's the best there is; he's as good as Grange or Thorpe or any of them."

"A player like that comes along once in a lifetime," another sports writer said. "A man like Smith is born to be a star. He was born with everything." A couple of scouts sitting in the press box smiled. They knew all about Smith; they knew that Smith wasn't born to be a star. They knew that football stars are made—not born. It's only in Hollywood that stars are born. They knew that behind the story of Smith's truly amazing play there were long years of learning fundamentals, developing his natural talents; working hard on those points of the game which didn't come easy. They knew that no great football player was ever born.

The story of our mythical Bill Smith is the story of every player who achieved greatness on the gridiron. For Bill Smith substitute the name of Clint Frank, or Whizzer White, or Red Grange or Bronko Nagurski and you'll know what made them stand out. For Siwash substitute the name of California or Dartmouth or Minnesota or Alabama. Every Saturday this fall the scene we've imagined happening in the Yale Bowl is being actually enacted on some gridiron and spectators are shaking their heads in wonderment and saying, "He was born to be great."

That's the bunk, my friends, and every college coach in the country will agree with me. Those of you who happen to be the parents of a great or even a good football player know how many years it took him to reach his peak. Let's take our Bill Smith and trace his whole career from the time he was a fourteen-year-old youngster just enter-

ing—let's say—Erasmus Hall High School in Brooklyn.

He was just an average Brooklyn kid who rooted for the Dodgers and who occasionally went swimming at Manhattan Beach. His parents were not well off but they managed to send him away each summer to a boys' camp. He was sturdy and healthy but no sturdier and no healthier than were the kids with whom he played. Sometimes he'd go to Prospect Park with his gang and they'd play football of a kind.

He went to Erasmus because it was the high school that was nearest to his home. He never had any ambitions concerning football. He weighed only 130 pounds, for one thing. During his first two years he watched all of the games. How wonderful it must be to be out there playing against Manual or Poly Prep. The players were heroes to Bill and when he'd pass one of them in the hall at school he'd gaze with big eyes at the letters on their sweaters.

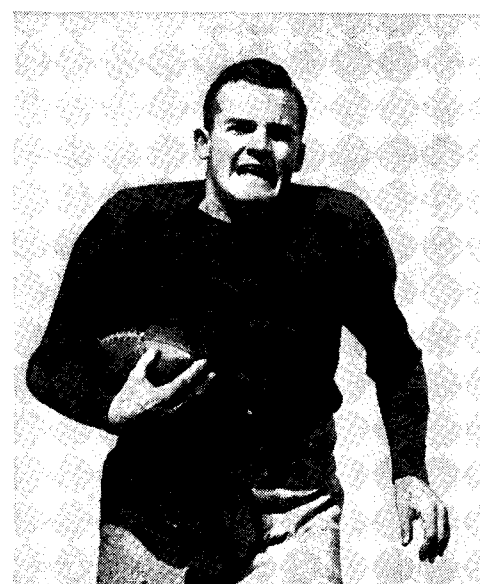
Foundation for a Career

Bill was growing and putting on weight. When he came back from the summer vacation to enter his junior year he weighed 160 and stood five feet nine. He decided to "go out for the team."

They gave him a uniform that didn't fit very well but he didn't care. On the opening day he stood with about seventy others in front of Coach Paul Sullivan, feeling very proud. Sullivan gave them a brief talk about training rules, told them what to eat and what not to eat. Then he lined the whole squad up and put them through some calisthenics. Bill Smith's football career had begun. For twenty minutes he duck-waddled, he revolved his trunk, he touched his toes, and muscles unaccustomed to this began to protest a bit. The workout ended with a two-lap jog around the field.

Bill went home a bit puzzled. Here he was trying for the team and he hadn't even seen a football yet. What did calisthenics have to do with running for touchdowns? He woke very stiff the next morning and the next morning and the one after that. Then suddenly his stiffness disappeared. Now Sullivan was starting to teach Bill and the other newcomers the actual fundamentals of football.

He taught Bill to keep his head up when he tackled. You'll never get hurt if you remember to tackle with your head up. He learned the meaning of the word "blocking" and learned that it was by far the most important thing in football. They used to call it "interference" around Prospect Park but now it was "blocking." He learned that a football is not a loaf of bread and that it must be carried a certain way. He had always thought that when you tossed a forward pass you just heaved the ball. Now he learned about balance, position and follow-through. A pass can be thrown accurately only when the whole body is poised correctly. He



Hard work made these prospective stars. Top row: Long of Army and Lansdell of Southern California. Below: McLaughry of Brown, Humphrey of Yale

learned the cardinal rule of punting; that the ball must meet the foot exactly right or the ball won't go places.

During the second week Coach Sullivan gave the boys some simple offensive plays. Bill noticed that when they ran through "dummy" scrimmage that the coach and his assistants never bothered much about the man who was carrying the ball; they kept their eyes on the blockers. Once in his first real scrimmage Bill tore through tackle for fifteen yards. He looked at the coach hopefully. Sullivan just said casually, "Nice work, Smith" and then spent two full minutes praising the lads who had cleared the path for him.

Bill was quick to learn; just as any normal sixteen-year-old kid is quick to learn. After two weeks Bill found himself playing left half on the second team. He was awfully green but his spirit was fine and although he didn't know it Sullivan was watching him closely.

Sullivan even put him into the first game, which was an easy one. He played the last five minutes, carried the ball three times, threw two passes and even made a couple of tackles. They were pretty sloppy tackles and he was badly shaken up by them but nevertheless he brought down his man on each attempt.

After the game Sullivan, who happens to be a great student of boy psychology, said, "Smith, you looked all right in there. Now next week let's work on your tackling a bit. There is a way to tackle a man so you'll never get hurt. You'll catch on all right."

As the season wore on Sullivan devoted more and more time to Smith. By now he knew that Bill had plenty of

speed; that he was durable and game; that he had an ideal football temperament and that he learned fast and never forgot things in the heat of battle. Finally came the big game with Manual Training High School and Smith got his chance. He entered the game in the second quarter and somehow he gave the team a lift. He hit the Manual line hard; he was good on defense and suddenly Erasmus got going. In the final quarter Bill crashed over from the three-yard line for the only score of the game.

Practicing for Perfection

When the season ended Sullivan called Bill into his office. "Bill," he said, "I've watched you carefully. You've got a lot of enthusiasm and spirit and you like to play football. For a first-year player you've done well but you've gotten by entirely on your pep and your drive. You can't kick and you can't block. Next summer practice the tricks we showed you this past season. Dodge in and out around trees carrying a ball under your arm. Benny Boynton of Williams used to stand up a line of milkcans and run in and out around them. That developed his shiftiness."

"All great specialists have developed their technique through constant practice. Great punters like Kercheval and Kipke, great drop-kickers like Brickley and Manders, great passers like Friedman and Baugh, have all devoted innumerable hours to painstaking drill. But remember one thing. Never do any exercises or practice any stunts that you don't enjoy doing. Football is fun if you like it; if you get tired of practicing, lay



off for a while. Never force yourself."

When Bill reported for his last year he had gained eight pounds and was an inch taller. Instead of being a green rookie he was now exhibiting the poise and confidence of a veteran. But he still didn't know much. Sullivan really worked with him now, especially on blocking.

"A block isn't just throwing yourself at someone else," Sullivan told him. "It is a definite scientific maneuver with several variations. Each variation must be used at the proper time. Use the shoulder block only against a fairly stationary opponent. Throw the straight body block against a moving opponent

Radvilas, left, is a standout on a fine Columbia team this year, and that's no accident. Below: Further proof that stars are made is Reagan of Penn

in the open field. Control your body up to the moment of impact. Blocking ability can make a player invaluable."

Bill learned about defense. Teamwork on defense is as important as on offense. He found out that he had little chance of defending his wing-back position unless the end and tackle in front of him did their jobs well. He began to appreciate a planned forward-pass defense. Until now he had assumed that the knocking down or interception of a pass was an accident. Sullivan taught Bill and his backfield teammates a simple zone defense. Each defensive backfield man and the center had a definite zone to protect with the added duty of helping in another zone should their own territory not be threatened. Sullivan was a stickler for detail.

"I saw a game in 1926," he told the squad one day, "Rockne's Notre Dame team was battling Army on equal terms. One of Rock's favorite plays was a cut-

back over tackle. Notre Dame tried it a dozen times during the first half without any gain. Each time the play was run, Voedisch, the Notre Dame left end, streaked down the field and threw a block at Harding, the Army safety man. Each time Voedisch would get up and find that the ball carrier was thirty yards behind him and that his block had been wasted. In the third quarter Notre Dame called the play again. Chris Flanagan, the Irish left half, got the ball, started to his right and then shot over tackle to break into the open. There was no one in his path but Harding. Then a green thunderbolt launched itself at Harding. It was Voedisch again. Flanagan just ambled to the only touchdown of the game. The stands yelled their heads off for Flanagan but Rock and the players knew that Voedisch had made that score possible. A dozen times he had blocked out Harding, and nothing happened. The ball carrier hadn't gotten beyond the line of scrimmage. Yet he kept at it and finally on the thirteenth try brought victory.

"You men," he added, "must always remember that the team that wins is a team on which every man is carrying out his own assignment unselfishly for sixty minutes."

Bill Smith had a good year. Erasmus went through undefeated and when the season was over Bill Smith woke up to find that Jimmy Murphy had picked him on the Brooklyn Eagle All Scholastic team, the goal of every Brooklyn high-school football player. Bill was in a seventh heaven. Now he wore his big letter-embazoned sweater. That spring he began to think about college. He received several offers from strictly athletic colleges but his father had the good sense to make him ignore them.

"Football is fun, son," he told Bill, "but it isn't going to be your lifework. Go to some college that has a good academic standing and play football if you want to, but only as recreation. Remember, you'll have to make your living some day and you can't pay bills with newspaper clippings."

Bill and his parents decided upon a college that ranked high academically and fair in a football sense. A diploma from there really meant something.

Right Back at the Start

Late the following September, history repeated itself for our hero. For the second time in his life he found himself reporting as an unknown for a football team. This time, however, he had more confidence. Was he not Bill Smith, the great all-scholastic halfback from Brooklyn? Surely Biff Logan, the frosh coach, must have heard about him.

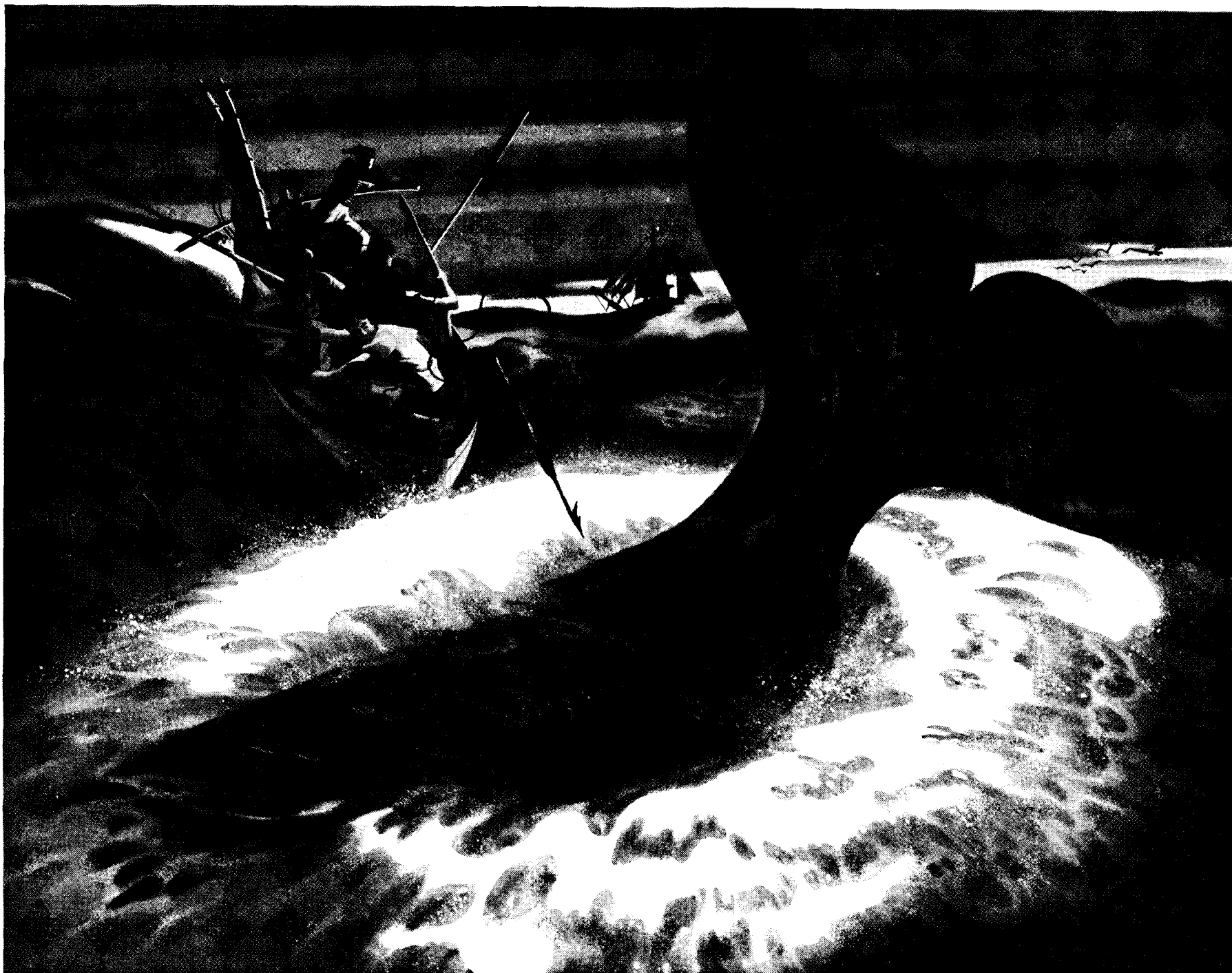
Suddenly, out on the field strode Logan and his three assistants. The squad gathered around and Biff addressed them earnestly.

"Boys," he said, "today we start two months of serious work. You are eighty men from eighty different schools, each of you having had different training. My job is to try and weld you individuals into a team. Each man has been taught to do things in a certain way by his school coach. Here everyone must change to our methods. This is no reflection on your high-school coach. His system may be just as good as ours. . . . But every team must be uniform. Forget your old ways and start learning ours.

"And one final word. . . . This staff has no use for high-school heroes. All-state men are a dime a dozen unless they come down to earth. We are not interested in what you did last year, but rather in what you are doing this fall. The team will be selected not on past reputation but on present ability and spirit." Smith's hatband decreased a

(Continued on page 27)





Then he heard the iron sing and heard the dull impacting thud. "Struck fast!" Josh screamed. "Boat oars!" the second mate cracked out

She sent a boy to sea, and
she welcomed home a man

Via All Oceans

By Jacland Marmur

ILLUSTRATED BY GEOFFREY BIGGS

ALONG New Bedford dock, on the river called Acushnet, there was always a brave stirring of sound, with the whale ships tipping their cock-billed yards against the weathered wharves. In crisp November brilliance the heavy drays made a rumbling sound, like thunder on the cobbles. Funnels of vapor belched from the nostrils of the straining Percherons, their shod hoofs striking sparks from the stones underfoot. The teamsters bellowed raucous encouragement, while elegant pot-bellied brokers in high top hats and gold-headed canes hurried toward their ships to learn what their fortune was. The sharp smell of salt was everywhere along that foreshore, and the heavy odor of oil from a broken cask where the spermer Perwinkle completed her discharge. But the whaling barque Xantho was making ready to sail.

At her forward gangway a boy and a girl were saying farewell. Her hand was in his and he forgot to let it go, their eyes on each other in a bond as rigid as steel. Josh Parnaval, harpooner in the second mate's boat, lurched past them, throatily singing in his cups:

*"Oh, jolly is the gale
And a joker is the whale
A-flourishin' his tail.
Such a funny sporty gamy jesty
hoky-poky lad
Is the ocean, Oh!"*

Josh was trying to forget this voyage would be a matter of years, not months. That was his way of doing it. But it wasn't Prudence Bradcliff's way. "I will be thinking of you, Owen Shawn," she said softly in her clear voice, "for all the days and nights."

His lips broke in a smile. "And I of you."

"I wished to tell you something, Owen Shawn."

"Yes?" he said quickly, and with eagerness.

"But I do not know how. So I will

write it down instead and post it off to you."

Owen's smile became broadly indulgent. "There is no post for us, little silly. We will circle all the wide fine world before I see you on the Bedford dock again."

"Still I will send it to you." She nodded firmly. "By the next ship south. I will send a good omen to you and to your ship. I have no fear—it will find you, Owen Shawn. No matter where you are."

He just looked at her. Until, suddenly remembering her hand was still fast in his, he let it go. She tucked it hastily in her muff and dropped her eyes, hearing him murmur: "I am sure it will."

Owen Shawn was a coasting lad, and a fore-and-after at that. This was his first blue-water ship—John Barton's famous whaler. A youngster in his teens

wanted all his courage and all his strength to win his fortune and his love in that day when Jorath's fabulous whale could send to death a boatload of men by the idle twisting of a sleek black fluke. So they told each other what they had to say by the way he touched her arm and chatted idly on. Till the bosun's whistle piped to tell all hands the time was come. Some women cried softly on New Bedford dock at the hard lot they had with the way of life of their men. But Prudence Bradcliff smiled. It was a faithful, tender smile, long to be remembered. And that way the barque Xantho dropped into the stream, with that bond between them till she was out of sight for Buzzards Bay.

Off the Hen and Chickens Lightship the hard east wind backed north and west and the barque Xantho felt the long Atlantic swell underfoot. Old Captain Barton, far aft on the poop, had his Yankee nose in the wind as if he already expected the fetid smell of a right whale's spout. You couldn't miss that man, with his square black beard that, oddly enough, had never whitened the way his shaggy brows had done. And Ma Barton, his wife, sitting quietly on the skylight in her Mother Hubbard dress, with the shadow of the wheel spokes on her, solemnly knitting another woolen muffler—for one of their four sons, no doubt, each one with command of his own smart ship somewhere across the ocean waste.

Owen Shawn, swinging on the topgallant yard, remained aloft longer than he should for the brightness of the sunshine catching the canvas of all the schooners ratching out of Vineyard Sound. He thought what a great fine land his was, and of the men who made it so, scooping their fortune and their destiny out of the wilderness of oceans far away beyond his sight. The sea was blue and white, the heavens full of windy sheep-shearings, the rumor of bleak winter in the look of it. But there was warmth in the eyes of Owen Shawn, with a man's work on him now and Prudence's lips to be remembering.

The Xantho rushed south and east, leaving behind the stony New England soil and the bitter winter wind. Her canvas clear to the royal yard leaned in towering obelisks against the northeast trade, breaking acres of foam from her plunging bows, until she reached the latitudes just north of the Line and the lookout went into his barrel aloft and Captain John Barton started incessantly to scan the horizon, balancing his glass and his coal-black beard day and night against the mizzen shrouds.

THEY were two months out of Buzzards Bay when the wild cry, "Brit Ho!" first cracked down from aloft. The clattering of blocks, the slatting of canvas, the thumping of bare feet brought Owen Shawn to the deck. The night was bright with moonlight, pink dawn faintly on the eastern board. The barque Xantho held her canvas in the gear clear down to her courses, wallowing toward a patch of brit that made the sea's face gleam. Distantly, in the midst of it, dark shining islands loomed blackly; then two jetting spouts of vapor and the moaning snore of a feeding whale. The eyes of the men were wide with excitement. They spoke in harsh, restrained whispers. A trembling seized Owen Shawn as he leaped for his place in the second mate's boat.

She took the water silently, Mr. Grime in the stern sheets, Josh Parnaval, the harpooner, in the bows with his irons in their proper hooks. Two other whaleboats were pulling fanwise from the barque, the ash sweeps canvas-muffled so as not to frighten off the pod of whales. Owen Shawn could see them plainly now, fabulous monsters in moonlight, the fetid odor of their blows swinging to him on the breeze. He gritted his teeth as he pulled, with his eye on Mr. Grime, making for a big right bull.

The sweat broke out upon him. This was new to him; he had no knowledge of this thing. Mr. Grime flung out his hand, palm down. The men ceased rowing; the whaleboat ghosted in the deep hollow of a sea. Owen Shawn looked quickly over his shoulder. He caught a mammoth shape like a tide rock half awash, and the frozen image of Josh Parnaval against the sky, his torso leaned far back and the iron rigid in his fist. Then he heard it sing and heard the dull impacting thud.

"Struck fast!" Josh screamed.

"Boat oars!" the second mate cracked out.

The monstrous bulk settled leisurely in the sea as if nothing at all had happened. (Continued on page 50)

"I will send it to you." She nodded firmly. "By the next ship south. I will send a good omen to you and to your ship. I have no fear—it will find you, Owen Shawn. No matter where you are"

Murder for Christmas

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The Story Thus Far:

FOLLOWING some successful diamond deals in South Africa, Simeon Lee returns to his homeland, England, goes into business, accumulates a fortune, and retires. But before he settles down in Addlesfield, at beautiful Gorston Hall, he receives some terrible shocks. His wife dies. His only daughter, Jennifer, elopes with a Spanish artist, and has a child—a girl—and dies. One of his sons, Harry, embezzles a large sum of money, leaves England, and becomes an aimless wanderer. His youngest son, David, goes away, becomes an artist, and makes it quite evident that he feels no love for his father.

Realizing that he cannot live much longer, old Simeon decides to have a family reunion. He issues his orders (old Simeon's word is law in the Lee family); and presently, a day or so before Christmas, three of his four sons and their wives—Alfred and Lydia (who live at Gorston Hall); David and Hilda; George, a Member of Parliament, and Magdalene—arrive for the celebration.

Then come two surprises—for everyone except old Simeon. Harry—harum-scarum as ever, cynical, full of worldly wisdom—puts in an appearance. And Jennifer's daughter—Pilar Estravados, now a young lady—joins the party. Both, it appears, have been invited by the old man; and Pilar, as Alfred and Lydia learn to their disgust, is to make her home, permanently, at Gorston Hall.

Simeon Lee is favorably impressed by his granddaughter, whom he has never before seen. Once, when no one else is around, he shows her a bag of uncut diamonds, which he keeps in a safe near at hand—diamonds that are worth a fortune.

That incident surprises Pilar. But another, and far greater, surprise awaits her. On a train, in England, she had met an attractive man, who informed her that he had come up from South Africa on an important mission. While she and old Simeon are chatting, that man is shown in by Tressilian, the butler. He introduces himself as Stephen Farr, and when Simeon realizes that he is the son of his old partner in South Africa—Ebenezer Farr—he gives him a cordial welcome and insists that he spend Christmas at Gorston Hall.

Pilar's eyes, as she sits there—after she has been introduced to the man from South Africa—are demure and downcast. She gives no sign that she has ever before met Stephen Farr.

III

DO YOU really want me to stay on here, Father?" asked Harry. He tilted his head back. "I'm stirring up rather a hornets' nest, you know."

"What do you mean?" asked Simeon sharply.

"Brother Alfred," said Harry. "Good brother Alfred! He, if I may say so, resents my presence here."

"The devil he does!" snapped Simeon. "I'm master in this house."

"All the same, sir, I expect you're pretty dependent on Alfred. I don't want to upset—"

"You'll do as I tell you," snapped his father.

Harry yawned.

"Don't know that I shall be able to stick to a stay-at-home life. Pretty stifling to a fellow who's knocked about the world."

His father said, "You'd better marry and settle down."

Harry said, "Who shall I marry? Pity one can't marry one's niece. Young Pilar is devilish attractive."

"You've noticed that?"

"Talking of settling down, fat George has done well for himself as far as looks go. Who was she?"

Simeon shrugged his shoulders.

"How should I know? George picked her up at a mannequin parade, I believe. She says her father was a retired naval officer."

Harry said, "Probably a second mate of a coasting steamer. George will have a bit of trouble with her if he's not careful."

"George," said Simeon Lee, "is a fool."

Harry said, "What did she marry him for? His money?"

Simeon shrugged his shoulders.

Harry said, "Well, you think you can square Alfred all right?"

"We'll soon settle that," said Simeon grimly.

He touched a bell that stood on a table near him.

Horbury appeared promptly. Simeon said, "Ask Mr. Alfred to come here."

Horbury went out and Harry drawled, "That fellow listens at doors!"

Simeon shrugged his shoulders.

"Probably."

Alfred hurried in. His face twitched when he saw his brother. Ignoring Harry, he said pointedly, "You wanted me, Father?"

"Yes, sit down. I was just thinking we must reor-



ganize things a bit, now that we have two more people living in the house."

"Two?"

"Pilar will make her home here, naturally. And Harry is home for good."

Alfred said, "Harry is coming to live here?"

"Why not, old boy?" said Harry.

Alfred turned sharply to him.

"I should think that you yourself would see that!"

"Well, sorry—but I don't."

"After everything that has happened? The disgraceful way you behaved. The scandal—"

Harry waved an easy hand.

"All that's in the past, old boy."

"You behaved abominably to Father after all he's done for you."

"LOOK here, Alfred, it strikes me that's Father's business, not yours. If he's willing to forgive and forget—"

"I'm willing," said Simeon. "Harry's my son, after all, you know, Alfred."

"Yes, but—I resent it—for Father's sake."

Simeon said, "Harry's coming here. I wish it. . . ." He laid a hand gently on the latter's shoulder. "I'm very fond of Harry."

Alfred got up and left the room. His face was white. Harry rose too and went after him, laughing.

Simeon sat chuckling to himself. Then he started and looked around.

"Who the devil's that? Oh, it's you, Horbury. Don't creep about that way."

"I beg your pardon, sir."

"Never mind. Listen, I've got some orders for you. I want everybody to come up here after lunch—everybody."

"Yes, sir."

"There's something else. When they come, you come with them. And when you get halfway along the passage raise your voice, so that I can hear. Any pretext will do. Understand?"

"Yes, sir."

Horbury went downstairs. He said to Tressilian, "If you ask me, we are going to have a merry Christmas!"

Tressilian said sharply, "What d'you mean?"

"You wait and see, Mr. Tressilian. It's Christmas Eve and a nice Christmas spirit abroad, I don't think."

THEY came into the room and paused at the doorway.

Simeon was speaking into the telephone. He waved a hand to them.

"Sit down, all of you, I shan't be a minute."

He went on speaking into the telephone:

"Is that Charlton, Hodgkins and Brace? Is that you, Charlton? Simeon Lee speaking. Yes, isn't it? . . . Yes. . . . No, I wanted you to make a new will for me. . . . Yes, it's some time since I made the other. . . . Circumstances have altered. . . . Oh, no, no hurry. Don't want you to spoil your Christmas. Say Boxing Day or the day after. Come along and I'll tell you what I want done. No, that's quite all right. I shan't be dying just yet."

He replaced the receiver, then looked round at the eight members of his family. He cackled and said, "You're all looking very glum. What is the matter?"

Alfred said, "You sent for us. . . ."

Simeon said quickly, "Oh, sorry—nothing portentous about it. Did you think it was a family council? No, I'm just rather tired today, that's all. None of you need come up after dinner. I shall go to bed. I want to be fresh for Christmas Day."

He took out the little bag and, pouring the diamonds out, played with them. As the stones tumbled out, his eyes glittered, and he shook with silent laughter

He grinned at them. George said portentously, "Of course. . . . Of course. . . ."

Simeon said, "Grand old institution, Christmas! Promotes solidarity of family feeling. What do you think, Magdalene, my dear?"

Magdalene jumped. Her rather silly mouth flew open and then shut itself. She said, "Oh— Oh, yes!"

Simeon said, "Let me see, you lived with a retired naval officer—" he paused, "your *father*— Don't suppose you made much of Christmas; it needs a big family for that!"

"Well—well—yes, perhaps it does."

Simeon's eyes slid past her.

"Don't want to talk of anything unpleasant at this

time of year, but you know, George, I'm afraid I'll have to cut down your allowance a bit. My establishment here is going to cost me a bit more to run in the future."

George got very red.

"But look here, Father, you can't do that!"

Simeon said softly, "Oh, you think I can't do it?"

Finally they got an oak bench and used it as a battering ram. The lock gave at last, and the door cracked and, shuddering, swung free on its hinges

"My expenses are very heavy already. Very heavy. As it is, I don't know how I make both ends meet. It needs the most rigorous economy."

"Let your wife do a bit more of it," said Simeon. "Women are good at that sort of thing. They often think of economies where a man would never have dreamed of them. And a clever woman can make her own clothes. My wife, I remember, was clever with her needle. About all she was clever with—a good woman but deadly dull—"

David sprang up. His father said, "Sit down, boy, you'll knock something over—"

David said, "My mother—"

Simeon said "Your (Continued on page 64)





Groucho Marx—a caricature in nuts by Sam Bernar.

From Nuts to Soup

By Rose and Bob Brown

Nut soup may sound nutty, but it's delicious besides. In fact nuts are a boon to practically any dish, say the Browns, and prove it by whipping up a few you're sure to enjoy

THIS is the time of year we go slightly nutty—but find ourselves in good company, for all over the world the new nut harvest is on. In Italy they're knocking down chestnuts to go with the heady new wine that makes 'em swing in the streets. In Paris they've rushed the season by devouring their almonds green. In England they're polishing up nutcrackers and silver tankards for ale, while we're turning squirrel-minded ourselves, storing up a few bushels of holiday nuts in the attic.

But don't think we're going to be satisfied with just eating them out of hand.

We're going to cook with them, too, and if you'll join us in a bowl of pea-pecan soup we'll all be delighted. Just heat a can of peas and mash them through the colander, strain in a cup and a half of cooked tomatoes, stir in a cupful of grated pecans, some salt, and keep stirring till everything's hot and well blended.

Nut soups may sound strange if you haven't tried them, but they're as tasty as clam chowder and very comforting on a cold fall day, because they're full of nutriment, including fat and protein. In fact, their food value is so high that one Brazil nut or two pecans is equal to a whole slice of bread, and a bowl of peanut-butter soup is a meal in itself—anyway if you're watching your waistline. Start with a tablespoon of chopped onion mixed with another of chopped pimienta and half a cup of thinly sliced celery. Boil these tender in half a cup of water, then stir in a cup of good peanut butter and three of milk thickened with a tablespoon of flour. Sweeten with a teaspoon of sugar, let everything sim-

mer together for two minutes—and you've got something!

With peanut butter alone you can work wonders, but there's no need limiting our culinary scope to goobers, which aren't really nuts anyway, but a kind of pea. So let's get along to walnuts, which have always been second in popularity.

Begin with half a cup of walnut kernels heated slowly in the oven with two teaspoons of butter and very little salt. Cool, break into small pieces and mix with a cup and a half of cold chicken meat and about three quarters of a cup of diced celery, sluiced with French dressing and set on lettuce leaves.

But the nut that's been steadily climbing in popularity is the pecan. This is the nut for nougats, creole pralines, clusters and, to our mind, best of all—pecan waffles. Whip up your batter with two cups of flour, two eggs, one cup of grated pecans, a cup and a third of milk, four tablespoons of melted butter, two of sugar, four teaspoons of baking powder and some salt. And when cooking them be sure to close the kitchen

window or the neighbors will be right over.

Try drizzling honey, too, over moist buttered toast and then powdering it thick with some such preparation as half pecans and half cashews powdered together, which you can find ready packaged.

We came back to America with the recipe for a parfait that's more buttery than buttered pecan itself. Simply cook a scant cup of sugar in a quarter as much water until it spins in a thread, and pour this syrup, piping hot, over four egg whites beaten stiff, with a spot of salt. Use your rotary mixer to beat syrup and eggs together and let them cool before folding in a cup of cashews, broken to bits, with a cup of cream whipped and flavored with the seeds scraped out of an inch length of real vanilla bean, which you can get in a glass tube for two bits in any well-stocked grocery. The real trick of this frozen dessert is that haunting flavor from the vanilla bean.

But there's no need for us to go abroad for such things as cashews, since we have more native nuts than any other country. Almonds, for instance, are now raised in California by the billions and they're just as fine as imported Jordans or Valencias.

Drink 'Em, Too

We take our almonds in liquid form, too—in that milky Cuban cooler called Havana Amade. You need about forty sweet almonds for this, and two quarts of milk. First blanch and skin the meats, then pound them to a paste, plop them right into the milk with half a pound of sugar and a short piece of vanilla bean. Let everything cook together while you stir, take the pan off just before it reaches the boiling point, let it cool, then strain into a pitcher through a fine sieve and tuck it away out of sight in the refrigerator to ripen.

You may try Brazilian *picetostes*, too. Simply decrust four or five slices of bread and cut them into fingers an inch thick. Dip these in a batter made with a beaten egg whipped up with a quarter cup of milk, a teaspoon of sugar and half as much salt. Roll them in a cup of Brazil nuts chopped fine and then either fry them golden in deep fat or bake twelve or more minutes in a beastly hot oven. Maple sugar or honey is nice to drizzle over these.

As unusual entree is hickory corn, as easy to make as popovers and much more tasty. Simply douse a can of corn with a cup of milk, beat two eggs to a froth and stir them in with a tablespoon of flour, a teaspoon of salt, and then the chief thing, a cup of chopped hickory nuts—or butternuts, if you want something richer. All you have to do is bake the mixture in a buttered casserole until it's firm as cheesecake. You might use a can of succotash in place of the corn and go Indian by substituting pine nuts.

Oriental lychee nuts are worth playing around with, too, in some such thing as a nougat where you boil two cups of sugar with half a cup each of corn syrup and water, remembering not to stir and taking it off the flame at the hard-ball stage. Beat two egg whites stiff and whip in two teaspoons of cold coffee, then pour your hot syrup on slowly, beating strenuously until everything is velvety smooth for finishing off with half a cup each of shredded lychee nuts and pecans, or walnuts, or anything you say. Beat the nuts in until your nougat is stiff and heavy and spread it out to cool in a buttered pan.

Paradise nuts sell for the same price as Brazils in fancy grocery stores, but their texture and flavor is truly celestial and they come in a satiny brown shell that makes you want to crack them with your teeth, no matter what the dentist told you. ★★★

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Deliciously Delicate—Yet Deeply Satisfying

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stars Are Not Born

Continued from page 19

full two inches, becoming normal size, and never increased thereafter.

Nothing seemed perfect to Biff Logan. The backs were drilled on detail work by the hour. Each of the four backs had to assume his offensive position in exactly the same way on every play, whether buck, pass or run. There must be no telltale "giveaway" such as a man leaning back on his heels when about to pass or a fullback facing a hole when going to buck. Each man must have perfect balance and start as if shot out of a gun on the signal.

The backs practiced spinning until Bill felt like a human top. They developed high knee action by running rapidly through a series of eighteen-inch wooden boxes, stepping in and out of each box at full speed. Failure to pull the knees high resulted in a barked shin. (P. S. After the first few rounds there were few barked shins.)

On the Right Track

They were drilled by the hour in "cutting." This is a very simple-appearing maneuver—yet the fundamental secret of all good running. A back takes his pass from center and starts parallel to his scrimmage line at high speed. He may continue this direction and thus circle the defensive end. But much more often he suddenly changes direction without losing speed and "cuts" at a ninety-degree angle and inside the defensive end. This is the so-called "off tackle play," probably the fundamental offensive play of football. Or as a variation he may sharpen his cut and drive back inside tackle or even guard. This is the so-called "cutback" play—a very difficult action involving great skill.

Some backs are natural cutters. Bob Grayson of Stanford was certainly one. Others never can learn. Our Bill was a natural but needed smoothing out. Logan taught him to watch his blockers out of the corner of his eye and "cut"

just as they were about to make contact with their defensive opponents. This is known as "timing."

Before he realized it the freshman season was over and Bill Smith had learned enough football to realize that he actually knew very little. This was fine—he was at last on the right track.

The following spring our hero reported for spring football practice and for five weeks really got down to brass tacks. Undisturbed by the necessity of preparing for the weekly games during the season, the coaches tossed aside the frilly parts of the game and drilled entirely on blocking, tackling, kicking, passing and running.

A great amount of time was spent on blocking. The coaches worked to develop a leg drive and a "lift" on each block. By constant practice Bill mastered the most complicated block of all—the reverse body block. Only a man with exceptional balance can do this successfully. It begins like an ordinary straight body block but at the last moment the blocker turns his torso completely, reversing the position of his head and feet. The sudden change of direction imparts a terrific snap to the impact and often completely fools a player trying to defend against a straight body block.

As a sophomore, Smith substituted for Captain Joe Burns at left half and was used in every game. His fundamentals were fine. He blocked well, tackled solidly, ran hard and elusively, was extremely intelligent on forward-pass defense and was a fine team player. Only his kicking was below standard.

"Gosh, how that Monk Meyer can pass that ball!" Smith cried during the Army game as the "mighty mite" shot a pass that Woodrow Wilson, the speedy wingback, plucked out of the air on the dead run. "What a man!"

"Yes," quietly said one of the coaches, "you lugs are looking at a real football player today. A year ago nobody had

ever heard of him. He was only the spindly-legged, nearsighted, 147-pound son of an Army officer. He got where he is today through a combination of guts and the hardest kind of work. If some of you fellows sitting on the bench would rather be in the game, just glance out at Mr. Meyer and take heart. That's exactly where he sat just one year ago."

"And, furthermore," chimed in the head coach, who had been listening in, "Larry Kelley of Yale couldn't even make his high-school team at Williamsport, Pennsylvania."

And So to Perfection

The following spring, Mel Edwards, the varsity coach, worked hard on the finer points with Smith. He realized that he possessed a diamond in the boy, but that the rough edges had to be smoothed off. He worked on a tricky change of pace, a pivot and stiff-arm, and encouraged the boy to accentuate a natural hip weave in the open field.

When the practice ended, the coach was secretly well satisfied with everything except Smith's kicking. He called the boy aside.

"Bill," he said, "I know you have some plans for the summer, but if you can spare the time I would like you to do some work on your kicking. It needs brushing up." That was the summer Bill's last weakness was eliminated.

Smith had really arrived. As his college knocked off three successive opponents, his fame swept the land. He reached his peak on that memorable afternoon in the Yale Bowl described in the first paragraph of this story. So we arrive at the point from which we started.

On that day our mythical Bill Smith might have been almost anyone. For example, he might have been Albie Booth on his great afternoon against Army in 1929.

Picture the scene: It was early in the second period, yet Army had already scored twice. The bowl was jammed to its rim, yet not one of the eighty thousand people would have given a plugged nickel for the Bulldogs' chances.

Suddenly Head Coach Mal Stevens leaned forward and barked, "Booth, go in for McLennon." The mighty mite rushed out on the field and Yale almost instantly became a different team. The machine had gained a spark plug and away it went in high.

Booth cut, dodged, squirmed and wriggled for gain after gain and before the half ended had gone over for the first Yale touchdown.

In the second half, Albie resumed with a vengeance and, carrying the ball on almost every rush, twisted and sidestepped for the second touchdown. The Yale section was in a frenzy.

Almost before the noise had subsided Booth took the very next Army punt and, dodging through the entire cadet team, raced sixty-five yards down the side line for the final score. A game that seemed hopelessly lost was gloriously won!

As Albie trotted off the field the Yale section rose as one man for one of the greatest ovations ever given an Eli hero. On all sides was heard the exclamation, "A born player."

But high in the stands sat Chick Bowen, his high-school coach; Bernie Tommers, his prep-school coach; Reggie Root, his frosh coach, and each had a look of pride and affection in his eyes, as he applauded the great dramatic moment that his "boy" had so dearly earned through years of faithful effort.

...and I said *

"Sure I'm a Copy-Cat!"



Madge served it as a dinner lead-off. Kitty floods her weekend parties with it.

And I—yep, a copy-cat!—I serve it right and left, regularly and often! Del Monte Pineapple Juice!—the best taste-tempter I've ever met!

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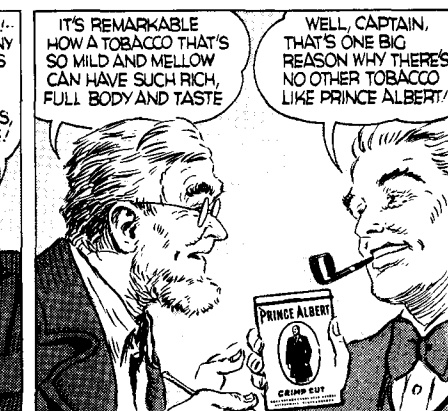
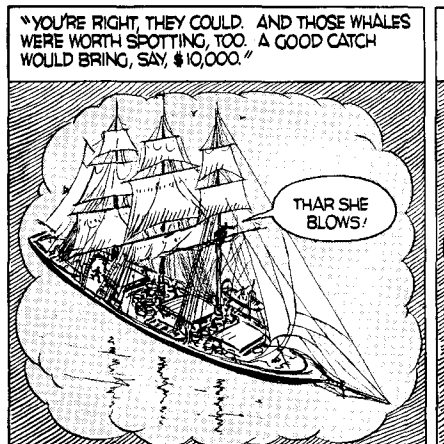
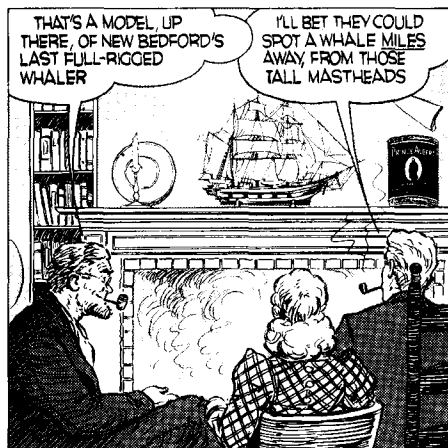
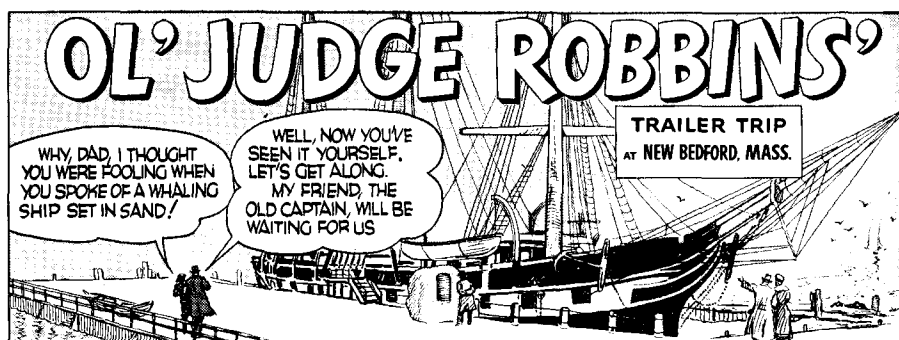
* But the crowd says I'm the most original hostess!



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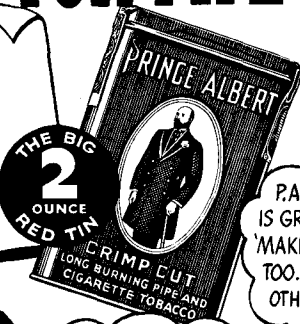


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50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-ounce tin of Prince Albert

PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

None But the Brave

Continued from page 17

evidently surmised that Dick's account of the raid was an overmodest one, and had therefore called me in to give my version of the affair. This had confirmed him in his suspicion that Dick had done the work of his group practically single-handed, and he had then and there made up his mind to recommend him for the V. C.

As scout officer, Shorty had really been the responsible commander of the raid as a whole. Everybody had been taken care of so far as ribbons were concerned. Everybody, that is, except Shorty himself.

Which was just like Shorty.

I READ about it in the papers a couple of weeks later. It was just a brief item stating that the latest Canadian V. C. had received his decoration at the hands of the King on July 15th. And among others honored by His Majesty had been Louise Frawley, of the Volunteer Aid Detachment, with the Order of the British Empire, won some months earlier for heroism during an air raid.

I have to admit that I again felt a twinge of loneliness and of being left out of something at which, for more reasons than one, I thought I had some right to be present.

But out at Estrevalle the training and maneuvers went on, faster and more furiously than ever, and they didn't leave me much time for indulging in self-pity. We were being fattened for the slaughter.

About the first of August the corps began to pull out of the St. Etienne area and move up nearer the line again on the Vimy Ridge front. Our battalion

went to a cantonment that was not far from Carency and the ruins of Notre Dame de Lorette. Those ruins already had the look, like Roman ones, of a dead civilization.

I was sitting in the Salvation Army hut with Sergeant Williams the evening we arrived there. He was just beginning a letter after a lot of pencil-licking and grunting, while I was looking through a magazine.

"Oh, by the way," he said, "did you hear the latest?"

"About the big push?"

"No, about Dick Patterson."

"What'd he do—marry the King's daughter?"

"No, he's coming back to the section."

"Coming back! What the hell! He doesn't have to come back."

"That's what I said to the orderly-room sergeant when he told me. You know, Andy, I've always felt there was something a little funny about Patterson."

"What d'you mean?" I tried to make my question sound casual.

"I mean, he's the last man I'd ever have thought would win the V. C."

"Why?"

"Too nervous. Too windy. Too—"

"Why, that's just the type, Jack," I said. "The high-strung sort is often the one that crashes through."

"Maybe," said Williams. "But you know as well as I do that a V. C. never has to come back to the front. Why's he coming?"

"I don't know," I said. "Why don't you ask him?"

"You know him better, Andy. You ask him."

"All right, I will," I said.



GEORGE LIGHTY

And that's just what I did. And Dick had a reason, which he told me, and I got the shock of my life.

As it turned out, I didn't have to put the question to Dick. He brought it up himself a couple of days later when he rejoined the section. He had sent an order around for me to accompany him on a trip up toward the line.

"Where are we going?" I said as we set off along the road that led down into the Souchez Valley.

"Nowhere in particular," Dick replied. "Just for a walk."

"I get all the walking I want," I said.

"We'll find a place and sit down," he said. "I want to talk to you."

"All right," I said, and waited for him to start spouting. But he didn't.

It was hot, and I was sweating. We came to a crossroads where there wasn't a trace of humanity or of human habitation except a cemetery of French soldiers and one of our M. P.'s who saluted Dick as we turned up the road toward Notre Dame de Lorette.

We reached the church and clambered over the grass-grown ruins. I found a shady, secluded place in what once had been the chancel.

"Let's sit here," I said.

"All right," said Dick. He took his Sam Browne and tunic off and flung them on the ground. The tunic fell open, and my gaze happened to light on its lining. I saw two little bluish dots on the cloth, about an inch apart, near where the breast pocket was.

Dick was still standing up, shading his eyes and surveying the surrounding landscape.

There was something about those little bluish dots that vaguely puzzled me. They had some sort of association for me, and yet, for the moment, I couldn't put my finger on it.

"Funny, isn't it?" said Dick. "But ruins nearly always have a grandeur, a dignity that the undamaged building never had."

I DIDN'T answer because it had just then come to me what it was that those two dots on the lining of Dick's tunic represented. They were the pinholes, tarnished by a certain amount of wear, where the Royal Ontario Regiment's badge had been attached.

But the badge itself was gone.

I was just about to comment on this when Dick sat down beside me and said:

"I suppose you're wondering why I came back to the front, Andy? Why do you think I came back?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," I said. "Why did you?"

"To win that Victoria Cross."

"How's that again?"

"I said I came back to the front to win that Victoria Cross."

"Don't be such a hog," I said. "Can't you be satisfied with one V. C.? Have you got to come out here and try to get another?"

"You've got it all wrong. I'm out here to win the one I've already got."

"I think you've gone crazy," I said. "What the hell are you talking about?"

"I'll tell you. Got a cigarette?"

I held the package of cigarettes out to him and took one myself. Dick came up out of his first puff saying:

"I'm a coward, you know, Andy." He was just stating a fact, not fishing for compliments.

"You weren't that night," I said. "You were the damndest bravest thing I ever saw."

"I mean before that."

"Well, you had the wind up a couple of times. But what the hell, everybody has."

"Remember that letter Louise wrote you in which she said the head nurse had told her I was the calmest soldier they'd ever seen during the air raids?"

"Certainly I remember it."

"There was a reason for that calmness, Andy. I couldn't have felt fear if I had tried to. . . I was doped."

"O-oh! . . . Still, that doesn't account for—"

"Just let me tell it to you in my own way."

"Go ahead," I said.

Dick got up and began to pace up and down the clearing.

"The agony I suffered from my wound was so terrific in the beginning that they gave me hypos to deaden the pain in my sciatic nerve, or whatever it was."

"Then, as I began to recover and the pain decreased, they cut down on the hypos and only gave me one at night, about 10:30, to help me get some sleep. And, of course, night was the time when the air raids took place."

"Lying there in bed and getting better every day, I began to find out for myself a bit more how those hypos worked. When you are very ill and suffering a lot, their function is purely that of a pain-killer. The pain is excruciating, and the needle kills it. That's all."

"BUT when you are better, and there isn't half so much pain to be killed, you begin to notice a positive euphoric effect from the drug, and—"

"A what effect?" I said.

"Euphoric. A sense of well-being. Not only physical, but mental. I don't mean I had any visions or hallucinations, for I didn't. I just felt swell, that's all, completely immune, utterly without fear, or any other emotion for that matter. Fritz could bounce bombs off the roof of the hospital all night and I didn't care. Yes, I was calm and brave all right, but with an artificial bravery. It was the absolute truth when I told you that I couldn't have felt fear if I'd tried."

"Humph," I said.

"One night the nurse came to give us our shots. There were two other guys in the ward getting them besides myself. She had just put the needle and the three little ampules down on my night table when a doctor stuck his head in the door and called her away rather excitedly. She went out, and that's the last I ever saw of her."

"I looked around the ward, and then I looked at the ampules and the hypodermic needle. Before I realized what I was doing, I had reached out and taken them. Then I stowed them away among the shaving things in my haversack."

"Why did you do that?" I asked.

"At the time it was just instinctive," Dick replied. "Another nurse came in, muttered something about some hypos being lost, and went out and hunted up a new set. One wing of the hospital was hit that night, and that's what happened to the first nurse. The anesthetist had fainted in the operating room, or something, and she had been called down to substitute for her. It was the operating room that got hit."

"Yeah, but why did you pinch that dope, Dick?"

"I'll tell you. I thought about it a lot afterward. I wanted to wipe out that night I got wounded. I told you before, Andy, that I felt as if I were living a sort of lie to Louise. That was one reason. Another was that I was going to Officers Training Corps when I was well again."

Dick paused to take a fresh cigarette and light it.

"I was desperately anxious to erase that night in the snowstorm," Dick went on, "but I knew, deep down inside me, that I was a coward. I also wanted like hell to make good as an officer. But, above all, I wanted to make good for myself as a man. You understand that, don't you?"

"Why, of course I understand it, Dick. All except your swiping that dope. Wasn't that sort of double-crossing yourself before you started?"



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"Yes, it was," said Dick. "I know it was perverse of me. But try to put yourself in my place, if you can. Only, of course, you can't," he added bitterly, "because you're not a coward."

"Well," I said, "when it comes to that—"

But Dick interrupted me.

"You see," he said, "I wanted to make absolutely sure of my comeback. Knowing I was afraid, I wanted to have that little thing along, which would kill my fear. I didn't intend to use it. I just felt safer, a lot more hopeful of success in making my comeback if I had it there, just in case. D'you understand—like a life preserver?"

"And having it there, you used it?"

"Yes. But I fought with myself a long time, Andy, even when I came back and found I was going to be in charge of a raiding party. That was a bad break. I didn't take any that first night you and I reconnoitered the old communication trench. But when I saw the Heinie block and knew that I'd be responsible for capturing it—well, it was too much for me. I knew I'd never be able to go through with it alone. I'd have simply disgraced myself there in front of the whole raiding party and might have gotten a lot of them killed."

"Did it ever cross your mind," I said, "that you might have gotten a lot more of them killed by being sort of intoxicated? I mean, shot full of fake courage?"

"No, it didn't, Andy. And I guess I was too preoccupied with my own problem. You see, the raid was my one big chance. I just couldn't afford to fail, and I figured that if I could get through that all right I could go on normally from there. So I helped myself over that crucial hump. I had three ampules. I used them on the second and third patrols, and on the night of the raid itself. They worked, of course. I had no fear whatever, and an extraordinary clarity of mind."

"So that was it," I said.

"Yes. I leave it to you to imagine how I felt when they gave me the V. C., and when the King was pinning it on me, and ever since then. It's been hell."

"Why didn't you leave well—or hell—enough alone?" I said. "You should have stayed in England and kept quiet."

For a long time he just stood still, gazing down into the valley where you could see the little gray crosses of the French cemetery.

"I'm not kidding myself, Andy," he said at last. "I know I can never win that Victoria Cross. Nor have I the nerve to commit suicide. But I hope I get killed."

When a man starts talking like that, there's nothing you can say to him.

But as we walked away from Notre Dame de Lorette I knew that he would never see those handsome ruins again. The hunch was back, stronger than ever.

ON THE eighth of August, supported by two thousand guns and about five hundred tanks, we attacked eastward from Amiens. The Australian Corps was on our left, and the First French Army under Debeney on our right. It was a beautifully planned show with such excellent staff work for a change that we took Fritz completely by surprise. We literally overran his positions for a depth of several miles and his artillery never had a chance to come into action at all.

The next morning we attacked again, and kept it up like that for about a week till we had driven Fritz back into the old Somme battlefield. This was good defensive ground and his resistance stiffened, so our attacks in that area were called off.

After that the corps was pulled out and went north again, this time east of Arras to break the Hindenburg Line up

there with Cambrai as a general objective.

I had been right with Dick all through the Amiens battles and he had weathered them very well. We had Fritz on the run down there and, as I said, we never gave him time to bring his artillery into action properly until we got bogged down in the old Somme trenches and entanglements.

The Hindenburg Line, however, was quite a different thing, as anyone who has been there knows. We had to fight our way through it yard by yard, and the machine-gun fire was terrific.

For the first four attacks, Dick was left out at rear details. Whenever a battalion was going over the top it always left a certain percentage of its strength behind as a nucleus on which to reform if it got wiped out. Theoretically, we all took turns staying at rear details.

After we had gotten through the main defenses, we were given a forty-eight-hour breathing spell right where we were, and then went at it again, Dick coming back to us from rear details.

The next objective, across open country now, was the Canal du Nord. This was a natural barrier that ran parallel to the Hindenburg Line and some miles back of it. Beyond the canal lay Cambrai.

It was the 25th of September—a date I'm not likely to forget.

On this particular day the Canadian Black Watch was the first to leave the jumping-off positions and we, the 99th Canadian Scottish, were to "leapfrog" them.

I must describe the avenue of our attack briefly because it has some bearing on my story.

The main feature of the territory the 99th was going to take was, from our point of view, in the shape of an inverted T. The Canadian Black Watch would attack up to and including the crossbar of the inverted T, and we would pass through them and carry on from there.

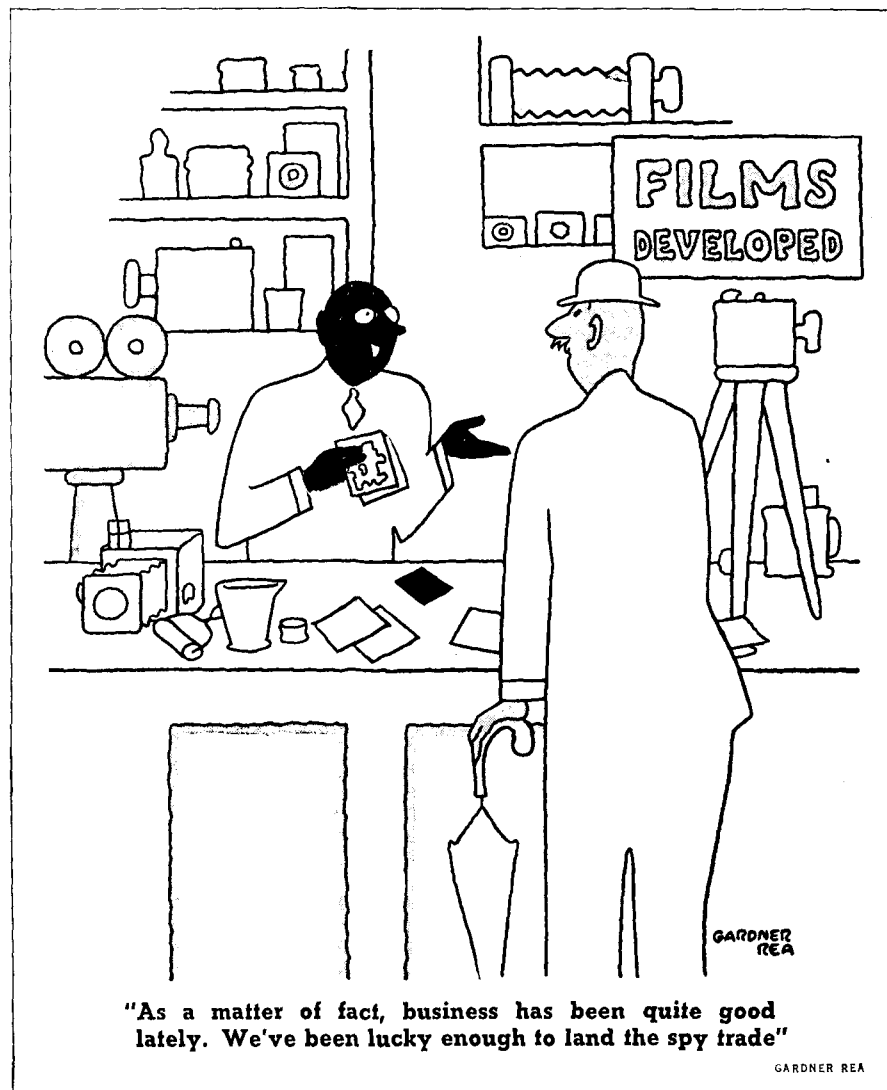
On the ground, the crossbar of the T

was actually a sunken road, while the upright was the main street of the village of Olincourt. As you stood in the sunken road at the point where the village street gave out of it at right angles, you could follow every yard of that street with your eye, for it was perfectly straight. Immediately after the sunken road the street dipped down into a shallow valley and it was there that the village of Olincourt was situated. Beyond Olincourt the street became a country road again and began to climb up a steep ridge to the point where it disappeared over the crest. A couple of miles below the crest on its other side was the Canal du Nord—our objective.

It was some time around the middle of the morning when the Canadian Black Watch reached their objective in the sunken road. We were right behind them and took over the advance immediately, the Black Watch falling back a couple of hundred yards because the sunken road was being heavily shelled by the Fritz artillery.

THE scout section under the command of Dick Patterson was moving forward with the headquarters details. The function of this headquarters company was that of a small regimental reserve that the colonel was keeping with him to send to any part of his front that needed help. Nos. 1 and 2 companies were to take the left side of the inverted T, Nos. 3 and 4 the right, and the center of the main village street was the dividing line between them.

The colonel and the headquarters company arrived in the left branch of the sunken road just back of Nos. 1 and 2 companies. The place was littered with dead Germans and a scattered few of the Canadian Black Watch. There were two German field artillery pieces there and several most inviting-looking dugouts. Nos. 1 and 2 companies crossed the sunken road at the double and fanned out into the adjacent fields, but the headquarters company paused there



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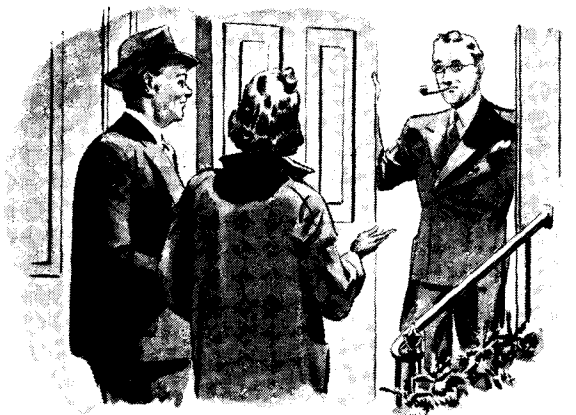
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1 Marge: "I could have screamed when Harry dragged over that old bridge lamp last night. My eyes were burning when I got home. Why *doesn't* someone tell Jane about Light Conditioning?"



2 "That remark from a friend crushed me. I was in tears when Harry came home. But I got right after him. 'What is *Light Conditioning*?' I asked. He didn't know, but said 'Let's find out.'"



3 "So we asked the man next door. He works for the lighting company. 'That's easy,' he said. 'Light Conditioning means enough light in enough places to make seeing easier and prevent eyestrain. Can I help you?'"



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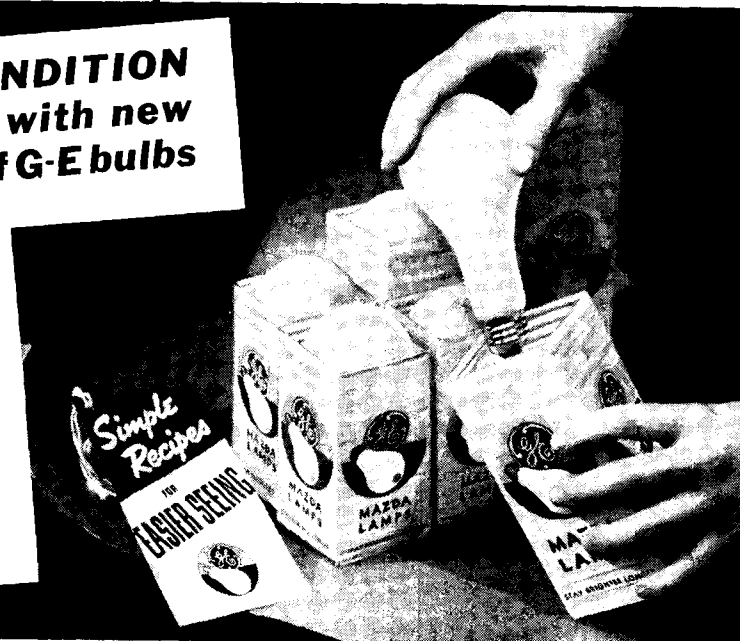
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while the colonel and his staff looked the terrain over. I took a look around, myself. Below us was the village of Olin-court and beyond it the formidable ridge—twice as high as Vimy. Small groups of Fritzes could be seen retiring in good order on our flanks.

A flock of shells landed in the sunken road and, when the smoke had cleared, four Canadian Scottish kilts had gone to join the Black Watch ones. I looked longingly at those lovely dugouts right behind us and saw that Dick was doing the same. His face was quite gray and the corners of his mouth were down and knotted.

"Over to the right!" yelled the colonel, pointing with his binoculars, and we made off along the sunken road to the other, the right-hand arm of the inverted T. There were no dugouts and fewer dead on this side, and Fritz wasn't shelling the place. A certain amount of machine-gun fire was coming that way, though.

We distributed ourselves along the embankment of the sunken road and could see very well from there. Two subalterns from Nos. 3 and 4 companies were also in this arm of the sunken road with a few men, left there, I suppose, to maintain communications. When we arrived they started to go forward, but the colonel told them to remain.

A SMALL bunch of us were in a group there around the colonel and anybody who had field glasses was using them plenty. Now and then one of the men would take a pot shot at a Fritz scampering off across the fields.

It is difficult to estimate time in the middle of a battle, but I guess we had been there ten minutes or so when it became apparent that the boys weren't making proper headway through the village. The wings were doing all right, but the center seemed to be stopped. We could see our barrage creeping up the slope of the ridge and getting away from them. But the village itself was wrapped in such a thick cloud of smoke that we couldn't tell what was going on down there, except that no kilts were coming out the other side of it.

The colonel lowered his glasses and turned.

"Something wrong down there," he said.

"Yes, sir," said the major. "They're being held up."

"Look!" shouted the adjutant.

Everybody looked to where he was pointing and everybody saw four evenly spaced puffs of smoke spout from a German battery halfway up the side of the ridge. A second later four shells burst down in the center of the village.

"They're firing point-blank," yelled the major.

"Get our howitzers!" the colonel shouted at the signaler.

"Can't keep a wire in this barrage, sir."

"Hell!"

"How about machine guns, sir?" said one of the company officers.

"Out of range, you damn' fool!"

"Rockets?" suggested the adjutant.

"Fat lot of use!" roared the colonel.

"Sure to put the barrage down right on our men. Always do."

The colonel looked at his watch and swept the village and the hillside with his glasses again. Our creeping barrage was about two hundred yards short of the German battery, which was so well dug in that it was safe from the Lewis gun fire our wing companies were beginning to pour on it.

Watching our creeping barrage plowing its way up the hillside, I suddenly got an idea. I was just about to communicate it to the colonel when a runner came hotfooting it up the sunken road. He was panting, wild-eyed and shaky, but he didn't forget to salute.

"Captain Ashe reports. Machine-gun nest hundred yards beyond village holding up advance. Artillery covering it with point-blank fire. Asks reinforcements immediately and tanks. Especially tanks."

The colonel took another quick look around, then stepped down from the bank. His next remarks showed me that my idea had come to him too.

"We've got about a hundred men here," he said. "They have just about time to do it. Cut right across the fields and go into the village. In eight minutes our creeping barrage will be right on the Fritz battery and will either silence it for a while or put it out of action if we're lucky. That's the moment to debouch from the buildings and attack the machine-gun nest. Use rifle grenades if you have them."

The colonel paused and glanced at his officers.

"Gentlemen, I'd like a volunteer to lead this party."

There was about thirty seconds' silence during which several pairs of eyes wavered and then came to rest on Dick.

I was standing right beside him. "No!" I said.

The next moment he had stepped forward and saluted.

"All right, Patterson, get going," said the colonel. "If anybody can do it, you can. Good luck!"

"I'll get you a tank," said the major. "There's one over there." He climbed over the embankment and disappeared off to the right.

"Follow me, men!" said Dick, and set off in the opposite direction toward the village. His lips were dry and he was licking them.

We spread out and cut across the fields at the double, then ducked into what was left of the rear entrances of the houses. We worked our way forward through several buildings, stepping over the bodies that were in them. I should judge we were over halfway through the village when a man stuck his head and shoulders up out of a hole in the floor and said:

"Captain Ashe says to cross the street here and join him in the basement of the church farther up and on the other side."

"Why?" said Dick.

"No protection on this side," said the man. I looked over into the hole he was standing in and then I saw he was sitting on some boards and his leg was wounded. He jerked his thumb toward the wall ahead of us. "That one's going next. Better cross while you can," he said.

THERE was a shriek and a crash outside and two whiz-bangs burst in the street about fifty yards back of where we were.

I could see the expression of horror on Dick's face as he gazed irresolutely out into the street where machine-gun bullets were kicking the dust up.

Opposite the house we were in was a grocery store. It was in a fairly intact condition because it had been sheltered by the more substantial masonry of the church, which was about three buildings farther forward. The grocery shop had a front door that was half demolished, and along the side of the building away from Fritz there was a small alley that gave into the field at the back.

I stuck my mouth in Dick's ear and said:

"You and me first. Make a dive for it now. Then the basement of the church. Let's go!"

Dick's only answer was to wave me away in the direction of the grocery shop. I didn't stop to argue, but just put my head down and ran for it. I made the door all right, and I could almost feel a flock of machine-gun bullets clipping my heels as I went.

Three other men tumbled in on top of me and then I heard some more whiz-bangs crash outside. I believe they were actually sniping at us with their field guns. I looked around and didn't see Dick anywhere. Same thing over again, I thought, as the night he got wounded. He just can't run this gantlet.

More men kept tumbling in by ones and twos and I started to make my way forward to the church by going out the rear of the grocery and clambering over the debris in the back yards.

Followed by the men, I slid down a sort of chute into the basement of the church after crossing a churned-up graveyard. I found five men in there and Captain Ashe. They were all wounded.

"Stand clear of that opening!" Ashe barked at me from where he was lying on the floor. I could see a dark patch of blood all around him and his chest looked as if somebody had thrown a bottle of claret at him. "Where'd you come from?" he gasped.

"Headquarters company," I said, "sent to reinforce you."

"This is no time to send me cooks and orderlies. Where's your officer?"

"Coming," I said. "It's Lieutenant Patterson."

"Well, that's better," he said. "We can use a V. C. here."

THE basement of the church was beginning to fill up with the men from the headquarters company, but no sign of Dick.

"What about the tanks I asked for?" Ashe groaned.

"Coming," I said. He looked pretty far gone to me.

"Everything's coming," he said, "but nothing arrives."

There was a terrific detonation above us and a load of stone and mortar fell down outside and partially blocked the hole Ashe had told me to stand clear of. "Corporal," he said, "squat down here beside me."

I did so and offered him some water from my flask, but he shook his head very, very gingerly.

"My goose is cooked," he said. "Go out and find Patterson. He'll know how to handle this. It's rather like it was on his end of the raid. But get a tank. I don't think it can be done without a tank. Even then, God knows—"

Another crash and more tumbling stonework!

"And tell them, Corporal, tell them..." His voice dwindled away.

"Yes, what, Captain? ... What shall I tell 'em?"

"Tell 'em ... tell 'em I don't want anybody to say I wasn't killed in action!"

"I'll tell 'em," I said, and I felt my eyes stinging.

I looked around me. About half of our headquarters company had made it and were standing there. But still no Dick. I spotted the battalion machine-gun corporal and put him in charge with instructions to sit tight till further orders.

"Seen Patterson?" I asked him.

"Yeah, he crossed the road with me. We were the last to come."

"Where'd he go?"

"Down the alley next to the grocery store. The last I saw of him he was streaking off cross-country back toward the sunken road."

"Probably got twisted," I said, trying to think fast and speak casually.

"He was twisted all right," said the corporal. "I saw him throw his tin hat

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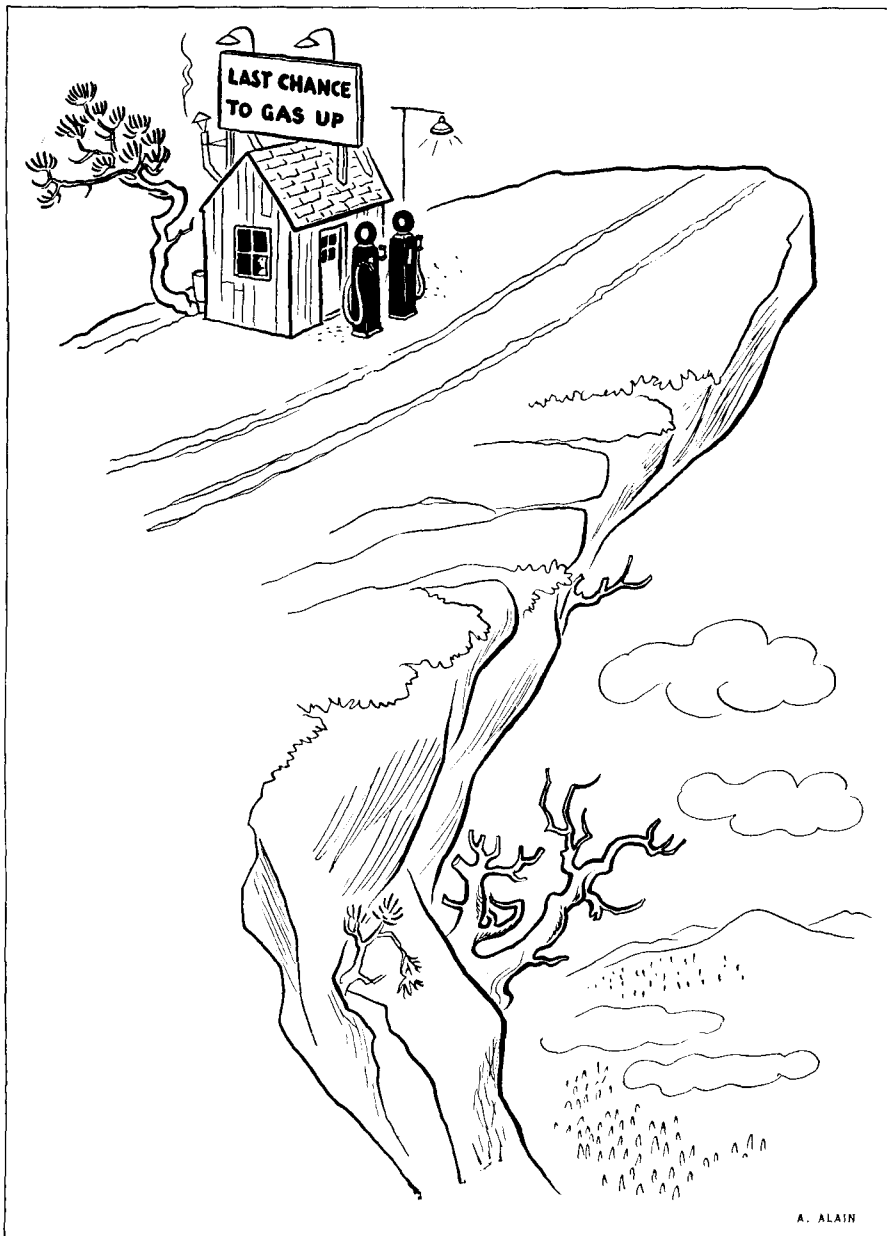
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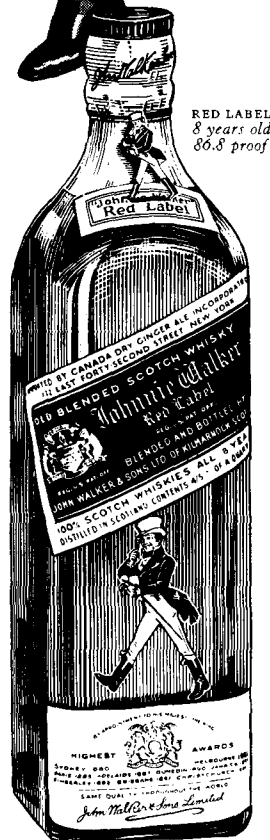


A. ALAIN

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and gas mask away so's he could make better time." I could tell by the corporal's tone that he was just as wise to what Dick was doing as I was.

I went out through the caved-in side of the basement, which was like a chute, and the first thing that met my eyes was a heavy tank coming at me across the churchyard. I waved my arms. The tank stopped, and the back door flew open and a figure, stripped to the waist and glistening with sweat, jumped out.

"Report!" he yelled at me, and it was the major's voice.

"Captain Ashe dead, sir. Men down in that basement. Can't move."

"Where's Patterson?"

"Er—er—wounded, sir."

"I'll take command," said the major. He looked at his wrist watch and shouted back into the tank: "All right, Lieutenant, charge the machine-gun nest now. I'll get the men and be right on your tail."

Before the door swung to I caught a glimpse of a grease-grimed figure inside, stark naked except for his boots, gesturing an okay to the major.

THERE was a roar of grinding machinery as the huge tank trundled out toward the street. It was an ungainly monster, half prehistoric, half mythical amid the enveloping haze of its own fumes. But, as it stuck its nose out from behind the corner of the church and crawled into the middle of the road with both turret machine guns bending toward their targets and opening up with a sustained blast of withering fire, it was one of the most beautiful sights I've ever seen.

"Come with me, Corporal," said the major, and headed at a run for the entrance to the basement.

I didn't obey.

As soon as the major was out of sight, I started back to the sunken road as fast as my legs would carry me.

For the first couple of hundred yards I was under pretty constant machine-gun fire and had to take to cover more than once. After that the firing suddenly stopped and I could sort of feel the tension of the whole battlefield easing.

A man popped out of a shell hole and asked me where I was going. He wore a private's tunic but, though I pretended I hadn't, I saw the second lieutenant's pips on his shoulder straps.

"Runner!" I yelled at him without stopping.

"Where's your arm band?" he shouted.

"Up in Mabel's room," I shouted back. "Get on with the war!" He subsided into his hole again, mouth agape.

Before sliding down the embankment into the sunken road I looked over my shoulder. I caught sight of our men swarming over the Heinie battery up on the hill. Lower down I saw a blob on the road like a big black louse—our tank—with the figures of the headquarters company deployed behind it.

They were through!

Except for the dead and the two German guns, the sunken road was deserted when I entered it. Farther to the rear I could see the Black Watch field kitchens, mules standing patiently in the traces, with men clustered around them getting their noonday meal.

"Dick!" I yelled down a dugout.

No answer.

I tried the next one.

Still no answer.

I went to the third entrance.

"Dick! Dick!" I shouted.

Crack!

The unmistakable sound of an automatic.

Revolver in hand, I half slid, half ran down the stairs.

There was Dick at the bottom, a horrible grin on his face, blood spurting from the inside of his elbow. The damn

fool had rolled up his sleeve before wounding himself.

"Now you've done it!" I said.

"It's a dandy," he said, still grinning.

"It isn't a dandy," I said. "It's a dead giveaway. Take your tunic off."

"Keep away from me, Andrew," he said, taking a step back into the gloom of the gallery and leveling his pistol at me.

"For God's sake take your tunic off!" I said. "We've got to shoot a hole through your sleeve." I took a step toward him.

"Stand back!" he said. More blood poured from his elbow.

"We haven't much time," I said.

"They were asking for you up there. Your only chance is to go back and say you came down to get your wound dressed."

"I'm not going up," he said. A great torrent of blood cascaded from his wound and spilled all over his kilt.

"You've got to go up! A corporal and I don't know how many others saw you running away."

"Andrew, I'm not fooling. I'll kill you if you try to make me go up."

He took another step back into the gallery and I could see his face go a shade paler while I watched it.

"And I'll kill you if you don't go up," I said. "You've got to go up. You're a V. C.! ... Come here to the light and let me put a tourniquet on you."

And I closed in on him and reached for his wounded arm.

Up came his pistol again and I grabbed for his wrist.

Crack! I felt a searing pain in my left hand, a warm stickiness in my palm, then the pain again, redoubled.

"You damn—"

The next instant Dick had broken from me and was running off into the pitch blackness of the gallery, laughing.

I raised my right hand and fired into the dark.

The laugh ended in a grunt and I heard the thud of his fall.

Then silence. Absolute silence.

"Dick!" I called.

I thought I heard him breathing and called again: "Dick!"

No answer.

Suspicious, I stepped forward out of the light, then remembered that it was still back of me anyway.

"Don't shoot, Dick!" I said. "I'm only trying to help you." The wound in my palm was hurting like hell.

"I'm not going to shoot." Dick's voice sounded very weary and quite far away. "I couldn't even if I wanted to. All the strength seems to have gone out of me."

I moved a few more paces up the gallery and struck a match.

DICK was lying face-down at my feet. There was a little smudged hole high up on his left shoulder where my bullet had struck him.

The match went out.

I lit another match and noticed a candle stuck on the side of a bunk near me. I put the match to the candle and then saw the bunk was occupied by a Fritz. He had a potato-masher grenade clipped to his belt. I prodded the Fritz with my pistol and he was stiff.

Dick started to mutter something and I got down on my knees and put my head near his.

"Going west, all right, Andy ... Can feel it ... slow suffocation ... Thanks for everything ... God knows you tried hard enough ... Too much for me though ... Last request ... Goners always make last request ... don't they, Andy ... ?"

He tried to smile. Tears poured down my face and mingled with his blood. The gusher from his elbow had declined to a trickle now.

"Last request, Andy ..."

(To be concluded next week)

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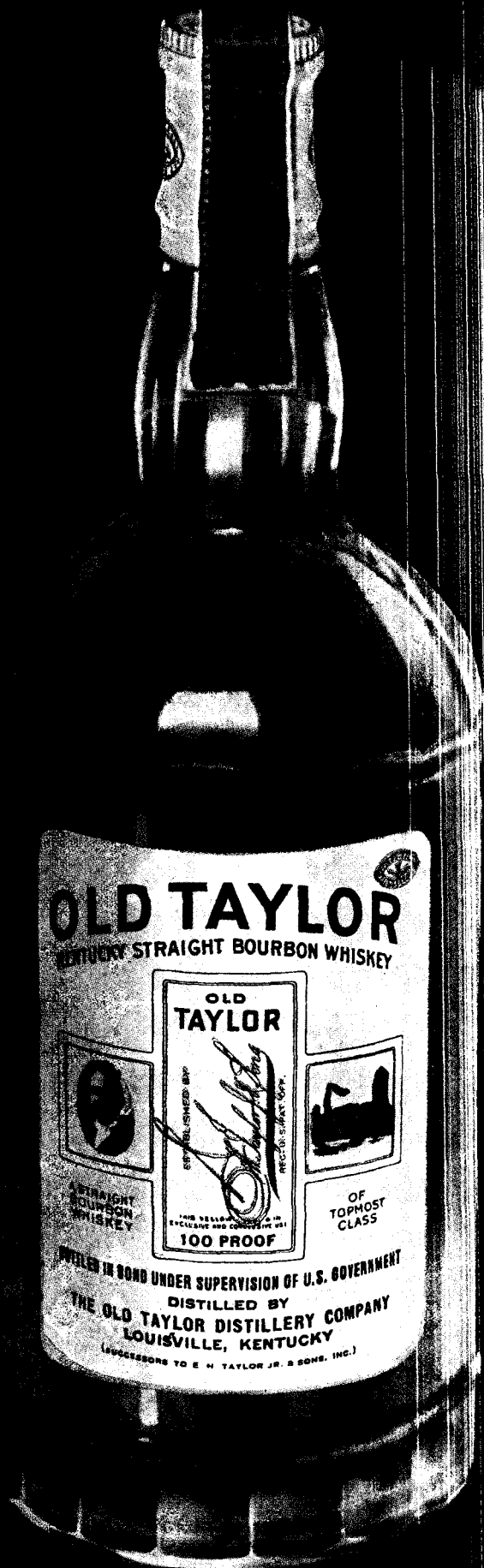


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OLD TAYLOR — marked
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Timeless, indeed, is the popularity of these
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Men drank and praised them in the long ago
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And down the years, these whiskies have

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OLD GRAND-DAD — one
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ever came out of Kentucky

Whiskies*

and enhanced that early favor through excellence as constant as the loyalty that excellence naturally called forth.

all wear the green bottled in bond of the U. S. Government, testifying to ripe richness, yet each is distinguished rare character all its own.

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MOUNT VERNON—delicate in flavor... the patrician of American ryes

OLD OVERHOLT—famous 128 years for its rich, robust rye taste

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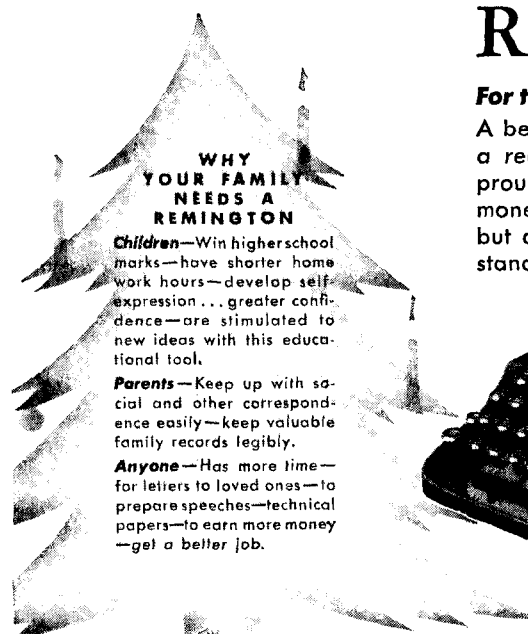
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Picture the joy of your family on Xmas morning. Listen to Sister,—“Look, Dad, a long carriage return lever—and a touch regulator—like the big machines we use in school.”

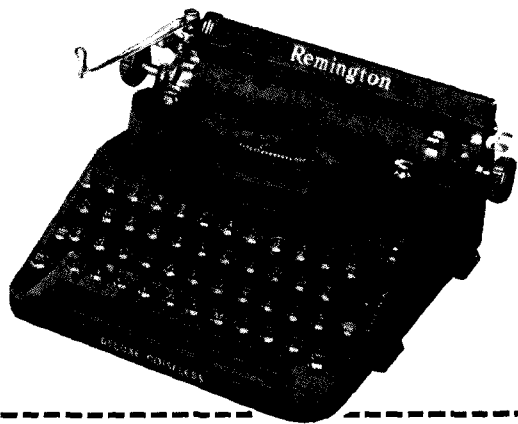
“We do need a typewriter” cries Mother wisely, “the children will win higher school marks—your personal and business letters—and my social correspondence will be an easy task now!”



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Everyone is amazed at the silent speed of this marvelous Noiseless Portable. You can work while others sleep—or travel while you work, without the slightest disturbance to anyone.

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Why Do They Hate the Jews?

Continued from page 10

their way on all sides, the extent of those contributions deserves the admiration of all sincere men. I am convinced that this is not due to any special wealth of endowment, but to the fact that the esteem in which intellectual accomplishment is held among the Jews creates an atmosphere particularly favorable to the development of any talents that may exist. At the same time a strong critical spirit prevents blind obeisance to any mortal authority.

I have confined myself here to these two traditional traits, which seem to me the most basic. These standards and ideals find expression in small things as in large. They are transmitted from parents to children; they color conversation and judgment among friends; they fill the religious scriptures; and they give to the community life of the group its characteristic stamp. It is in these distinctive ideals that I see the essence of Jewish nature. That these ideals are but imperfectly realized in the group—in its actual everyday life—is only natural. However, if one seeks to give brief expression to the essential character of a group, the approach must always be by the way of the ideal.

Where Oppression is a Stimulus

In the foregoing I have conceived of Judaism as a community of tradition. Both friend and foe, on the other hand, have often asserted that the Jews represent a race; that their characteristic behavior is the result of innate qualities transmitted by heredity from one generation to the next. This opinion gains weight from the fact that the Jews for thousands of years have predominantly married within their own group. Such a custom may indeed preserve a homogeneous race—if it existed originally: it cannot produce uniformity of the race—if there was originally a racial intermixture. The Jews, however, are beyond doubt a mixed race, just as are all other groups of our civilization. Sincere anthropologists are agreed on this point; assertions to the contrary all belong to the field of political propaganda and must be rated accordingly.

Perhaps even more than on its own tradition, the Jewish group has thrived on oppression and on the antagonism it has forever met in the world. Here undoubtedly lies one of the main reasons for its continued existence through so many thousands of years.

The Jewish group, which we have briefly characterized in the foregoing, embraces about sixteen million people—less than one per cent of mankind, or about half as many as the population of present-day Poland. Their significance as a political factor is negligible. They are scattered over almost the entire earth and are in no way organized as a whole—which means that they are incapable of concerted action of any kind.

Were anyone to form a picture of the Jews solely from the utterances of their enemies, he would have to reach the conclusion that they represent a world power. At first sight that seems downright absurd; and yet, in my view, there is a certain meaning behind it. The Jews as a group may be powerless, but the sum of the achievements of their individual members is everywhere considerable and telling, even though these achievements were made in the face of obstacles. The forces dormant in the individual are mobilized, and the individual himself is stimulated to self-sacrificing effort, by the spirit that is alive in the group.

Hence the hatred of the Jews by those who have reason to shun popular enlightenment. More than anything else in the world, they fear the influence of men of intellectual independence. I see in this the essential cause for the savage hatred of Jews raging in present-day Germany. To the Nazi group the Jews are not merely a means for turning the resentment of the people away from themselves, the oppressors; they see the Jews as a nonassimilable element that cannot be driven into uncritical acceptance of dogma, and that, therefore—as long as it exists at all—threatens their authority because of its insistence on popular enlightenment of the masses.

Proof that this conception goes to the heart of the matter is convincingly furnished by the solemn ceremony of the burning of the books staged by the Nazi regime shortly after its seizure of power. This act, senseless from a political point of view, can only be understood as a spontaneous emotional outburst. For that reason it seems to me more revealing than many acts of greater purpose and practical importance.

In the field of politics and social science there has grown up a justified distrust of generalizations pushed too far. When thought is too greatly dominated by such generalizations, misinterpretations of specific sequences of cause and effect readily occur, doing injustice to the actual multiplicity of events. Abandonment of generalization, on the other hand, means to relinquish understanding altogether. For that reason I believe one may and must risk generalization, as long as one remains aware of its uncertainty. It is in this spirit that I wish to present in all modesty my conception of anti-Semitism, considered from a general point of view.

In political life I see two opposed tendencies at work, locked in constant struggle with each other. The first, optimistic, trend proceeds from the belief that the free unfolding of the productive forces of individuals and groups essentially leads to a satisfactory state of society. It recognizes the need for a central power, placed above groups and individuals, but concedes to such power only organizational and regulatory functions. The second, pessimistic, trend assumes that free interplay of individuals and groups leads to the destruction of society; it thus seeks to base society exclusively upon authority, blind obedience and coercion. Actually this trend is pessimistic only to a limited extent; for it is optimistic in regard to those who are, and desire to be, the bearers of power and authority. The adherents of this second trend are the enemies of the free groups and of education for independent thought. They are, moreover, the carriers of political anti-Semitism.

Here in America all pay lip service to the first, optimistic, tendency. Nevertheless, the second group is strongly represented. It appears on the scene everywhere, though for the most part it hides its true nature. Its aim is political and spiritual dominion over the people by a minority, by the circuitous route of control over the means of production. Its proponents have already tried to utilize the weapon of anti-Semitism as well as of hostility to various other groups. They will repeat the attempt in times to come. So far all such tendencies have failed because of the people's sound political instinct.

And so it will remain in the future, if we cling to the rule: Beware of flatterers, especially when they come preaching hatred.

Uncertain Wings

Continued from page 16

know the truth about George in flight. Probably Gus would get credit for sabotage, in the upshot.

In this mood of dejection Doc now got a big-hearted idea. He was always getting big-hearted ideas, some of which worked out better than others. He went into the hangar.

"I think I'll fly up to Chicago and take in the Air Show," he said. "I can be up there in a couple of hours, and back to-night. Why don't you long-distance your girl to meet me at the Tailwind display, and I'll fly her down here for the week end you spoke of? And I'll get George to go along for company—that'll give you an even break to be alive when I get back."

"I guess this must be Christmas," Gus said.

IT WAS only seven o'clock in the evening, and Doc could hardly be expected to set down from Chicago for another hour yet; but Gus paced up and down outside the hangar, listening for the snore of a distant plane. Grateful as he was to Doc, and hopeful of seeing Dotty, he couldn't put down a feeling that something was going to go wrong. Something had to go wrong, because George, though only a passenger, was in the air.

Gus had helped Doc unhook the dual controls on Doc's airplane before taking George aboard. He had cautioned Doc about keeping George in the back seat. It was hard to see how George could bring on a catastrophe. But Gus had a superstitious feeling that George was game to explode, if necessary, to get his usual unforeseen effect.

Consequently Gus jumped a yard when the stepped-up telephone bell rang—a bell built to be heard all over the hangar above the testing of engines—and he went in on the run.

"Chicago calling. One moment, please." . . . "Gus—is that you, Gus? Gus, this is Doc. Look, Gus, there's been a hitch. We may be a little delayed."

"Doc, if there's anything wrong with your ship—"

"It isn't that, Gus. Dotty came down to the Tailwind display okay, but I was off somewhere getting the new dope on wing slots, and it seems George took her out to dinner. They left word they'd meet me out at the Southway Airport, after a while. Yeah, that's where my ship is."

"Shucks, that's all right, Doc. I checked your landing lights yesterday. I'll have the runway lights on for you. Take your time."

Gus regarded the phone doubtfully for a minute or two after Doc had hung up. Then he went to his locker and began to change back into his coveralls. Half an hour passed; and the phone let go again.

"Chicago calling." . . . "Gus, this is Bill Hatch. What the hell do you mean by this?"

"I don't get you, Bill. What do I mean by what?"

"What make of plane do you think we represent?" Gus Taylor's boss shouted through many a mile of wire. "How does it look when a student from Cherry Valley Flying Service comes in and buys a Gilderson, right under our nose? And says you told him? What kind of ribbing do you think we're getting up here now? How do you expect Steve and me to peddle any Tailwinds if—"

"Look, Bill, take it easy, will you? Who's this bought a Gilderson?"

"George Featherstone bought a Gilderson. He told them you said the

Gilderson had the Tailwind tied to the fence, and it's all over the show!"

"Listen, Bill, I told him no such a thing! You must have this wrong. What would George do with a ship?"

"Well, he bought it, anyway. Walked in and wrote a check just as nonchalant as a hog on ice. He's gone down to Southway Airport now—with your girl at that—to arrange for delivery. I wouldn't doubt he expects you to come up here and fly it back for him. My God, what will the factory say when—"

Gus hung up softly and sat glooming for a while, thinking about different kinds of disasters. Bill Hatch did not call back. The phone was silent for nearly a quarter of an hour. Then:

"Chicago calling." . . . "Gus, this is Steve Peterson." It was Gus Taylor's other boss. "Look, Gus. Did you rig up some kind of a temporary pilot's permit, or something, of some kind for George Featherstone?"

"Did I rig up— Say, what's the matter with you fellows up there? How could I rig up a license of any kind? How would George get it if I could? He doesn't rate permission to pick a duck—you know that as well as I do. Did you call all the way from Chicago to—"

"Don't get your wind up, Gus; I don't know what this is either. Southway Airport is on our neck—Bill is holding them on the other phone. George has those people crazy over there. George took off out of there with a cold engine, downwind, against the control light, and right in the face of a four-motor liner. They've jumped on the Gilderson hangar boss for letting him out with a ship, and he's trying to pass the buck to you, some way."

"Well, tell him to keep it! I don't know anything about it. What do they want me to do—come up there and pull George down by the ankle? Tell them I said George couldn't pilot a barn door down a flood!"

"I think they know that already, Gus. Look, Gus, George may try to fly to Cherry Valley. Maybe you'd better—Wait a minute, Gus. What's that, Bill? What? No! He couldn't—They wouldn't let— Hey, Gus! You there, Gus? Doc just called. Get an ambulance out there! Turn on all the lights! Call the sheriff's office! Break out a bunch of fire extinguishers! George has a passenger! . . . Wait a minute. What'll I do with him, Bill? Do you think we better tell Gus this? Oh, all right. Listen, Gus. Take it easy. Relax. You can't do anything, anyway, you know. I'm afraid it is, Gus. George's passenger is Dotty, all right."

As soon as the phone was quiet Gus reached for it again and began dialing a number. He stopped himself, though. His first impulse had been to call Gloria Case—for no reason he could think of, when he looked the idea over.

He did not put through the call. Gloria Case would have known nothing about what was happening, if she had not driven out to the hangar, ostensibly looking for George, and worked the truth out of Gus by easy stages.

GEORGE left Dotty in the waiting room of the Southway air terminal while he located the Gilderson hangar, and verified the readiness of his ship. The hangar, forewarned by phone, already had the motor warming on the line. George signed some papers they thrust at him, and went back to Dotty.

"We'll take a look at my new ship," he suggested, and, arm in arm, George and Dotty walked down the long line of hangars.

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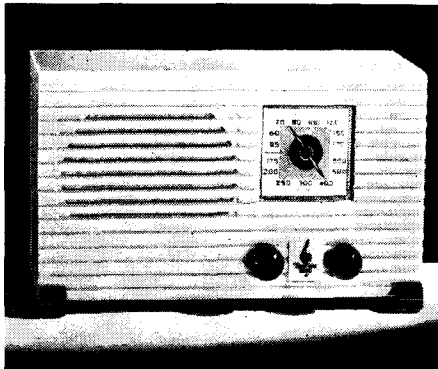
The Amazing Little Aristocrat of All Small Radios



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STYLE that is a Distinguished Contribution to Modern Design
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5 Tubes, AC-DC Superheterodyne, 7-Tube Performance

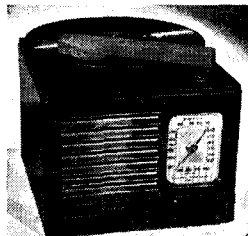
Standard American Broadcasts and Police Calls. "Miracle Tone Chamber," Electro-Dynamic Speaker, Built-in Antenna, Automatic Volume Control. Bakelite Cabinet. Size 3½" x 5" x 8".

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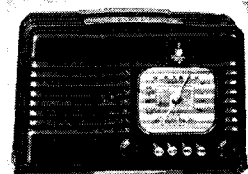


Model BM-216

Phonograph and Radio Combination with "Miracle Tone Chamber"

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5 Tubes (including ballast tube). Standard American Broadcasts and Police Calls. Built-in Antenna, Crystal Pick-up, AC Electric Motor. Plays all size records up to 12".



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Instantaneous push button automatic tuning quickly and easily set for any station. All 1939 Emerson features. *Mechanical and Design Patents Pending



UNTIL you have heard these sensational little aristocrats, you have no idea how amazingly beautiful and efficient the small radio can be. For the first time, Emerson introduces the famous "Miracle Tone Chamber" in models costing as little as \$9.95. Here, indeed, the small radio becomes a perfect and flawlessly toned instrument—with a naturalness of tone, an organ-like quality and clarity . . . a performance that makes these little sets fascinating to listen to. Cabinets styled by such eminent world-renowned authorities as Count Alexis De Sakhnoffsky, are designed to harmonize with the decorative motif of the simplest or most pretentious homes. Finishes are in luxurious hand-rubbed walnut or colorful molded plastics.

See these sensational 1939 Emerson models at your nearest Emerson dealer. If you wish, we will have one shipped to you on approval, if you fill out and mail the coupon below.

69 New 1939 EMERSON Models
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Gentlemen: Please have my nearest Emerson dealer send me, on approval (delivery charges free), Emerson Model No. . . . priced \$ (Send no money.)

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...this man who was "ready for the shelf"

No use denying it—after 40 you begin to slow down. You get tired quicker. Of course, you've got to slow down a *bit*—but there is a new, convenient way to get back some of the energy you spend at work, and play!

Drink COCOMALT!

COCOMALT is an energizing food drink! Every glassful, mixed with milk, gives you the equivalent of 40 minutes of the kind of energy used up in bowling alone! Drink COCOMALT in mid-morning and afternoon, or with meals. Grocers and druggists everywhere sell COCOMALT. Have your wife get you some today—*feel like a new man!*



*The measurements of energy used in this advertisement have been estimated by applying the energy value of Cocomalt to the energy expenditures of various occupations as covered in "The Foundations of Nutrition" by Dr. Mary Swartz Rose, authoritative textbook in this field.

"That single-wing, blue and gold job out there is mine," he pointed out. "She has all the equipment there is. I hollered because she didn't have any cabin heater, and they threw in a lap robe listed at six dollars and eighty-nine cents. I have these people paralyzed."

"It looks fast, George."

"She has a cruising speed of one-eighty, because the landing wheels suck up into the—the lazarret, or something. I'm afraid I won't see much of you, in Doc's struggle buggy, after we take off. But I'll tell Gus to expect you in course of time."

Dotty was a plump little gadget, with shining dark hair and shining dark eyes, which were now interested and lively. "Do you suppose," she suggested, "Doc would mind too much if—"

A chill ran through the roots of George's blond hair as he saw what was coming. "If—?"

"After all, we don't want to keep Gus up," Dotty said. "If I flew to Cherry Valley with you, instead of with Doc—"

Very few things ever happened to George Featherstone to make him doubt that he was good. George couldn't understand why there were so many awkward people in the world. That he could not fly easily, or at all, was a non-existent circumstance to George, who started off with a cast-iron assumption that there was nothing to flying in the first place. But when Dotty invited herself to go along, George was definitely given pause. Most airmen would shrug off an infraction in which a novice pilot risked his own neck and his own ship, but to take off with a passenger was something else. It was on the tip of his tongue to say, "I'd love to have you, but—"

The words stuck. "Sure," he heard himself say. "Swell idea."

He tore a page from the back of his log book and scribbled a brief note to Doc, explaining that he and Dotty would see him at Cherry Valley; and handed it to the mechanic who was warming up his ship. "Take this to the hangar for me, will you, old man? Tell them it's for Doc Blair when he comes."

He turned a bright, self-conscious grin upon Dotty, and helped her into the ship. Briskly he kicked the tube-frame blocks from under the tires, and climbed into the pilot's seat. Resolutely he gave her the gun.

The plane taxied along, lifted and climbed unsteadily, but, due to a degree of power to which George was unaccustomed, with a speed astonishing to its pilot. He turned to Dotty. "Have a lap robe. It'll be cold up higher." He reached behind him and dragged up a fuzzy blanket.

"George, I think my dress is caught in the door. Will—"

GEORGE dropped the blanket in her lap, reached across her, and unlatched the door. Instantly a superenergized lash of wind whipped into the cabin, like a cyclone getting in with them. It picked up the blanket, draped it over George's head and shoulders, and started winding him up in it. George fumbled blindly for the latch of the open door, but couldn't find it. He managed, after a brief, spirited struggle, to claw free sufficiently so that the robe blew out the door and away. It rushed tailward, flapping its corners like a novice bird, and somehow missed the tail assembly as it passed.

George noticed now that the horizon had taken on an odd, vertical look. He gave a wrench at the controls. For a moment they saw the open sky at their feet, and the earth wheeling smartly into position above their heads. Dotty had buckled her safety belt, but George had not, and now she saw him rise lightly from his seat and begin to float between seat and cabin ceiling. After a moment,

however, he spun the wheel; and the Gilderson recovered sluggishly.

"Whoeee," said Dotty. "You—you fly differently from Gus, it seems to me."

"Gus! Pfui. Just a human wing flap." George now wound his way interestingly among some of the factory chimneys which love to nestle around airports. He was groping for his direction, and experimenting with the unfamiliar-looking compass. He settled upon a general southwesterly course.

"And now," George shouted over the racket of the wide-open engine, "we'll throw on a little coal!"

BOTH Gloria Case and Gus Taylor were at the cabin door of Doc's plane before he had the engine off.

Gloria's topaz-yellow eyes were grave and angry. "Where's George?"

"I—I guess you have me there, folks," Doc said. "He has a faster ship, and he took off first."

"Then he's down someplace!"

"Maybe he throttled back and I passed him."

"George throttle back? He never throttled back in his life."

They went inside and sat down in the office, and Doc told them what little he knew. "I got there just in time to see them take off. I knew it was George, at sight, by the way he taxied. Nobody taxis just like George. Two zigs, a zag, and a zig—he says you can't get a proper zag unless you have a couple of good zigs to base it on. After the zigzag he always kind of pumps the tail up and down—he says he does it to get up momentum. Great joker, George is—always clowning."

"I don't understand it," Gloria said. "How could he get delivery on an airplane, and take off with it from a big port like that, without any license?"

"What's to stop him? If a man says he's a pilot, he's a pilot to the salesman. You don't have to show clearance papers to get out of an airport in a private plane. If the field is clear you just taxi out and take off. For all we know, the control tower gave him the hold-everything signal. What's a stop signal to George?"

"If I flew around the way George flies," Doc said, "I'd expect to hear from it."

"We will," Gus predicted darkly. "It's begun already."

"Couldn't you flag him down?" Gloria asked Doc.

"Well, I waved and hollered. I think they saw me; Dotty waved."

"What did George do?"

"George threw on a little coal."

There was nothing to do but wait. They waited an hour.

The telephone let go with its hangar-searching bell. Gus beat Doc to the receiver by six inches advantage of reach. The flying field at Rockport was calling Gus Taylor.

"Gus," said the long-distance voice, "This is Eddie Chappelle. One of your crazy damn students is staggering around the air down here, and he's driving us nuts. Flight 26 is only eighteen minutes out, and—"

"Listen, Eddie," Gus said patiently, "I've got some crazy students, I admit, but they're not down there."

"He's your student all right," came the voice from Rockport. "I know he's a student because he knows it all, and I know he's yours because of the way he hollers at you."

"Hollers at me? How can he holler at—"

"On his two-way radio. He thinks this is Cherry Valley, and he thinks I'm you, and he hollers at you. And he flies like he's tight. But now he seems to be headed your way, finally, so I thought I'd better warn you, so you can get your crash car out."

"Listen, Eddie, tell him for God's sake to land, will you?"

"I did tell him. He said he guessed he'd throw on a little coal."

"That's George, all right," Gus groaned. "Well, thanks, Eddie."

HE WALKED unhappily to a wall map, and with ruler and red crayon drew a two-hundred-eighteen-mile line from Rockport to Cherry Valley.

"What's that?"

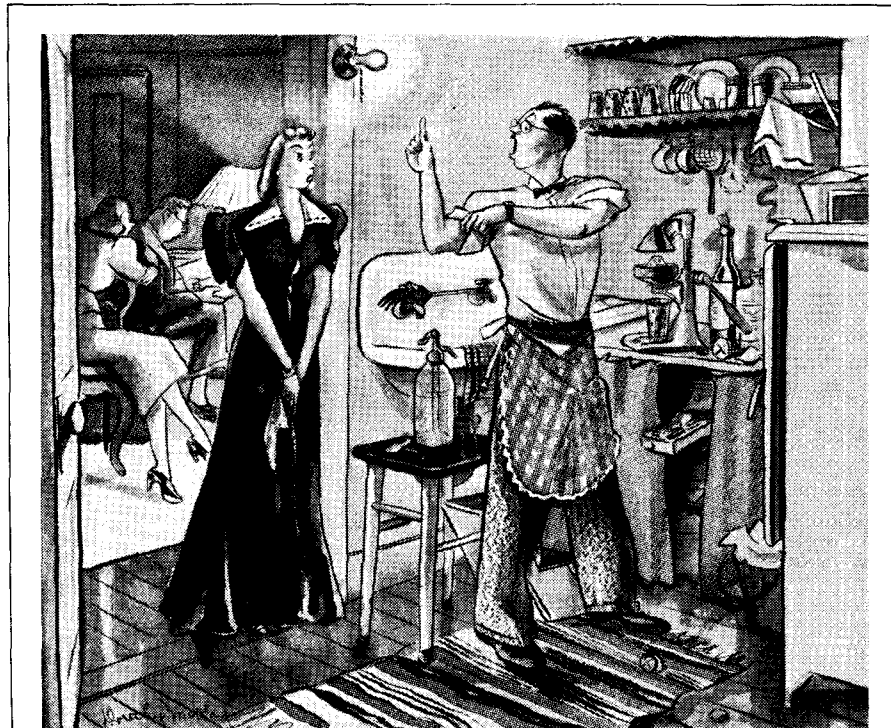
"That's George's new course."

"It doesn't look like it to me. It's too straight. It ought to be more kind of wavy, and winding."

"Well, he has to have some reference line to get lost from, doesn't he?"

For a little time staggered on. Gus began phoning harrowing but monotonous inquiries to southeast towns, running up a toll bill that was a honey. Gloria turned on the radio. She caught the quarter-hour weather report, then snapped the tuning onto the pilot-senders' frequency.

All she could bring in was a distant air liner approaching its port, and an



"I'll make 'em one drink and that's all! I'm not going to work my head off in the kitchen!"

DOROTHY MCKAY

"WASHDAY TOIL IS OLD STYLE"

SAYS PHYLLIS McCOWIN, OMAHA, NEBRASKA

The Successor to the Washing Machine is Here

BENDIX washes, rinses, and damp-dries Automatically

BID GOODBYE TO BACKACHE, WET HANDS AND MUSS . . . to weary hours of toil. Bendix, the successor to the washing machine, does *all* your washing work for you *automatically*!

Bendix, the completely automatic home laundry, is here. **It washes clothes. It rinses them three times in fresh water. It spins them damp-dry . . . without your hands even touching water.** And it is far easier to get clothes clean, sweet and sanitary the Bendix way than by any other home method! Hard to believe? Ask any Bendix owner.

Amazing indeed . . . how Bendix takes in water from hot and cold lines and drains off used water automatically . . . how Bendix washes for the time chosen and with hot or lukewarm water as you select.

The safety of the Bendix for you and your children will delight you. Its beauty and smart, modern styling will fit attractively into your basement recreation room, kitchen, laundry service room or bathroom.

And, most satisfying to that bit of Scotch instinct in every woman, Bendix pays its way. Clothes last longer in a Bendix. The Bendix uses far less soap and bluing and no more hot water or electricity than washing machines. It effects sizeable *cash savings* where a laundress is employed or clothes sent out . . . and can be bought on convenient terms.

But see a demonstration right in your own home with your own clothes. Call your Bendix dealer. See for yourself all the amazing benefits of Bendix ownership. Then trade in your old washer on a Bendix.

ESCAPE FROM ALL THESE MESSY JOBS

Soaking clothes in set tubs	Emptying dirty water
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Dunking hands in hot water	Scrubbing set tubs
	Mopping up the floor

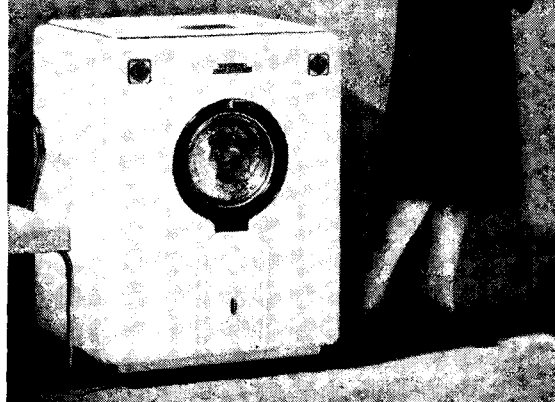


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You set two simple controls
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AUTOMATICALLY



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Be sure the dentifrice you use brings quick, complete refreshment to mouth, gums and teeth



Fight Acid when you brush your teeth!

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SQUIBB Dental Cream



The Priceless Ingredient of Every Product is the Honor and Integrity of Its Maker

Army bomber on an experimental night flight.

Twenty minutes passed. Thirty-five minutes. An hour. An hour twenty.

Gloria Case cried, "Gus! Doc! I've got him!"

They heard a faint, garbled hissing that came from the earphones Gloria wore. Gus switched on the loud-speaker, so they could all enjoy it.

"Calling Gus Taylor at Cherry Valley," said a hoarse sputtering from the ether. "How about waking up down there?"

"Answer him," Gloria ordered Gus.

"How can I answer him?"

Doc made a pretense of shouting through the roof. "Hi, George—what'll you have?" But it didn't go over.

"You're frantically unfunny," Gloria told him. Then to Gus, "What's the matter with the new sender Doc put up the money for?"

"It isn't licensed. The department says it's overpowered. You see, it was built for telephoning at sea. Doc sent and bought it secondhand when they were dismantling those ocean liners. We can't use it any more until—"

"Well, it has resistances, hasn't it? Turn it on just a little."

GUS threw switches. A generator began to growl, and some tubes the size of footballs began to glow under the table. Gloria took over the transmitter.

"Calling George Featherstone. Cherry Valley calling George."

"Can't understand a damn' word you say," the receiver remarked in a weak gargle.

"Gus," Gloria said, "pour the current to this thing!"

Gus turned knobs. Doc thought, "He does everything she tells him—I never saw anything like it. If she tells him to hit himself in the teeth, we'll see Gus leap for a hammer."

"George," Gus shouted, "is that you?"

"Sure it is. That you, Gus? Turn on the runway lights."

"They are on. They've been on all night."

"Well, I can't see 'em."

"Why can't you see 'em?" Gus asked angrily. "Where are you looking?"

"Of all the fools," Gloria flashed. "How does George know?"

"They even fight like a matched pair," Doc thought. Aloud he said, "Of course George doesn't know." He joined Gloria in glaring at Gus. "George never knows. You should know that. Pull yourself together, Gus!"

"George, have you any idea where you are?"

The receiver spluttered, fading a little. "Of course I know where I am. I'm directly above you, circling at two hundred feet. I know my position by the hills around here."

The three stared at one another blankly, listening in spite of themselves for the voice of a motor overhead. "Hills all around," Gus repeated. "Now where in all hell—"

Gloria Case dived at the transmitter. "Climb, you idiot! Give her the gun and climb like hell! What do you mean by blundering around in the dark at two hundred feet? Grab yourself some altitude, before I—"

"Before you what?" the receiver talked back.

"You get some altitude anyway!" Gus shouted.

"Okay, okay. I'll throw on a little coal."

There was a brief interval without contact, and then Dotty's voice came over, surprisingly clear. "Listen, Gus—can you hear me, Gus? If this gas gauge knows its business we've been out of gas for an hour. Tell me one thing. Can this galloping wild Indian really fly?"

"Of course he can fly," Gus answered, sweat coming out on his forehead again.

"Don't you worry a minute. I graduated him myself, and he's one of the best."

"Now you've done it," said Gloria bitterly.

"Did you authorize him to make this flight?" they heard Dotty transmit.

"Sure I authorized him. I take full responsibility for everything he does. Stop worrying, Dotty. Give George the earphones now."

"Gus is now out of his head," Doc told Gloria.

"Listen, George," Gloria took over, "for heaven's sake hunt a flat place and set down! Do you hear me? You get right down, before you fall down!"

"You just told me to climb," the receiver fussed sulkily. "Fall? These things won't fall. Do you think I'm damn' fool enough to be messing around up here if I thought I were going to fall?"

"I think you're damn' fool enough for anything! George Featherstone, if you don't—" Her face changed as she heard his carrier wave click off the air. "Calling George Featherstone! Calling—Gus, that—that dope has shut off!"

"He's down!" Doc bellowed.

The receiver unexpectedly sputtered, "No, I'm not." Then George switched off again, and no more was got out of him.

"He must be right out there over the airway," Gus estimated. "Right at the crossways for every liner in the country. Somebody is virtually certain to hit him."

"He has right of way," Doc offered. "A ship out of control has right of way on a par with a free balloon."

"How are the air-line pilots to know that George is a free balloon?"

Another five minutes of waiting; and the telephone blew up again. Everybody jumped, but Gus got it.

Chicago was calling, and in no uncertain terms. Bill Hatch hardly ever swore, but he was swearing now.

"They've got me down at Southway Airport," he told Gus, "trying to straighten out how that such-and-such so-and-so student of yours got loose with a passenger, and they've been combing the whole country for a PX on him. And now what does the radio bring in? You! My God, you've got enough power boiling out of there to jam the wave clear up here in Chicago! Everybody in the country heard you holler that you authorized this flight! Where will we be if there's a crash? For God's sake turn off that giant power project and shut up!"

"I resign," said Gus.

"What's the good of that? We're all probably grounded for life, if we're not deported or hung! One more nationwide blurt out of that sender and I'll—"

Gus laid down the receiver and let it talk to itself for a while. When it paused he said, "Okay, Bill," and hung up.

TEN minutes passed. They were thinking of airplanes mysteriously missing, never to be found again, and crash landings in the dark. They were thinking about fire, and they were thinking about the past achievements of George.

Whang, went the big telephone gong again.

"Setonville calling."

"My God," Doc shouted, "that's within twenty miles of his course! They're down! They've crashed at Setonville!"

"Will you be quiet?" Gloria, white to the lips, was trying to listen through the other end of the receiver at Gus Taylor's ear. "If only—"

They hovered petrified as Gus said, "Who? . . . He what? . . . Impossible! . . . No! . . . No! . . . No!" He hung up distractedly. "Guy wants a job parachute jumping."

They sagged back into their seats. "You should have told him to go climb

in with George," Doc said, but without spirit.

And for a long while time went on.

The three from Cherry Valley took off in one of Doc's cockpit jobs as the sky began to lighten, and circled upward to meet the first rays of the sun half a mile above the earth. All they had to go on was that George, just before the end of his gas, had been close enough to Cherry Valley to talk to them within the weak range of his radio. It was only luck that their first hour located the forced-down plane.

The Gilderson stood on its nose in a stack of hay, blue-and-gold tail high, fuselage vertical. Gloria was first to sight it. Her face was colorless behind her goggles as she pointed. None of them said anything. Gus reversed direction with a left chandelle, and dropped down into the hayfield in a steep spiral. The three climbed down, and walked toward the crashed plane with the stiffness of people who wish neither to advance nor to hang back.

"Gloria," Gus said, "hadn't you better wait in the plane?"

SHE ignored him, and he did not insist; it was she who stepped forward at the last moment and hauled open the jammed door.

A swift letdown of relief swept them all as they saw that the cabin was empty.

"We know Dotty's all right, anyway," Doc said. "Because the ignition is switched off. George would never have thought of anything like that."

"This evidently didn't hit very hard," Gus surmised. "They must have just skimmed over that old pile of lumber—Holy smoke! I wonder if that could be a building they did away with."

"Probably," Doc thought. "To judge by the rows of hens sitting on it, that's a former poultry house that George has now flattened a little."

"They must have nosed over like this after they had run out most of their speed. The prop is hardly shattered."

"And they walked away," Doc said. "That makes it an exceptionally good landing, in George's book."

They pattered vaguely about, in search of clues to what had happened. Gloria wandered around the haystack; and it was she who made the big discovery. A little involuntary cry was surprised from her. The others took one look at her startled figure and came on the run.

George and Dotty slept peacefully in the hay, Dotty's head comfortable upon George's shoulder.

"Well," said Doc cheerily, at last, "here they are. Let's go to breakfast."

Dotty opened her eyes, and sleepily sat up. She looked about her with some wonderment; then smiled drowsily, and shook George. "Come on, George—throw on a little coal."

"If I ever hear that expression again," Gloria breathed, "there is going to be disorderly conduct."

George also came partly to life now, and sat up.

"Isn't this clubby," Gloria remarked. "Did either of you ever hear of a telephone?"

Dotty snapped fully awake, promptly as the turning on of a light, and the two girls looked at each other coolly.

"I'm sorry," Gloria said with salad oil. "We didn't mean to get you up."

George said fuzzily, "Oh, that's all right. Don't mention it."

"Hush, George—you're not awake," Dotty said. "This is all my fault. George would have got some gas and hopped off again, if I had let him."

"I'm glad," said Gloria, "that George has found someone to take care of him."

"George needs someone to take care of him," Dotty defended. "You know, it's wonderful how friendly people can

get, after facing death together all night."

"There's nothing," Doc nodded, "pulls people together like facing death all night in a haystack."

"I don't just get it," Gloria said acidly. "Maybe she means facing worse-than-death in a haystack. Nuts!"

At this point Gus turned and walked away; and as he did so Doc caught a glimpse of a peculiar new light that had come into his eyes. Doc was startled; he imagined now that Gus was glancing about the ground, very much like a man looking for a lethal weapon. He hurried after Gus.

"Listen, Gus. Don't get excited, now. Gus. If you feel you have to haul off and strike George, at least don't strike him with a blunt instrument."

"I don't mind his losing me my instructor's rating," Gus said. "I don't mind his virtually putting an end to the Cherry Valley Flying Service. I don't even so much mind his keeping me up all night, and then ruining my A. M. But when it comes to two-timing Gloria—damn it, Doc, I'll murder that guy."

"Now, Gus, just because it's Dotty—"

"Who? Oh, Dotty."

"Your girl," Doc said, looking at him curiously. "Remember?"

"Say—that's right, isn't it?"

"I guess I was wrong to call it to your attention."

Gus took the goggles off his helmet, and handed them to Doc. George was on his feet now, grinning sheepishly as he pulled hay out of his collar.

"Put up your dukes!"

"What?"

Gus laid George in the haystack with a cracking left hook.

"A wing-over," said Doc, "to a forced landing."

George got up and charged. Gus straightened him with a light left, then crossed his right to return George to the hay.

"A whip stall. And a ground loop on the palm of the bloomers."

George came up once more; and once more Gus laid him back.

"A flat spin! I'm afraid it's a wash-out, Gus."

"If you're going to Cherry Valley," Gus said to Dotty, "I can give you a lift."

DOTTY sat down beside George and got his head into her lap. "I think you're brutalized," she told Gus. "I don't want a lift from you, or anything else. I never want to see you again, you—you wing flap!"

There was a moment of silence.

"Come on, Gus," Gloria said. She took his hand, and dabbed gently at his skinned knuckles with her handkerchief.

"I don't think you're a wing flap. All you need is a little revving up. And I mean to fix that, if I have to go at it with a wrench kit."

They walked toward Doc's plane.

Gus stared at her, but decided he was being ribbed again. "I was just beginning to get someplace," he said moodily.

"But George stopped you."

"Just about. He's got me way down back of the eight ball. No license, probably. No job."

"And no girl," Gloria supplied.

"What? Oh, that. No, that's no change. It was always you or nothing, with me, Gloria."

"Why didn't you say so before? Listen. I'm going to have a few words with the department about licenses. If they want to ground you for a while, we can fly on mine. And the heck with the job. We ought to start our own field anyway. I have a couple of swell locations in mind."

"What?"

"You're dumb. In your own way, I believe you're worse than George. But you heard me. You're under new management, Gus! I'm taking over, now."

"GEE! WHAT I'D GIVE FOR A SPEEDLINE CORONA!"



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Every child wants one of these modern efficient portables for school or college. The ability to type is a life long asset, easily acquired on one of these fast Speedline Coronas. Three models to choose from... the only portables with "Floating Shift". Ask your dealer to demonstrate its many features.



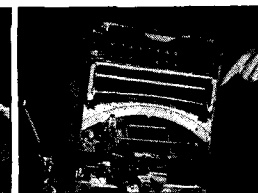
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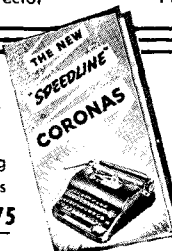


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A primer of facts about pipes

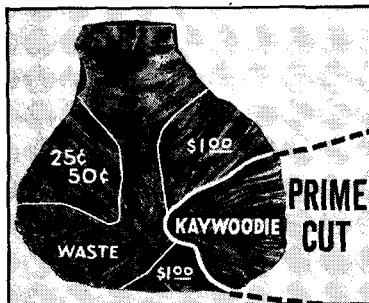
by Kaywoodie

This is How Briar Burls Grow: Briar used in pipes comes from "burls." These burls form on the trunks of briar shrubs in countries surrounding the Mediterra-



nean. A ten year old burl is about the size of a lemon. Some burls get as big as a man's head, after growing several decades. These big mature briar burls are "the cream of the crop."

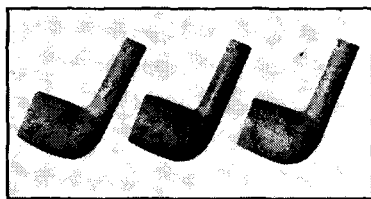
This is a Cross-Section of a Burl: Pipe men know what part of the briar burl produces the sweetest smoking pipes. That part is the "prime cut." The rest of the



burl is used for 25, 50 cent and \$1.00 pipes. The middle of the burl

is not suitable for making pipes: Kaywoodie throws that part away. Cheap pipes, made from small burls, contain this middle portion, because small burls only contain enough briar for one or two pipes.

This is How Pipe Bowls Look: Depending on what "cut" of the burl they come from, pipe bowls may be found to have blemishes or defects. Some have many blemishes, some a few, and some none at all. The bowls that have no faults come from the "prime cut" of the burl. These are used to



make Kaywoodie pipes. The other bowls, with blemishes, are not used for Kaywoodie Pipes.

The next time you go to your dealer's, ask him to show you the Kaywoodie pipes. See the beautiful markings of the briar. The fineness and quality of the graining are one reason why smokers have found Kaywoodie the sweetest-smoking pipes in the world.

Yours for the asking: Pipe-Smoker's Almanac . . interesting things about pipes.

Pictured above: A new style called APPLE (No. 42). Shown actual size.

KAYWOODIE
Rockefeller Center, NEW YORK and LONDON

\$3.50
to \$10.00

Local Ghost Makes Good

Continued from page 14

and train robber back on his native heath—and him safely dead—bringing unexpected activity and ten-dollar bills to Pineville and environs.

This was no picayune movie troop, either. This was a husky outfit, described as the largest and most expensive gang ever sent out of Hollywood. It consisted of one hundred and fifty more or less important actors, helpers, extras, technicians, truck drivers, carpenters and electricians. A moderate extra few rolled all the way east in their own motorcars, and one lad beat his way on a freight train, having no job, but hoping.

Before two days had gone by, everybody in Pineville was in the movies—or at least, everybody who wasn't bed-ridden. King refused to give the only barber a job, as he was the only barber and actors needed to be shaved. Money started flowing in a gentle, golden stream and inhabitants of McDonald County kept feeling in their pockets to see if it wasn't a dream.

A Job for Everyone

This Santa Claus stuff went right along for six weeks and when you dump a golden flood into a town like Pineville for six mortal weeks, the old people get young, the girls get beautiful and the crows start singing. That's what Jesse James, bold bandit and swaggering outlaw, did for his home community and him nothing but a trace of dust in some forgotten casket.

This shows you one should never judge a man to be all poison, even if he's a train-robbing man-killer and murdering son-of-a-gun. He may come back like a kindly ghost to spread a soothing largesse upon his native land.

And did Pineville need that easy dough! Brother, you're correct. . . Pineville has no factories, mills or business affairs. Pineville is no noisy metropolis of commerce, with wheels turning, and pay rolls spreading cash among the cottages. Pineville is simply 371 people without any railroad station, so far off the beaten path of world affairs that hardly any of them know what the Stork Club is.

In a straight line, it is six miles to the nearest railway, two hundred and forty to Kansas City and a hundred and thirty to Tulsa, Oklahoma. If you happen to be a Pineville citizen and run out of money, you can't step around the corner and get a job, as there are no jobs and very few corners. So you can see what a gift from heaven was Henry King and his celluloid fusileers.

P. W. Bones of Dog Hollow was the first citizen to snag himself a job. P. W. is a farmer with a stout team of horses and he went to work in about four minutes, helping get a set ready. Mrs. Mildred Martin of Martin's Café stood in her doorway, meditatively looking over the new arrivals, and in the long run it was Mrs. Martin who seemed to cash in most.

Her café was on the corner and at once the movie men wanted it for various shots. . . Only it had to be done over a trifle. . . The movies had twenty carpenters with them and when they finished with Martin's Café, it was practically a new structure, all perfectly satisfactory to Mrs. Martin, as the roof leaked last winter and would have leaked this winter. But not now.

Without untoward delay, the movie gang went to work making Pineville look as it used to look in 1865, which wasn't difficult, as it almost does anyhow. Mr. King required a goodly jag

of extras, so he employed everybody in town, neighboring farmers and all the distant ruralists who cared to drive in and climb on the pay roll. About the only adult resident not hired to act extra was Lump Ward, the town disgrace, and even he could have had a job if he'd been sensible.

When the film folks showed up, Lump was too seriously stewed to act, and after that he was either weaving in the wind or too shaky from drinking vanilla extract, so that he never did earn himself a thin dime amid so much plenty. He was the only citizen who spoke unkindly of the visitors and stated: "I never liked movies anyhow, and they're all lousy and this proves it and the hell with them."

Lump was the only man who adopted this attitude. The King outfit spent \$275,000 right there in McDonald County, maybe some of it going to Newton County on the north and some to Barry County on the east. It is known that they bought a dog in Cassville and a wheel chair in Neosho. But most of the dough was spent in Pineville and Noel, and some of it will be sticking to those rugged ribs for years to come.

On ordinary working days, three or four hundred folks labored as extras and were on the weekly pay roll, and on fat days there would be three or four thousand drawing pay, coming in from all over the Ozarks on buckboards, in wagons, on horseback and in cars. Residents owning front and back yards rented them out as parking space, getting a dime or a quarter, depending on the size of the influx. Pineville was simply astounded with the tourists, sight-seers, motorists and visitors who poured in daily to get near the movie actors.

All on a Cash Basis

On Labor Day, they had fifty-two thousand popeyed beholders, all eating and drinking, standing around in town, sitting on the courthouse rail, taking pictures from the roofs of cars and dropping into Martin's Café for banana splits and double cokes. Almost every week end brought in fifty thousand spectators and the license plates showed cars from practically every state in the Union, except Vermont. It may be Vermont doesn't give a hang about such truck.

You can imagine how many shots of soda pop Mildred Martin's Café dispensed over a hot week end, and the weather was warmish. As P. W. Bone of Dog Hollow said in his formal statement: "The movie company came in here when most of us were in need of ready cash."

Les Carnell of the Pineville General Store makes formal report: "I sold six times as much goods as in any similar period."

Mrs. Goldie Goodnight, wife of a farmer living on Wash Run: "The coming of the motion-picture people was a fine thing. Even us farmers' wives have got money now."

These and other testimonials go to prove that Lump Ward is just an old reprobate and that there is little truth in him.

No wonder people came flocking into Pineville for a free look. It was the first chance for most of them, and consider that Mr. King brought along Tyrone Power to act Jesse James, and Henry Fonda to be Frank James, and Nancy Kelly, Randolph Scott, Jane Darwell, Brian Donlevy, Donald Meek, Henry Hull, Lon Chaney, Jr., and a covey of lesser lights. A thin, worn woman with a blue apron around her stood in

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MORE THAN EVER WORLD'S NO. 1 TYPEWRITER

Life Begins At 40



DESIGNER WHO BEGAN AT 45—

Eight years ago, Mrs. Mae B. Midgley of New Haven, Conn., began to design and sell her garden furniture, ornaments, fountains and sundials made out of cast rock and bronze. She was 45 when she created for herself this entirely new and profitable business.



MRS. NETTIE COOK BEGAN IN HER KITCHEN

in Indianapolis putting up fine jellies, jams and preserves to help add to her income. Soon a factory was needed. Now, at 46, she is president of her own thriving company—one of the leading preserving companies of Indianapolis.

They made a New Start AFTER 40 and WON SUCCESS

FOR THESE TWO—like many others—the years from 40 on are proving happy and profitable. Yet, often, people find their energy slowing down at just this time. They begin to feel “old.”

Two things may lead to this early aging:

1. Your body may not be getting enough vitamins. Older people need certain vitamins just as much as children do.
2. Weaker digestion often sets in around 40. This may pull down your energy. It also may prevent the vitamins you eat from doing you all the good they should.

A tonic food that helps both these common after-40 troubles is Fleischmann's fresh Yeast.

It supplies a good amount of 4 necessary vitamins. Eating these vitamins in fresh yeast helps your system put them to fuller use. The yeast acts like a “booster” for these vitamins when digestion is slow. It supplies other essentials that help you make fuller use of these vitamins and the food you eat.

Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast every day. Eat it $\frac{1}{2}$ hour before meals—plain or dissolved in a little water. You'll soon learn to like its fresh malt-like taste. Eat it regularly and see if you don't feel younger—more energetic.



Miss Dolly Brann—Stylist—Finds New Energy, More Ideas

Dear Life Begins:

After several months of working furiously, I reached a point where I couldn't go on. My work was practically at a standstill from fatigue. I'd sit at my desk and stare at the wall—thinking how horrible it would be if I never had another idea.

One evening I read an advertisement, “Life Begins at 40.” That aroused my interest. I was just past 40. I bought some Fleischmann's Yeast next morning. Before three weeks were over, I felt like laughing at life for the first time in almost a year.

In a month I was back at work. And I'm able to draw on what seems to be an endless supply of ideas and energy. My business is humming and the future never looked brighter.

DOLLY BRANN

Copyright, 1938, Standard Brands Incorporated

Martin's Café, looking at Tyrone Power while he downed a chocolate ice-cream soda. She just stood there and looked and when he went out to his car, she followed and stood beside the machine. She finally said: “I always wanted to stand close and see a movie star, mister, and now I saw one, and it's a big day for me and who are you?”

For years, Pineville complained bitterly because the roads were unpaved and muddy and last year they howled so fervently that the state finally gave in and used motor-tax money to pave the main street in town. So the very first thing the movies did was to muddy up the road, plastering three thousand yards of wet dirt over the asphalt. When they finished, you would never know there was pavement anywhere. It took four thousand wagonloads of nature's best mud, and horses started hauling that hadn't hauled in years. Lump Ward told boys on the corner that they would certainly ruin Pineville before they got through.

The Hollywood Influence

The countryside around Pineville is sort of bleak and unhappy, but it contains rivers and plenty of good cliffs, where Jesse James has to jump his horse overboard and escape the sheriff's posse. It was only six miles to the railroad for the big train robbery and everything worked out nice. Over in Noel, the movie company hired every hotel—one hotel—cabin, home, shack, bedroom or whatever could be used for sleeping actors. A few lived in trailers and business jumped to fantastic heights.

In the Pineville telephone office, the calls leaped up to two hundred a day. Over in Joplin, the bread company put on extra bread trucks and the bottling company ran its business up to five hundred cases a day. While one important scene was being shot, Eddie Howdon sold thirty-three cases of pop. The editor of the Pineville Weekly disposed of six hundred extra copies in one afternoon and both Noel and Pineville began getting fashionable. They changed shop names and called places the Hollywood Café, the Hollywood Dress Shop, the Shirley Temple Tea Shoppe and such like.

The sovereign state of Missouri immediately took notice of the unusual affair in McDonald County and sent over twenty-five officers of the state highway patrol to keep traffic unsnarled and this little brigade did a right smart job, working on all roads. In no time, the movie gang hired twelve more men in uniform and after that you could work your coupé right into the town. . . . The shooting is all over in Pineville and now you can drive your car for hours, both eyes shut and no cops around, and never nick a fender. The mud has been removed from those pavements and the town shines pleasantly, like any rural village that has been polished up with a mop made of 275,000 one-dollar bills.

Even remote gents who happened to live far away also climbed up on the gravy wagon, and one of these was Luke Cordle, who lived alone in a mountain shack, twenty-three miles out of Pineville. Luke was just a simple mountain man, living in his leaky cabin with his dogs, whisks, guns and bacon and often he saw nobody for days. They wanted some shots of him and his dump, as he looked sort of wild and piratical, and Luke told them to go right ahead. They did and it made him a movie actor, so that afterward he was pretty pestered by people coming around for his autograph, just like Garbo or Lionel Barrymore. Luke can't write, but you don't have to write much to comfort an autograph hound.

For movie people, the King gang certainly did some queer things in Pine-

ville. For one, they built a new roof on the old Crowder place, which is an ancient homestead just out of town. . . . What they craved to shoot was an old house with a very old and infirm roof, and that was what the Crowder place had—an old and leaky roof. It had holes and the shingles curled, but when shot, it didn't photograph old enough, so they rushed in the carpenters, built a brand-new roof and then painted it cunningly to look four times older. They likewise constructed a new fence around the Widow Crowder's home, painted it to look rickety and added a new gate, as the original gate looked old enough, but squeaked into the sound mechanism.

Among the noises that troubled the sound men was the chatter from two hundred guinea hens, owned by Mrs. Werter, long-time resident. Mrs. Werter's guinea hens had always gone about happily squawking when in the mood and nobody complained, but the camera men said you couldn't shoot any Jesse James movies with these confounded hens broadcasting; and Mr. Robert Webb, assistant director, commanded that the hens be chased, captured and silenced. This was done by local boys, and Mr. Webb swung a business deal with Mrs. Werter, buying the fowls at forty cents a head, putting the lady eighty dollars up on the day.

The film company was not badly stuck, as Webb sold the hens to local merchants who owned eating joints and for a while everybody had to eat broiled guinea hen, whether in the mood or not. It got sort of tiresome and Henry Fonda drove clear to Lanagan in a fit of boredom and also to lay into a New York sirloin.

Only seventy years ago, this same Jesse James was riding into this same Pineville, hiding himself in damp caves and shooting people he didn't like, all within earshot of Mayor Drum's front stoop. They claim—local soothsayers—that here lived the poor widow woman on her farm, where Jesse hauled up his horse one afternoon, wearied with travel and in search of food. He walked in and demanded a quick meal, which the startled dame provided, and he observed while eating that the woman seemed pretty sad—that is, sadder than would be warranted by simply serving a bandit coffee and doughnuts. Upon inquiry, he discovered she was sad because a man was coming at once to foreclose the

mortgage and toss her out. The amount involved was \$200, which the bandit handed her in cash, directing her to pay off and get a receipt. This she did and the outlaw stuck up the man and took back his money.

The same story has been told of many a tough bandit, and, being a gambling sort, I will lay eight to five it never happened to anyone.

The statistics man for the film people swears that in Pineville nobody is now on the relief rolls, that the depression has been vanquished and everyone is happy. Mortgages have been lifted here and there, new cars whirl down the road, this man has a new windmill and this one a silo or a radio with nine tubes and Chicago shirts are everywhere.

Squaring the Account

One thing failed to come off—the thoughtful residents of McDonald County failed to sell Henry King the sixty-two guns with which Bob Ford shot Jesse James. When the company arrived in Pineville, Mr. King already had the gun, obtained from St. Joseph at considerable expense, and was he surprised to see those other sixty-two guns, all guaranteed authentic?

About ninety per cent of the picture was shot in Missouri and reports show that a small real-estate boom started, with people writing the Pineville Chamber of Commerce. The company is now back in Hollywood and the rainy season has had a crack at Pineville, which is all tight and snugged up for a hard winter.

During the filming, Henry Fonda shot himself in the leg with an old-fashioned gat. Nancy Kelly fell off her horse into a barbed-wire fence and Lon Chaney's horse sat on him.

There is another fable they tell in Pineville about Jesse James and how he galloped into town at the head of his outlaws, craving quick food. He and his men ate at a farmhouse and rushed off, with the leader promising to return and pay the farmer. Well, he never did. He didn't live long enough. . . . In a manner of speaking, this little oversight has been corrected, the bandit's spirit has now made good and Jesse James doesn't owe McDonald County a cent. Everybody feels fine, except Lump Ward, and it is a well-known scientific fact that people who drink vanilla extract never feel fine, no matter what happens.



"No, you can't go to the football game. Shut up and eat your Thanksgiving dinner!"

JOHN RUGE

Win a Turkey Raffle?



WINNER: "I've got something to be really thankful for. Joe, set 'em up all around! We're all going to Double Our Enjoyment with a TEN HIGH or two."

FRIEND: "Now you're talking turkey!"

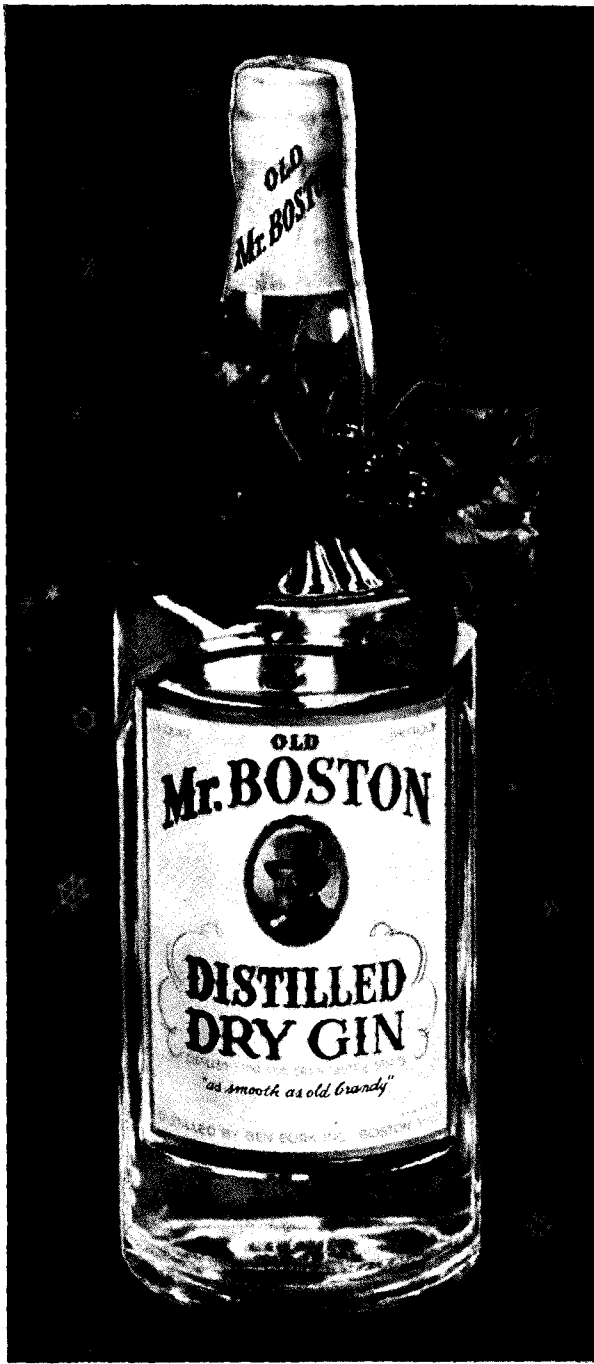
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SAYS OLD MR. BOSTON

"Now that the holidays are just around the corner...now that the bewhiskered gentleman from the North is impatiently marking the days off his calendar...it's high time to think about gifts!



A TYPICAL HOLIDAY PARTY IN OLD BOSTON, YEAR 1783

"Let's see . . . there's Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's—the brightest days of the year—when festivity and warm hospitality glow in every home throughout the land. So may I suggest, gentlemen, something universally cheering and in perfect keeping with the holiday spirit . . . *these three fine Old Mr. Boston liquors.*

"There's my *robust, rich* 100-proof Bourbon Whiskey with the aristocratic flavor that delights the heart of a connoisseur...my delicately-flavored Dry Gin, truly a masterpiece of *aroma and taste*... and last, but not least, my Rocking Chair Blended Whiskey, with all the *true homespun smoothness* you probably thought was lost forever."

Take Mr. Boston to the Party

"You can be truly proud to serve or to give anything that bears the name Old Mr. Boston—for I am known everywhere as a purveyor of good cheer and friendly hospitality. You show good taste, *excellent taste*, when you 'Take Mr. Boston to the Party'—so heed my timely advice and check your holiday gift list against these three superb liquors, *now!* A Merry Christmas, gentlemen, and the happiest of New Years to you, one and all!"

(Left) **MR. BOSTON STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY**—A true aristocrat with all the authority of a full 100-proof whiskey. Also Mr. Boston Straight Rye Whiskey—a smooth 100-proof rye.

(Center) **OLD MR. BOSTON DISTILLED DRY GIN**—A Dry Gin of superb bouquet and flavor. Distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits, 90 proof. Also Old Mr. Boston Sloe Gin, 70 proof; and Orange and Mint Flavored Gins, 80 proof.

(Right) **ROCKING CHAIR BLENDED WHISKEY**—Named after those old New England skippers who "rocked" their whiskeys to ripe perfection—each sip reveals a forgotten taste and smoothness. Contains 66⅔% grain neutral spirits, 90 proof.



You Liked a Parade

By Donald H. James

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

THAT was the year you went to the rose parade alone. I remember that I was still walking slowly from the bedroom to the bathroom, to the kitchen, afraid to move because I thought the appendectomy incision wasn't healing as it should. Dr. Strom laughed at my fears and you smiled your amused smile that always made me feel like a little boy. That smile used to make me angry, but I never let you know.

I remember that day of the rose parade very distinctly. It was one of the first good June days and it had stopped raining. I sat in that funny small apartment on Portland Heights, and Mount Hood was visible for the first time in weeks. Occasionally a flare of music floated up from the Coliseum, where the parade was forming. A sky writer was tracing the name of a soft drink across the cloudless sky. The sunlight was strong coming through the window and after a while I removed my bathrobe and sat in pajamas.

It really wasn't so very long ago. Three years, to be exact. You wore a two-piece suit that day. The skirt was blue and there was an orange blouse affair with the square kind of shoulders that I like best on you.

I don't remember your hat, but I think it was the small turban we bought in Hollywood. The sun reflected in your brown hair and made your eyes seem especially blue when you stopped at the kitchen sink to get a drink. You looked excited. I thought it was because you always liked a parade.

Then you kissed me lightly and told me to be careful, and you were gone, the door slamming behind you and your laugh was still vaguely in the room. That was when I went to the window and looked at Mount Hood.

At noon I poured a glass of milk and ate the sandwiches you had fixed for me. I ate in the breakfast nook with a book opened in front of me. But I didn't read much of the book and afterward I did a silly thing.

I went to your clothes closet and pressed the fur of your winter coat against my face. It smelled like you and I laughed at myself and wondered if I was being silly. Of course I wasn't; I was just lonesome for you.

Afterward I sat in the big easy chair, the only piece of furniture that was ours, and after a while I went to sleep. I dreamed that we were walking through a forest and you were looking for a parade. It was about midafternoon when I awoke. For some time I sat there wishing you would come home.

It was probably the milk that made me ill. When I was a boy it sometimes did that. It frightened me and I looked at the incision and thought it was much too red. Later I knew that I was foolish and should have known that it was the milk. The sun had passed over the house and it was shady in the window. I sat there for a long time. I was still there when I heard you come in.

Your eyes were shining and they were darker blue than when you left. Somehow you didn't look tired and dusty like most persons do after milling in a parade crowd. Your hair was a little mussed, but it was carelessly so and attractive. I was going to tell you about my being ill, but you were bursting with the things you had done, about your trip to Mount Hood in the afternoon with a Clarice somebody-or-other, the parade, the roses. You talked to me while you started supper in the kitchen and I sat in the breakfast nook where I could watch you. Once I got up and kissed you on the back of the neck while you were working.

Then, before you had finished telling me all that had happened, Dr. Strom came. He gave the distinctive ring he used and came in without waiting, looking very tanned and young and healthy.

I told him about the illness and he looked at the incision and laughed.

You asked him to stay for supper and he said he would if you'd let him help wash the dishes. That's the way he was. He drove a two-thousand-dollar car, but he even knew how to make glasses shine by putting ammonia in the water. You didn't know that and we both laughed at you.

It was a gay supper and the doctor told us about his intern days and the time he was implicated in a quite indecent escapade concerning cadavers. Afterward the dishes were washed and we sat in the living room and played three-handed bridge for an hour or so. That was after you left us for a moment to powder your nose and touch up your lips. I remember that you said you couldn't find your lipstick and the doctor told you that you didn't need it.

After a while he said he had to call his home to find out if there were any calls for him. There was one, so you went to the door with him and he called good night to me as he stepped into the hall. I watched him in the hall mirror as he went out. I felt a little ashamed about fussing over the incision, but I was glad that he had looked at it and glad that he had dropped in for supper.

When he left, you came in and we were alone like I had wanted it to be ever since you had left in the morning. You sat on the arm of my chair and we talked about unimportant things and your lips were soft and fresh when I kissed them. You were beginning to look sleepy and you said that parades were tiring, after all.

So I forgot about the incision and pulled you down into my lap so that you could put your head on my shoulder and you went to sleep for a few moments and I held you very tenderly. When you awakened you kept your head buried against my shoulder and told me that you loved me and that you were glad I would soon be well.

THAT was three years ago. You haven't changed much. You're asleep with your head on my shoulder just as you were that night. The apartment is larger and we have a new chair. I'm going to awaken you in a few moments, but I'm not going to tell you what I've been thinking or how well I remember that day. Somehow it's like the incision. The red soreness is gone and there is only a short, white scar.

I'm glad you don't know that I called Dr. Strom that afternoon when I was ill, and that they told me he had gone to Mount Hood for the afternoon. You were puzzled when I wouldn't let you put a mirror in the hallway after we moved here. I suppose it is silly—almost as silly as smelling your coat that day. But I imagine I'll always have a complex about hall mirrors since that night when I saw Strom kiss you in the doorway and return your compact. Sometimes I would like to ask you if you had a good time with him at Mount Hood that afternoon, but I think you've erased it from your memory like women can do. Besides, I don't believe it meant much to you. You didn't grieve when he was killed in the plane crash last year. And I couldn't blame him if he was in love with you. I am.



You sat on the arm of my chair and we talked about unimportant things

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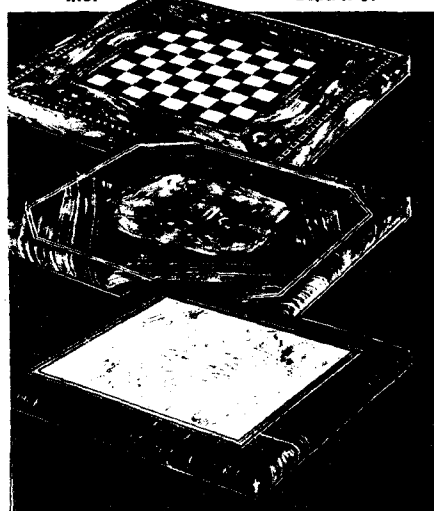
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SAMSON De Luxe CARD TABLES

Via All Oceans

Continued from page 21

But there were red stains on the water and the line began to send. It snaked from the stern coil, smoking along the gunwale fair-leads to the snubbing bits. The men sat braced, wild-eyed, the fever of the hunt upon them.

"He sounds!"

Josh Parnaval shifted aft to change places with the lancing officer in the tradition of the craft. Then the line smashed taut. Abruptly. Violently. It flung the whaleboat's stern up to the paling sky. Owen Shawn heard a shrilling of men's voices, the roar of water, and one piercing shout: "It's fouled!" His head shot swiftly round. The boat lipped in the crest of a toppling sea. Through the blinding sweat he saw bubbles of red-stained water and a man tearing wildly at the snubbing bitts.

"Cut!" someone roared.

"Cut be damned!" Mr. Grime replied. "First blood is ours!"

THE whaleboat rushed on her side, nose down. A sea came at her, towering. Owen Shawn saw its terrifying bulk. It was all he saw. It looked green and monstrous and overpowering. And the boat helplessly fast to a bull right whale of sixty ton! He knew nothing after that until the cold shock of water brought his senses back. He treaded it instinctively, realizing for the first time that he had jumped.

Surely, he thought, so had they all! He looked around, expecting the sight of other bobbing heads and a boat with her keel to the sky. But it was not so. On the heaving ocean's face, brightening with dawn, two far-distant boats were fast to whales, the third still barren. He saw a black shape in the bows of one—Mr. Grime waiting with his killing lance—and the faint cry of their triumph echoed to the barque Xantho's hand horn wailing and the bleeding pennant fluttering already to her truck. Owen Shawn felt illness on him because of what had happened to him, taken so completely unawares. Sick at heart, he swam toward the barque where the try-pots were being rigged. It was a long time before someone scornfully tossed down a rope's end. What good is a man who will jump from a whaleboat while her keel is still afloat?

All that day, with the bitterness of their derision on him, he toiled with a flensing spade in the blinding heat and heavy nauseous smell. The barque Xantho sent clouds of smoke aloft. The sea birds for miles around found her while the blubber pots boiled out the precious oil. Toward evening Ma Barton came solemnly forward. Behind her the cook carried her trays of doughnut dough for the traditional ceremony of a Barton ship.

With the first whale kill of the voyage, while the oil was bubbling hot, Ma Barton made a feast of her famous New England sweet. Every hand had his fill—before it was back to whale steak, slumgullion and cracker hash till the ship, perhaps two years from then, boiled down the last blubber for her casks and the homebound pennant went aloft at last. Then, in the last try-pot that made the barque a full ship, the ritual was repeated with what moldy flour was left in the steward's stores. She went at it skillfully with her wrinkled face aglow, a long paddle to help her away from the heat, smiling now and then at all the high-hearted banter of weary men. But Owen Shawn could not join in.

Outcast, he sat apart near the bulwark with his head in his hands, a man dishonored because he had jumped from a whaleboat on the hunt. Till he sensed someone standing before him. He

looked up out of hollow eyes. He drew himself wearily to his feet before Ma Barton. She was holding three doughnuts out to him. He shook his head.

"Take them, lad," she urged gravely. "They will do you good."

He held them in his calloused hands, looking at her. "It isn't fair," he cried. "It isn't fair!"

"No?" Ma Barton murmured.

"Who told me? How did I know?" Owen Shawn cried out the bitterness of his heart. "How—"

"Each man must know for himself what is expected of him."

Owen Shawn dropped his eyes. "Do they all hate me now, ma'am?" he muttered.

"No, lad. They distrust you. A man who will jump from a whaleboat once will likely jump again. It's their lives are at stake. Would you speculate with that?"

He looked up instantly. "I would!" he said.

She shook her fine old head again. "You will be a try-pot boy so long as you remain in this ship. That is their way. I am sorry, lad. There is spirit in you: you were taken by surprise. But there is no help. I have seen it before."

"Is there no way I can—"

"No way. Not to whalemens in this barque. You must jump out of her the first land we touch. It will be expected. They will drive you to it. Make your way to another vessel, and in her come back to Bedford—blooded. Then no one will trouble you again. Otherwise—"

SHE turned away from him with that. Owen Shawn stared after her, empty-hearted. Leave the ship, she said. In the Sandwiches of the Southern Sea on the other side of the Horn. That's what one unguarded instant could do. It caught up with you like that when you weren't warned and it took you by surprise. Stonily he stared out across the sea, heaving endlessly all purple and gold in sunset, with a tall ship standing toward them from the north, her hull lost already in night, her topgallant sails alight. A whaler, drawn down by the telltale smoke of the Xantho's blubber pots. All hands watched her till she backed her mainyards a hundred fathom off and one man, recognizing her for a Bedford ship, cried out her name.

"It's Pegleg Luke Goodrich's Ballyfair!" he said.

"Ahoy, Xantho!" a hearty bass hailed through gloom. "Bless my soul, Jack Barton! You've been an unholy time putting a waif to first blubber!"

"So we have, Luke," John Barton answered from the quarterdeck through his long brass speaking tube. "But the longer for the first, the quicker for the last!"

"Amen to that. . . . Tell Jube Dingle he is father to a new eight-pound harpooner for the whaling fleet! His woman's doin' fine. Happened day afore we sailed."

The man called Jube let out a whoop of joy, leaping up from the barque's main hatch. "Bless you, Captain Luke, for news like that!"

"Have you got a man in your ship by the name of Owen Shawn?" the voice out of darkness went on.

"So we have!" someone roared back from the Xantho's deck. "He can swim like a mackerel, too!"

Owen Shawn winced at the explosive gust of laughter. But his head came up at the sound of his name. He waited, breathless, watching all he could see of the Ballyfair's rolling hull and her canvas slatting eerily aloft. What news

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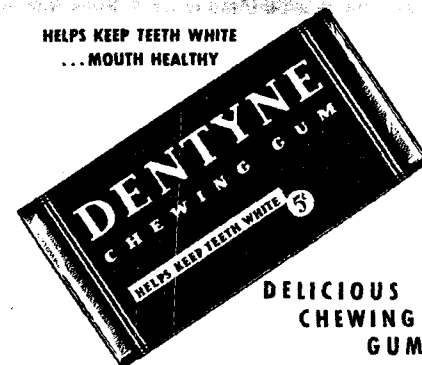
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could there possibly be for him? "Had a letter for him," the voice from home cried out. "Bless my soul, Jack Barton! I thought you'd be halfway from here to Cape Stiff by now. So I passed it on to the Dolly Celeste an' all I've got of it now is Cap'n Burney's receipt."

Owen Shawn heard no more. A singing was in his ears, and his eyes were wide and burning. In the darkness, he raised his head to the southern constellation's brilliant aloft. There was the warm wet trade wind souging in the gear and the suck of the ocean all around. Suddenly he was no longer out-cast and alone. A letter for Owen Shawn! It seemed a fantastic thing, out here where he was. Yet it had followed him to this spot three thousand miles and more across the ocean waste. And it would be traveling on ahead! It would be waiting for him wherever he went. Bringing lightness to his trouble and comfort to his loneliness. She said she would write it down for him, that thing she had not found time to say on Bedford dock. And here it was! Finding him out. There was strength in that for Owen Shawn. It made itself known by the light that came into his eyes.

IT NEVER left him. Not ever afterward. What harm could possibly come to him or to the ship with pinions like that casting their invisible shadow of grace upon the barque Xantho's wanderings? The whaler's creed was iron hard: the pariah's life a cruel one. Owen was shipbound, a try-pot boy. The meanest tasks were his. There was no place in a whaleboat for him when the keen hunt began; no triumph after struggle on the angry face of the sea against terrific odds. But that thing sustained him. Through all the mean sweat and labor. That ribbon of enduring faith reaching invisibly back beyond the whaler's wake. From far beyond his sight it reached out and touched him and made him stand erect.

The months slipped past. He grew silent, spare and slim and keen as a whaling lance. All muscle and bone and sinew. But the fire still burned in his eyes. Somewhere across the oceans' white-shattering wastes there was a letter endlessly searching him out. And he knew what goodness it would hold for

him. Meantime the barque Xantho boiled south and west for the wilderness of the Horn. The westerlies came howling out to greet her. In the icy blackness off Diego Ramirez he learned the barbaric music the brutal gale and the storming ocean make. When the ship lay down, smothered in freezing seas, the sails bursting from their bolt ropes like thunder overhead, Owen Shawn could grimly smile. Because he knew that thing had been here before him to show him the way clearly.

Ten months out of Bedford dock, the rack and ruin of the Horn behind, they fell in with the Dolly Celeste, a thousand miles off Cape Pillar. They spoke to each other, as wanderers do, across an expanse of broken sea. Owen Shawn heard the captain over there bellowing out he had passed a Xantho letter along to the brigantine Penrod. He smiled serenely. That was his! He knew it. And he knew his time would come.

Each ship told him that her faith had been there long before. From the Penrod to the Claginot and then to the full-rigged Mary Gray. Till John Barton's barque Xantho, a year and a half on the sea, snored up for the green palm coast of Oahu to refill her water casks and replenish her meager stores. She let her anchors go inside the Honolulu coral reef to swing in company of half the whaling fleet out of Bedford, the Vineyard, and Nantucket Sound. All grimy and black they were with their try-pot smoke, and their crews wildly carousing ashore. The Mary Gray was there, just astern: Owen Shawn was at the ladder when her master pulled over for a gam.

"Faith, John Barton!" he bellowed with one foot on the deck. "Where you been? We say to ourselves, say we: smart Jack Barton's give us the slip again. Won't show up in the Sandwiches at all. He's off for the Indian Sea direct to catch all the whales ahead of the lot of us. The way he did in '59 when he was the only man to come home full. Ha! But here you are. . . . Had a letter for a man on board here, Jack. Who's silly enough to write to a whaling man? Done some traveling by the look of it. Thinking you were booming to the westward, I passed it on to the schooner Palawan bound for Sunda Strait just a week ago today."

"How about
another helping
of that good
VELVET
tobacco!"

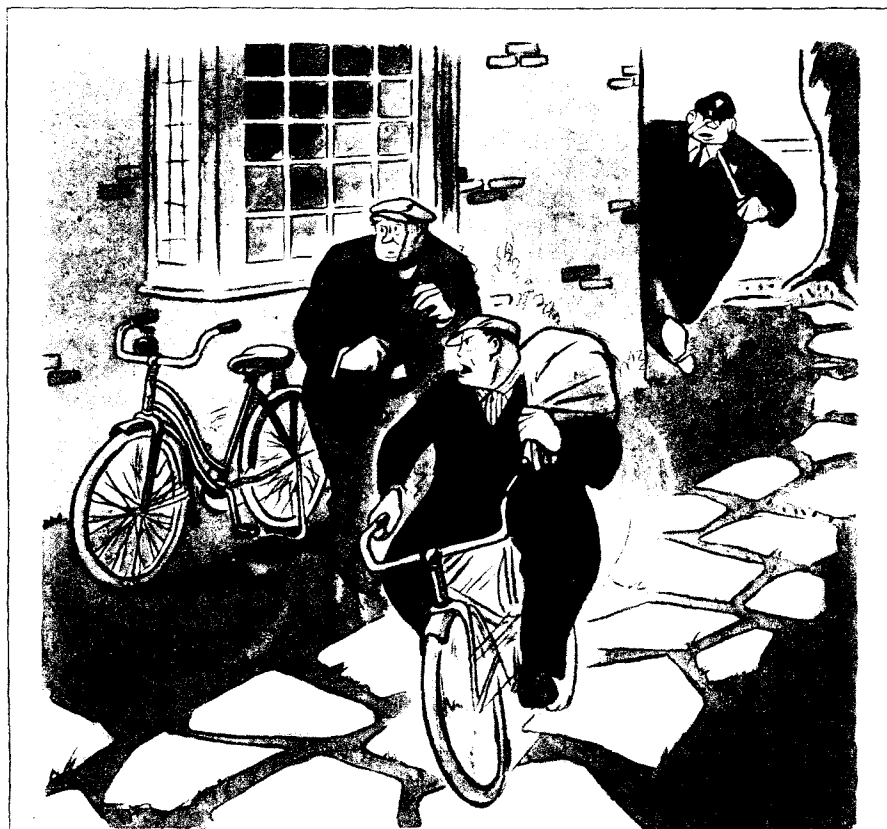


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LAURENCE REYNOLDS

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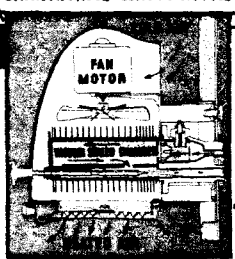
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Owen heard that plainly. So he went forward and pushed his seabag back beneath his fo'c'sle bunk. Josh Parnaval, heading ashore with his stiff tarred hat askew and its ribbon in his eye, looked at him balefully. "Better jump her here, my lad," he said. "That's good advice. Your life on board is hell for any spirited man."

Owen Shawn shook his head with that hard smile behind his eyes. And he was still aboard, where he should never have been, walking the anchor away to "Molly, fare you well!" when the barque Xantho sailed. They gave him their scorn and derision. He alone was silent in all that bawling crowd.

"Bless us!" one man hoarsely growled. "The little sister's still along, I see."

"Ain't got stomach enough for a whaling boat—an' ain't got guts to jump in a foreign land and earn his blood in a different ship the way a whaleman should!" another snarled.

"Who said he ain't got guts enough to jump?" the chief mate's harpooner wanted to know with a loud guffaw.

Owen Shawn just bent his head, walking the capstan bars around. What did they know, he thought? What could they possibly know? There was that faithful thing wandering all the oceans of the earth to seek the barque Xantho out. And when it found her as he knew it one day must, he had to be aboard to greet it—with the honor it deserved.

BUT Josh Parnaval was right. Now his life on board was hell. In the fo'c'sle and the half-deck house the word went round that Owen Shawn was made in a cowardly way, without the nerve to jump to a different ship in a foreign port and earn his blood before returning home. Why else would he still be on board? The whaleman's creed was clear. He scorned it, stoically taking all they offered of contempt, his eye on the far horizon of his splendid dream.

Meanwhile the barque Xantho slowly filled her casks. Owen forced to remain dishonorably on board, watched the whaleboats many times pursuing the dangerous hunt. He saw the monster flukes thrash the water of many seas, the spouts jetting against the blue of many skies while he fed the try-pots, grimy and mean. And Ma Barton had still not made her last doughnut batch in blubber oil, the homebound pennant was still unhung, when Captain Jack hauled the Crozets astern to meet the blue Atlantic swell again.

Far to the east and north of Tristan da Cunha, in a dawn as clear as crystal, the barque Xantho backed her yards and sent three boats after a pod of right whales lushing two hundred fathoms off. Owen watched them hungrily, sharpening his flensing spades. He looked grim and gaunt and weary, but the fire still burned in his eyes. On the poop, John Barton had his eye on a sail breaking the windward horizon's reach. Till Owen saw it, too, standing down drum-tight on the breeze with strong foam curling at the bows. There was a haze upon that leaning ship; it seemed a funny thing. No wonder Captain Barton eyed it so steadily. It bore down swiftly till the naked eye could see the smoke spooning upward through melted seams in deck and hatch. And men at the pump brakes sending sea water into her hold with the weary rhythm of their backs! There was fire in that brig and no mistake! No wonder she had her royals set, racing for Capetown with that terror she had cooped up below!

Those who were left on the deck of the barque watched her closing the distance between. The brig rushed down, trailing a pall of smoke. Till suddenly she seemed to heave upward clear out of the sea. Her main deck split open like a bursting pod. Fantastically. Spewing up a belch of smoke and fire. She stag-

gered, rocking like a deer shot down in flight. The next moment the thunder of that explosion crashed the still dawn. Spars, blackened timbers, splinters of boats spun in the air and fell back hissing on the sea. It happened all in an instant. Her men rushed aft, screaming. That quickly it happened. With part of her cargo—cased oil, no doubt—spattering the ocean around her in a crawling pool of blue and yellow flame.

Captain John Barton came striding for the barque Xantho's main deck. "Manhandle Number Four!" he roared. "Get her for the skids!"

He was there before the rest of them, hooking on the falls. Owen Shawn was next to him, his face set and his eyes aglow. And when that whaleboat struck the water with Captain Barton in the stern sheets and four men on the thwarts, it was Owen Shawn had the twelve-foot stroke sweep in his fist. This was the first time in many months he had felt the surge of the sea as close as this. Down in the bottom of it in an open boat again, with the fine strength of him pouring along the bending oar.

He put his head back on his shoulder for an instant. The brig was crackling and blazing furiously, floating in a sea that seemed a flaming pool about her. Her men were leaping from her taffrail, clinging to spars and floating wreckage, swimming desperately to clear that inferno closing in. John Barton swung the boat that way, as close as he dared to the blistering heat. The swimmers made for it with wide and staring eyes. Hands in the boat started helping them in-board. On the brig's poop a man who must be her master—a black shape against the flaming mainmast gear—turned to duck into his cabin scuttle. Owen saw that plainly, and saw him reach the deck again with something in his hand. The men in the whaleboat watched him stagger weakly toward the rail, a man pursued by fire and smoke. Captain Barton cried out something then—an unintelligible thing. Owen saw that man stagger and fall and lie still with his arms outstretched. He stood up instantly, rocking.

"Down, you fool!" the man behind him snarled. Then: "Lord A'mighty, it's our try-pot boy!"

OWEN SHAWN reached behind the master, plucking out the end of the whale-line coil. Swiftly he made it fast about his chest. "Pay out, sir!" he snapped.

The man behind him snarled again. "How in hell did that yellow cur get into a Xantho boat!"

Owen looked at him. Swiftly. In an instant. "A man who'll jump from a whaleboat once will likely jump again!" There was in his voice all the bitterness, the taut resentment of many months of hardship and injustice. Then he dove in clean.

He came up swimming strongly. What he had to do had to be done quickly. A matter of minutes. Before the crawling flames closed the ship in entirely. Now he saw the brig's counter and her name, Repulse of Baltimore. In that instant he knew why John Barton had cried out like a man in agony. It was one of his own sons was master there! Then, gasping, Owen touched the rudder heel. The chains were scorching hot when he climbed aboard and staggered through hell-fire toward that shape stretched senseless on the poop of his own command, with his jacket already smoldering.

Owen Shawn worked feverishly, loosening the whale line from himself and making it fast beneath the other's armpits. There was a packet beside him on the deck, wrapped in canvas with ends of line ready for lashing. The thing he had gone below to save. The brig's cash, no doubt; a log book; papers

STEWART-WARNER

South Wind CAR HEATER

that were of value. Owen made the canvas packet fast to himself. Then he dragged the inert captain to the taffrail. There he stood up for an instant, blinded with heat and sweat and the aching of all his limbs. The fury roared behind him as he waved his arms to a whale-boat he could barely see by now for the blackness closing on him. He remembered lowering Captain Stephen Barton of the brig Repulse into the sea. He remembered seeing that inert shape being hauled through the water by the line. And he remembered leaping after it. . . . The rest was darkness and oblivion.

He came to in a bunk that rocked comfortably with the old familiar motion of the sea. He heard the rush and noise of it, too, and a sighing of wind from somewhere up aloft. Then he heard Ma Barton's voice.

"You are all right now, lad," it told him. "Just keep your eyes closed. Cool oil compresses will bring you fit again. You are in the Xantho's cabin and burned up pretty bad. But I will care for you. You need have no fear."

HE MUMBLED something. She touched him gently to keep him still. Then he heard Captain Jack Barton himself, speaking with gruffness. He could imagine how that black beard must be bobbing with his low bass growl. "It is our own son you hauled back to life, lad. I think we have given bad judgment on you in this ship. I will see to it that it ends. You go as apprentice harpooner in the chief mate's boat when you gain your feet. And your lay in the voyage is a full sixty-fourth. You have my word, Owen Shawn, on that. A lad who will swim through fire can learn to throw an iron for a Barton ship. . . . Give him the letter, Ma."

Something sang in Owen's heart. "The letter?" he could say.

"Aye. It was in that packet you brought on your back from Stephen's brig Repulse. I have it here for you. It has traveled as far as we ourselves to reach you, boy. And more. If you wish, I will read it for you."

"No, ma'am," Owen Shawn whispered. "Thank you. There is no need, though I have been waiting for it long. . . . But would you mind, ma'am, just to put it in my hand?"

She did so, and he felt the paper of it touching his finger ends. That way she left him, wondering greatly at the strangeness of it. For she could not know that Owen Shawn had little need to have her read aloud what Prudence long ago wrote down for him. He had it safely in his grasp now, and he knew for certain what great virtue it was sure to hold for him. Beneath Mother Barton's bandages he smiled, fumbling the length and breadth of what he held.

The envelope itself was small. It had attached to it a length of Bedford paper, scrawled with the writing of many blue-water men, where each grizzled Yankee skipper had written his acceptance of so slender and unsubstantial a burden as that. With the latitude and longitude carefully put down to mark the exact spot where he had taken it or where he had passed it on.

There was a long list. Owen Shawn could remember some of them. Fine, brave maritime names. Ballyfair, Dolly Celeste, Penrod, Clagnot, and the full-rigger Mary Gray. All these had helped to blanket the stormy oceans of the world with the loyalty and tenderness a blue-eyed girl had sent naively on its way to a lad for whom she had great love. So Owen Shawn could wait until he read it for himself. Because he knew what he would find. Why shouldn't he? It had sustained him: through bitterness, through despair, through sweat and ceaseless labor. And in the end he brought it home himself in the one great moment of his splendid vindication. So he just fingered it, gratefully remembering the look of her and forgetting all the pain. It seemed such a perishable thing to reach safely so obscure a destination. But there it was. It must have great strength to give comfort and protection so boundlessly. And yet it was a simple thing. As simple as the address it bore in Prudence Bradcliff's hand.

"Owen Shawn," it said. And then beneath that: "*Barque Xantho—All Oceans.*" Nothing more than that. How ingenuous and naïve of her! All oceans! That way she cloaked the earth, as others had before, with the fragile human dream. *Barque Xantho—All Oceans!* And it reached him. Well, it had done that long before. Of that Owen Shawn was very sure.

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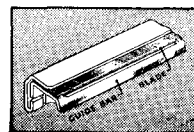
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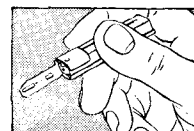
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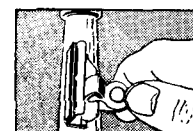
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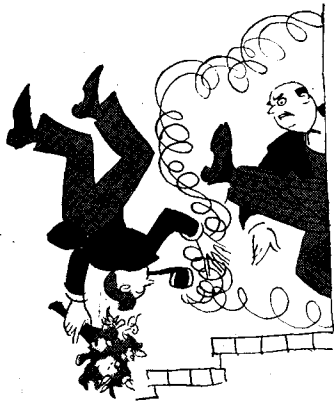
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Hangin' Crazy Benny

Continued from page 13

in the jailer's musty office. Even Durkin was shocked by the news, and after he had dispatched a couple of deputies to the scene and telephoned Galloway, he told Fargo about the victim.

Aunt Molly was an octogenarian who lived in an equally ancient cottage atop Lookout Hill, just outside Metroville. She was pioneer stock—which meant considerable in Metroville—eccentric, and reputedly wealthy, although the way she padded around the town with her cane, and a pair of mangy mongrels at heel, gave scant evidence of affluence. She had a caustic, profane tongue which was somewhat nullified by her charitable actions. But she was a town character and a landmark in which the community shared a mutual interest.

Additional details of the crime filtered in. They were revolting. The pathetic ancient was found to have been brutally beaten before she was murdered. Her cottage had been ransacked and a torch applied. It had not burned, however.

"That'll breed trouble," Durkin told Fargo.

A deputy phoned for reinforcements. From neighbors it was learned that a slow-witted lad known only as Benny had quarreled with Aunt Molly during the previous afternoon. They had found his cap at the house, but Benny himself had disappeared. Sheriff Galloway ordered out a citizens' posse in case Benny took to the hills.

"Galloway is a damned fool!" Fargo growled, when he heard about the sheriff's action. "He's whipping up public hysteria."

"If Benny gets back in the hills," old Durkin said, almost defensively, "he'd be a hard un to root out."

"The fewer officers on a case the better," Fargo reasoned. "I always preferred to work alone."

"That's just what got you in here," Durkin pointed out. "But the city is different anyhow. You never worked in the sticks."

"A stiff is dead no matter where he's killed," said Fargo. "A killer is a killer whether in the city or out of it. Galloway's acting like a fool!"

"Well, I won't argue that point," Durkin grunted.

The posse worked all night and they didn't catch Benny. But shortly before daylight a deputy sheriff found him asleep under the loading platform of the freight shed. He had his belongings jammed into a grimy burlap sack.

Fargo had stayed up all night and so he was in the booking office when they brought Benny in about sunup. While Durkin filled out the simple booking slip, Fargo surveyed the suspect.

BENNY didn't know his last name—he was rather surprised that he was expected to have more than one name anyhow. He was about twenty, tall and fairly broad. There was something apish about him, not only in his way of carrying his head forward on his humped shoulders, but in the way his arms hung free, and his rolling gait. His mouth was full-lipped and slack. Blue eyes, full of fear and pathos, were his redeeming features.

Galloway himself hustled in with several of his posse as Durkin finished the booking. The sheriff let out a bellow of rage—Fargo had a dry suspicion that Galloway was peeved because he hadn't made the pinch himself—and grabbed the terrified Benny by the throat.



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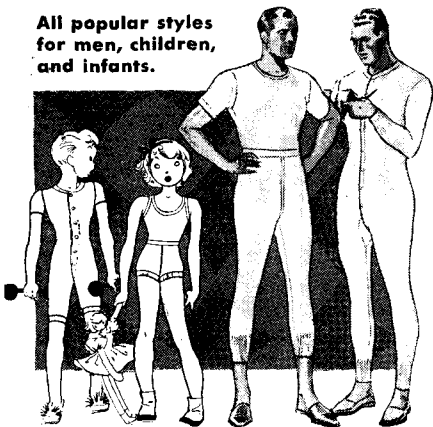


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"You crazy murderer!" he shouted. "What'd you kill her for?"

Benny shook with terror. "She bit me!" he whimpered, slackening his knees and dropping to the floor.

"We'll see you're hung!" the sheriff promised, and ordered Durkin to lock up the prisoner.

Fargo sat back in a corner, contemptuous.

Durkin took Benny and half marched, half carried him up to the second floor, while Galloway and his civilian aides prepared to leave. But suddenly there was a terrific clatter and shouting above and after a few minutes Durkin came back down, dragging the sobbing figure of Benny.

"I can't dump him in either tank," the jailer announced grimly. "Somehow the other prisoners heard what's happened. They won't have him in with them for fear of a lynching—say they're all liable to get it if a mob comes."

"If you're smart," Fargo offered dryly, "you'll take the kid to the city until the excitement dies down and you get your investigation completed."

"Keep your mouth shut until you're spoken to," Galloway barked. "What are you doing out here anyway—get back to your cell!"

Fargo shrugged, started around the desk. As he passed the jailer, he said: "You can bunk the kid with me, Durkin."

AFTER a while they did put Benny in the dungeon. Fargo rolled a couple of smokes, gave Benny a light and went over by the tiny, too-high window.

"How come she bit you, Benny?" he asked conversationally.

"I stepped on her tail."

Fargo took a couple more drags on his cigarette and then came over and sat on the lower bunk beside the lad.

"You don't understand things very well, do you, kid?"

"Sure I do."

"Wasn't Aunt Molly good to you?"

"Sure she was—that's why I was a-runnin' away. She'd gimme an awful hidin'. So I run."

"But what did you kill her for, Benny?"

"She bit me, I tol' you. I was hoein' an' I hit at her with the hoe. She yelped once, and... died."

"And then what did you do?"

"I run so's Aunt Molly wouldn't be mad at me."

"Benny, you know, don't you, that if you killed Aunt Molly she wouldn't be mad at you?"

The boy sat very straight. "Aunt Molly? Why, I never killed Aunt Molly!"

"But you said you did, Benny."

"No, no, no! I killed Liza. She's the old fat one—the one what had the pups last year."

"A dog?"

"Why, sure—what'd you think?"

By degrees, Fargo took Benny over and over his story. The lad was decidedly subnormal, which, when you know how to go after the truth, made it easier to believe. Fargo learned that Benny had accidentally killed one of Aunt Molly's ancient mongrels and in terror had fled the old woman's bitter tongue. That was all Benny knew about the tragedy on Lookout Hill. Fargo believed him.

But Sheriff Galloway did not.

By the dinner hour Saturday night, there were recurring rumors that a mob might attempt a lynching. Galloway, when warned, derided the story and refused to move the suspect. He did do one thing, however—he went to the local radio station and broadcast a warning that he would tolerate no mob violence.

"Well, if they didn't have an idea of a lynching up to now, that'll sure give 'em one," Fargo told Durkin, when the latter came on duty at eight.

"Saturday night in a rural community is bad," the old jailer added.

Strangely enough, Fargo and Durkin first heard about the mob from the prisoners in the second-floor tank. By some uncanny instinct, they sensed the aura of violence that seemed to seep through the night air like smoke. They raised a rumpus and demanded protection. Durkin went up and cursed them to silence, and when he came back down, Fargo pointed out the barred window at the mass of men and women collecting in the street outside.

Durkin grabbed the phone and tried to call Galloway, but even while he was talking to the operator Galloway and two of his deputies hurried in through a rear door.

The five men moved up to the windows and looked into the plaza across from the ancient building. Although the growing mass of people made little sound, their very silence was ominous.

"It looks ugly," Durkin said, and by his use of the singular pronoun recognized not a group of separate individuals, but—a mob.

"Well, now's the time to break it up," Fargo growled.

Sheriff Galloway snorted, grabbed a Penal Code off the desk and unlocked the big front door. As he stepped onto the small stone porch, a man in the middle of the crowd shouted:

"We want that dirty killer."

Several thousand voices chanted an echo. "Turn him over to us!"

Galloway held up one hand.

"I'm telling you to break up and go home!" he roared angrily. "There's goin' to be no rioting in my county!"

"Shut up, Gus, and give us Benny!" shouted a brawny farmer.

Galloway shook the heavy book at them. "In the name of the people of the state, I command you to disperse, or suffer arrest!"

"So you been readin' books, eh, Gus?" the husky farmer jeered, and the crowd howled with laughter. "Maybe you kin recite poems, too."

"Will you disperse?" Galloway yelled, trying to make himself heard. "Or shall I call out my deputies to arrest you?"

"How many deputies you got, Gus?"

"I'll call out the National Guard!"

The mob howled. Then someone else produced a coil of three-quarter-inch hemp rope, tied an improvised hangman's knot and threw it over the limb of a tree. Silhouetted by an arc lamp, it cast a grim shadow across the cement pavement in front of the jail.

Galloway backed hastily inside the building and bolted the door. "You boys break out those riot guns," he ordered his deputies. "We've got to disperse that mob. You, Durkin, get the governor on the phone. We may need the National Guard."

OUTSIDE the window the chorus grew in volume: "We want Benny, we want Benny—we're hangin' crazy Benny in the mornin'!"

Durkin picked up the phone, listened a minute, and laid it aside. "They must have cut the wires after you threatened to call out the troops," he announced bitterly. "The line's dead!"

Galloway grabbed up a shotgun. "Come on," he shouted to his deputies. "We'll arrest those rioters."

The two deputies looked at each other. They were of a type—rawboned, country lads. One of them threw his badge down on the desk.

"Listen, Gus, I quit. Them folks out there are my friends. I ain't goin' to take no shotgun to protect a murderin' swine like Benny and maybe kill some kinfolk. He ought to be strung up."

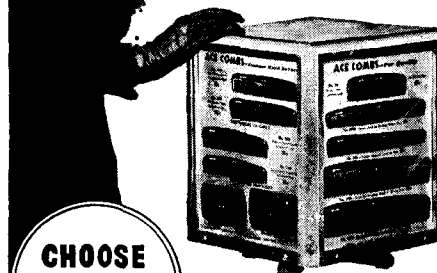
Galloway gasped, looked at the other deputy. The latter shrugged. "I think with Luke," he grumbled.

The sheriff turned back to the window. The mob had started a bonfire in

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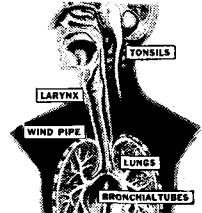
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the street and standing behind it was the huge farmer who had spoken before. Around him were clustered a few cronies, the nucleus of the mob; huddled like football players around a quarterback.

"That's Mart Scudder," Galloway said.

And Durkin added, "Drunk enough to be vicious, sober enough to make trouble."

"... for we're hangin' crazy Benny in the mornin'!"

And then a new sound broke out, plaintive in its pure unadulterated terror—the cry of the prisoners in the tanks.

"For God's sake—let 'em have the half-wit!"

Even as the group within the office watched, the mob produced a heavy timber and a dozen men started for the metal door with the battering ram between them.

"Come on, Gus! Open up an' give us that killer, or we'll tear your tin jail down an' take him. We elected you, Gus, but we won't elect you agin! What are you protectin' the fiend for?"

"A woman shouted that!" Galloway gasped bewilderedly, looking into the gray faces of his companions.

ONE of the deputies started for the door. "Well, I'm gettin' out. I ain't goin' to be here when those boys come in."

"You open that front door," Galloway warned him, "and s'help me, Luke, I'll drill you!"

The deputy backed slowly away and sat down.

Fargo leaned back, detached. He looked from one to the other, and his lip twitched with contempt. Then his roving eyes settled on the face framed in the tiny opening in the iron door of the dungeon. He looked into frightened blue eyes, and heard a plaintive whisper that he knew was directed at him alone.

"Don't let 'em hurt me, mister! Please!"

Durkin braced himself, said: "Well, here they come!"

Galloway grabbed a small canister of tear gas. "You open the door, Durkin, and I'll heave this. It'll stop 'em for a minute."

The jailer pulled back the great bolt.

"Let 'em have it, Gus!" he grunted, and pulled wide the door.

The gas drove the mob back across the street, and they dropped the battering pole. But a cross wind rapidly melted the white fumes away and already Scudder and his aides were rallying the mob.

One of the deputies who had left the room came running back.

"They've thrown burning sticks into the farm adviser's office," he cried. "The building's ablaze!"

Galloway's shoulders sagged. He sniffed the air, and there was smoke. He heard the screams of the prisoners in the second-floor tanks, he heard the harsh breathing of his companions, and like the throb of closing tom-toms he heard that dinning chant:

"Oh, we're hangin' crazy Benny in the mornin'!"

Fargo heard all that, and more. A silent voice called to him: "Please, mister, don't let them hurt me!"

"A mob," Fargo mused aloud, "is like a centipede. It's got a hell of a lot of feet, but only one small brain. You got to disconnect 'em."

The sheriff glanced once more out the window. The gas was almost gone now. Already some of the more daring were easing into the street toward the battering pole. The bonfire swept higher, painting the whole terrible scene in vivid colors, reflecting the sweat, the lust, the unspeakable mania of a lynch mob.

"Sergeant Fargo," Galloway said, his eyes still on the scene outside, "I've done what I can. Does your experience cover anything like this? I've ordered them to disperse, I've carried out the law. I'm sworn to protect prisoners under my charge, but I can't turn guns loose on the people who've elected me. I can't murder my own friends to protect a crazy kid who might be better off dead. Would you turn a gun loose?"

"No," Fargo clipped. "I wouldn't."

"Then I better turn over the kid?"

"... Oh, we're hang, hang, hangin' crazy Benny mighty soon!"

"Hell, no! Arrest Scudder," Fargo growled. "Only one man controls a mob; the rest are temporarily insane. Humiliate him, take him away, and you can break up the rest before they get a new leader."

"But that's ridiculous!" Galloway

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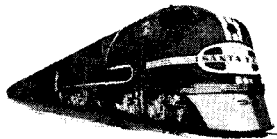
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GOLDEN GATE EXPOSITION OPENS
IN SAN FRANCISCO FEBRUARY 18, 1939

snapped. "I haven't enough men, even if they had the guts, and while I'm not afraid for myself, in that mood the mob would disarm me. I wouldn't stand a chance."

"You sure wouldn't," added Durkin. "You're not tough enough."

"Please, mister, don't let them hurt me! I didn't mean to kill the dog!"

Fargo picked up the badge the deputy had thrown on the desk. "Swear me in, Galloway," he suggested. "I'll break it up."

The sheriff's eyes bulged. "You? Why, there aren't enough men, and..."

"It doesn't take men."

Durkin half smiled—he understood what it took. The sheriff hesitated. "I can't give you a gun to go out there an' kill..."

"What do I want a gun for?" Fargo growled.

Galloway paused. Smoke was seeping along the edge of the walls to merge with the dancing shadows from the fire outside. The din from the tanks above almost obliterated the awful chorus:

"... Hang, hang, hangin' crazy Benny..."

To Fargo the sheriff said: "I hereby appoint you a deputy..." The rest of his words were drowned in the noise from the street.

It was Durkin who handed over his blackjack and an ancient pair of bottleneck handcuffs. Fargo accepted them in silence, hooked his thumb through the thong and nodded at the barred front door. The only words he spoke were in the direction of the dungeon:

"They won't hurt you, kid!"

THERE was an unnatural moment of silence as the big doors swung outward, and Fargo strode through.

He stood for a moment on the top step, so that all might see him. It was said afterward that he was a giant, but that was pure illusion. He was just under six feet, but he was square-hulled and somehow exuded tremendous power.

Like a stone thrown into still water, someone shouted into the silence:

"It's Sergeant Fargo, the cop!"

"It's Benny we want!" yelled the brawny ringleader.

Fargo called in a low voice that was flat and very cold:

"I want you, Scudder, for trying to incite a riot."

"Come an' take me, tough guy."

Fargo strode firmly down the steps and across the cement void where the

ringleaders stood in the middle of the human crescent. He neither hurried nor tarried, but marched with a steady, inexorable gait straight up to the burly farmer who waited.

"Scudder, you're under arrest!" Fargo said quietly and produced the handcuffs.

The big farmer braced himself for a fight, glanced around to sense the moral support, and pushed out his right fist to thrust Fargo away. But Sergeant Fargo suddenly slashed at the outstretched arm and the startled farmer abruptly found his right wrist locked to Fargo's left.

The crowd ringed them in, threateningly, but Fargo seemed unconscious of anyone save his prisoner. Scudder roared in defiance and lashed out with his free hand. Fargo coolly hit him across the nose with the blackjack and the big man wilted in tears.

Fargo swiveled and started for the jail.

"Break it up," he told the crowd. "There's going to be no trouble tonight."

There was silence, but instinctively they fell away as Fargo came striding through, dragging the moaning prisoner. Scudder lifted his broken face and whimpered:

"Don't let him take me, boys!"

One man echoed: "We won't let him take Marty!" but Fargo gave him a direct glance and grated: "I'll be back for you in a moment, punk." And nobody else said anything.

Watching from the jail window, Sheriff Galloway said: "Lord, he did it! Look, they're breaking up. Go out and help him, Durkin."

The jailer licked dry lips. "Let him handle it, Gus."

"I figured they'd tear him apart, but they're breaking up," the sheriff whispered. "What did he do that we couldn't do?"

Durkin loosed a bitter smile. "He tore the head off the centipede. That mob was composed of fear—that's why they wanted to destroy Benny. But they were more afraid of Fargo because he won't recognize fear."

"Lord, but he's cold-blooded, tough!"

Durkin started to unbolt the door. "Well, Fargo just proved that there's times when it pays to be tough, mister."

Fargo swung through the door as casually as though he had been down to the corner for a package of cigarettes. He stood stolidly while Durkin unlocked the cuffs and smiled when he saw the old jailer's hands tremble. After that he

took the sobbing Scudder by the scruff of the neck and yanked him over to the cell door where Benny's face was framed in the rectangular opening.

"Look, you yellow rat," he growled at Scudder, "there's the kid you wanted to lynch!" Then he straight-armed the broken giant into Durkin's ready arms.

"Lock him up," he suggested, and lighted a cigarette.

With the arrival of the fire department, the last of the lynch spirit dissipated. Galloway hesitated a moment as though he wanted to say something, but he merely said, "Thanks," and turned away.

ON SUNDAY, Galloway did not show up. At Durkin's suggestion, Fargo took a comprehensive statement from the grateful Benny, which furnished leads that later substantiated his declaration of innocence. Fargo also directed the investigative activities of the humiliated deputies and by nightfall a witness was found who recalled seeing a tall man leaving the premises of Aunt Molly at the approximate time set by the coroner as the hour of her murder. From then on the affair slipped into regulation police routine.

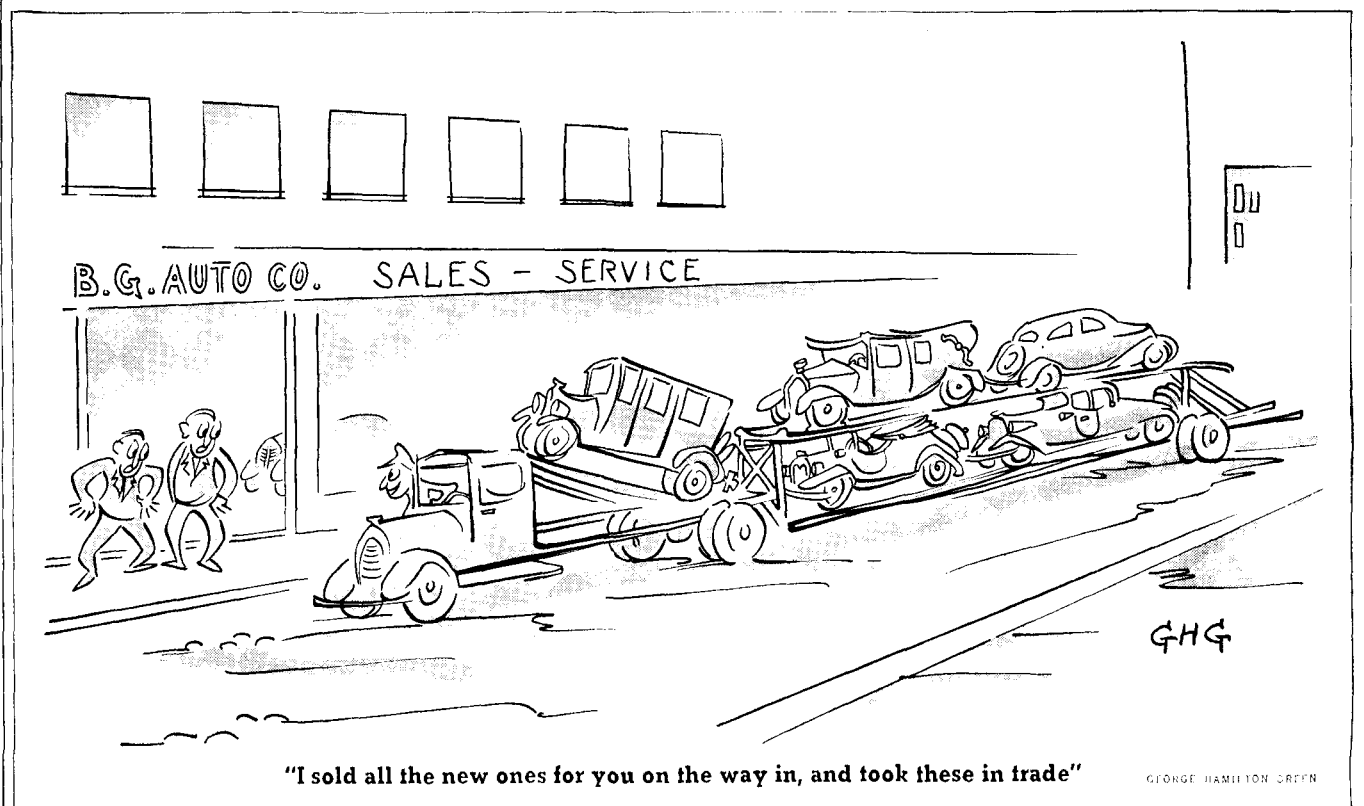
On Monday night, Fargo was eating dinner with Benny when the sheriff himself unlocked the door and beckoned him into the office. Galloway gave Fargo a couple of oblique, embarrassed glances, then he backed against the desk and fiddled with his pipe.

"Well, Sergeant," Galloway said finally, "I've been down to your city. I saw the trial judge who handled your case, told him what had happened, although he knew it from the papers, and we talked with the governor. You're a free man, Fargo. I had hoped I could induce you to work for me."

"I'm a city cop," Fargo said. "I wouldn't fit in here."

Galloway sighed. "I reckon I understand. I called on your chief of police, told him you were free and that I wanted to give you a job. He nearly threw me out. 'Fargo's still workin' for me!' he bellowed. 'He's merely been on a leave of absence. And if that tough flatfoot's finished with his vacation, tell him to get the hell back here to work in the mornin'.' So I suppose you'll want to roll."

Fargo laughed. "I'd better step on it," he admitted, grinning, "if the Old Man said that. He's one cop that is really tough."





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Taylor INSTRUMENTS

Speak No Evil

Continued from page 11

"We'll have to go over the side. The motor's conked out."

"All right."

There was no use asking any of the others to do anything. They had already had hell enough. Regan unclamped the motor, let it sink before he lowered his body over the stern. Water thick with sand and rock chewed at him. He went hand over hand along the gunwale till he met Jorgensen at the bow. Swimming strongly, they forced the head around, kept it there for what seemed like hours. Presently someone in the boat said, "Thank God," and Regan saw that they had made it. His feet touched bottom.

A man, too eager, jumped for the shore and the little boat fell apart like a soaked cracker. It took Regan and Jorgensen ten long minutes to save people they had already saved. Two of the seventeen were dead. They left them there, herding the rest over the steep rise of land and down the other side toward the lights of the emergency camp. It began to rain in earnest.

THEY were using automobile lights and a few sun arcs with a portable generator, salvaged from a demolished studio. The power lines were down. Here and there a fire burned, and there was a great deal of noise, though it was surprising how well the various relief agencies were functioning. The Red Cross and the Legion and the cops kept the ambulances moving. Commandeered trucks and private cars rolled in empty, rolled out again packed to the guards.

On the crumbling banks of the gorged river a little knot of Flood Control engineers watched the puny attempts of WPA men below. Knee-deep in water that was like soup, these men were trying to stem the tide with sandbags and sacks of cement. It was like dropping butter on a hot skillet.

Regan found Captain O'Meara at the barricade across the jagged end of the highway. From this point on there wasn't a road open for twenty-five miles north. Every canyon added its torrent and measure of destruction to the newborn giant gnawing its way down to the sea. There was no communication with the left bank. Every bridge was out, every telephone line down. In the metropolitan area things were still all right, though gutters ran two feet deep. Radio stations had all discontinued their regular programs in order to broadcast warnings. A second dam, the San Luis, was momentarily expected to go out.

O'Meara said, "You see anything of—?"

"Sure," Regan said. "I ran into McGee and Charles on a little island out there." He waved a hand. "I gave 'em the boat to get away in."

O'Meara said sharply, "This is serious, Regan. We want that guy. Maybe you don't but I do."

"Then why don't you go out and get him?" Regan suggested. His face was square-jawed, heavy without being stupid. His eyes looked tired. "It ought to be quite simple."

O'Meara's mouth was stubborn. "He's out there, damn it! His car was recognized. They couldn't have gotten through."

"No," Regan said, "they couldn't have gotten through."

O'Meara looked at Regan's tattered clothes, his shoeless feet. "They're bringing some boats up from the harbor. These damn' park boats are no good."

"I found out."

"We need guys that can handle a boat."

"All right," Regan said. He limped away toward his car and a change of clothes. Karen Charles was sitting in the car. She was a tall girl. A lot of people would have called her plain. Regan thought she was all right. He said stonily, "You shouldn't have come here, kitten."

She poured coffee from a thermos for him. "Are you—have you been hurt, Michael?"

"That isn't what you wanted to ask, is it?"

"Of course."

"You're lying," he said without particular emphasis. After a moment he said, "You still love the guy."

"You know that isn't true, Michael."

"Isn't it?" He got in the tonneau of the car and began changing his clothes. After a while he held out his cup for more coffee. Karen half turned in the front seat, facing him. "There's nothing in the papers yet."

He made a bitter mouth. "The editors must have a sense of perspective. I wish that O'Meara and the rest of them had. I'm sick of being asked—" He broke off, bent over to knot a boot-lace. When he again raised his head his face was stolid. "You know all there is to know, I guess. They sent a dick after Christy because Chris was supposed to know where McGee was. They found the dick with a couple of slugs in him. McGee and Christy got through the police lines, heading north."

She looked out over the floodwaters. "Rats in a trap."

"There's a lot of guys out there that aren't rats, too."

"He used to be your friend, Michael."

Regan shivered suddenly. "I wouldn't broadcast that if I were you. It's bad enough to be seen with the guy's wife." He got out, slamming the door. "You'd better go home." He knew she would not. He just said it to be saying something, and the right words always came hard for Regan. He left her then, and slogged across soggy ground to a truckload of spare slickers. Then he went down to where other trucks were unloading five or six boats from the naval base.

UNDER a tarpaulin shelter the Flood Control engineers were revising a detailed map of the valley. None of their information was very accurate. A plane had gone over twice but because of the rain and the absence of lights even the aerial report was not supposed to be authentic. Where the river had once been was shown by a thin blue line, looping down from the hills. The engineers were using broad red crayons now, wiping out many of the loops and widening by miles the spread of the straightaways. The red crayons obliterated half a dozen towns on paper as surely as the flood had destroyed the towns in actuality. It was thought, because of the general topography of the valley, that a few points might not be completely inundated. Refugees might have concentrated on these so-called safety islands. Regan and the others manning the boats were supposed to locate the islands, if they existed, because if the second dam went out there would no longer be any islands.

Down at the edge of the water they had managed to throw up a short length of jetty, enough to give the boats a lee.

Jorgensen, watching the launching of the first boat, said, "The Navy must be saving their good ones for the next war." Jorgensen was no longer the laughing young Viking. The thing was beginning to get to him.

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Regan shrugged heavy shoulders. "The Navy's probably got troubles of its own. This water just don't sink in the ground after it leaves here, you know. The beaches are catching hell too."

Jorgensen turned stary eyes on Regan's face. "My sister lives down at the beach."

"She'll be all right," Regan said.

Men were holding the lifeboat for him. He laughed a little grimly as he saw that he had drawn another outboard motor. It was a good one, though, and the boat looked pretty solid. There were two pairs of oars and a pile of blankets and plenty of flashlights.

Regan stepped down into the stern sheets. "Come on, keed."

Jorgensen didn't want to go this time. He was thinking about his sister. "Come on," Regan said patiently. Jorgensen got in. Captain O'Meara ran down the slope to the jetty. "Hey, Regan, what's that guy's wife doing in your car?"

"Waiting for us to bring him in," Regan said. He spun the motor. The lifeboat churned straight out into the current.

FOR a time Regan could see the lights of some of the other boats. Behind him, over the jut of land, the brightness of the encampment was reflected against rolling clouds. Then there was nothing but dark, and the rain, and the pound of the flood. He and Jorgensen were alone.

After a mile or two they picked up a man and a woman, clinging tiredly to a battered oil drum. The man was naked. He had been fully dressed, he said, when the water hit him. He and the woman had never seen each other before. Jorgensen gave them blankets. Presently Jorgensen began to sing and Regan saw that he had a bottle.

"Jorgensen."

"Yeah?"

"Give our guests some of that."

The kid passed the bottle back. After the man and the woman had drunk, Regan took the bottle and put it down between his knees. Jorgensen watched him sullenly for a moment, not saying anything. Then he took up his flashlight and again pointed it into the darkness.

Up on the bank above them there was a row of R.F.D. boxes. An hour ago there had been a house for each one of those boxes. The little posts were like headstones.

Going upstream, the motor was quieter. It didn't kick itself out of the water as the other one had. Regan didn't know why this should be. He was merely grateful that it was so. He thought about Christy Charles and Karen, and Big Mouth McGee and, a very little, about God. Regan was not a religious man. He just wondered about things sometimes. He didn't exactly blame God for this disaster. He just wondered.

After a while there was a faint hail, out where the water still leaped high and the rocks banged and crashed along on the crest. Regan swung the tiller, heading cautiously into the edge of the maelstrom. The little boat took the bit in its teeth, refusing to answer its helm. The thrust of the propeller was a puny thing. Regan let the bow come around under the impact of the water, and then they heard the hail again. It was closer this time, almost at Regan's side. Jorgensen's flash picked up the head of the swimmer. The man was Big Mouth McGee.

Regan jammed the helm hard over, bringing the boat around by the sheer force of his will. Two big hands came out of the water and grabbed the gun-

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OF FOOTBALL
THAN YOU DO
OF ME!

NOW, MY
LOVE — WE
HAD TO
CELEBRATE
THE VICTORY

O-O-H, YOU'VE
FORGOTTEN THE
DATE! OUR
LOVE HAS
TURNED TO
ASHES

MY MOUTH IS FULL
OF ASHES! MY
HEAD'S ON FIRE!
SEND FOR THE
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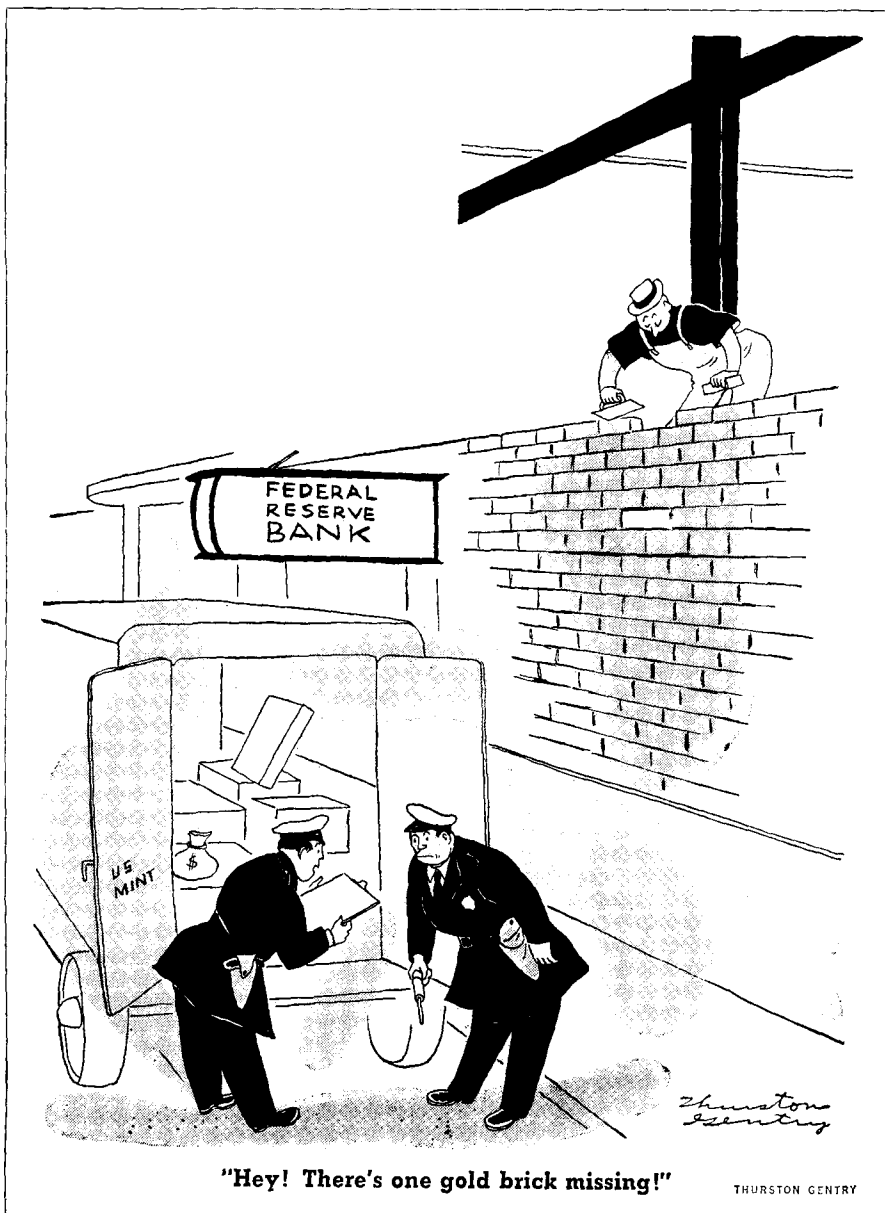
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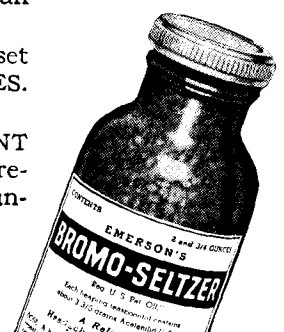
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wale. Regan hauled the man inboard. They churned toward the protection of the shore line.

Big Mouth lay propped against a thwart, as he had fallen. His head was enormous and the flat whiteness of his face was ugly and hellish. Both of his legs were smashed.

Regan shoved the bottle at him. "Charles?"

Big Mouth laughed horribly. "We had a raft of sorts. It wasn't big enough for both of us. He pushed me off."

The tightness in Regan's throat swelled and grew till it almost choked him. He said words that were unfit for the woman's ears. The last of the whisky went down McGee's gullet and he tossed the bottle overboard. Then he smiled with his big mouth and closed his eyes. "Thanks, copper."

Regan said through set teeth, "Did you blast the dick or was it Charles?" He knew the answer now, but he had to ask.

Big Mouth's eyes stayed closed. He said, so faintly that Regan could scarcely hear him, "Come down closer, copper."

REGAN bent over him. One of McGee's strong hands clamped Regan's throat, shutting off his wind, and he went to his knees, trying to break the hold, failing. Then McGee had Regan's gun. Iron fingers relaxed their grip and Regan crawled back on the seat. The yawning tiller pounded him.

"Jorgensen!" he croaked. It was as if time had stood still and the elapsed second had never been. Jorgensen was just getting his slicker open. McGee shot him twice in the body. He fell down, up there in the bow, and the woman screamed. The man who was naked said nothing. Perhaps he couldn't.

Big Mouth laughed hugely. He held Regan's gun in his lap, master of himself and of the boat. His smashed legs were lumps of sodden flesh, awash in the bottom. They might have belonged to another man for all the attention he paid them.

"We're going back, copper. Across to the other side. I've got some friends over there."

"No," Regan said.
Big Mouth lifted the gun a little. "Yes."

"You're a fool. We'll never make it."
McGee's eyes were hot and impatient. "There's a chance. There isn't any if you try to buck the gun. Look what happened to the bull up front."

"All right," Regan said. He tried not to think of the man and the woman in

the waist. He swung the bow around in a sharp turn. They headed toward a shore they couldn't see.

The light from Jorgensen's flash still shone. It brought into sharp relief all but Jorgensen's face. That of the naked man was dull, loose-lipped. His eyes were a fish's eyes. The woman might have been forty. Dank hair straggled down over a face that was probably pretty under other circumstances. Her eyes avoided Regan's. Big Mouth, always gross, was an animal gnawing himself out of the trap. His avid eyes appraised Regan, were satisfied.

The boat rammed its snout into the first whirlpool. It spun, slowly at first, then faster and faster. The tiller bucked in Regan's hands, useless, merely something to cling to. He couldn't even hear the motor. Suddenly, flung clear, the boat darted like a live thing into water that boiled and churned, greater than any rapids Regan had even seen. Rocks grated on the bottom, pierced it. Spray blinded him for an instant. It must have blinded them all, for none saw the giant boulder rise up from nowhere and totter above them. Regan did see it coming down. He knew there was nothing he could do about it. He closed his eyes.

The crash made surprisingly little noise. Or perhaps it was because there was already so much. Flung high as the boat buckled amidships, Regan came down in water that was quiet and deep. It was all very strange, very peaceful. He wanted to lie there in it and rest, only his lungs began to ache and quite suddenly he knew that they were his lungs and that he was alive.

He thrust downward with his hands, striving against the leaden weight of his clothes. A slicker that was not his came into his fingers and he knew that the boy Jorgensen was there beside him. His head broke water and he saw, so close that he could almost reach out and touch it, a tall cliff and a debris-littered beach at its base. The water for yards around him was like a mill pond. He went down after Jorgensen.

PRESENTLY they were on the beach, and Regan, puffing mightily, stood up. Out there, out beyond the still water, a head bobbed once. Regan shed his slicker. His boots were laced hunting boots. There was no time to undo them. He went into the water, cursing their weight, hoping against hope that the head he had seen belonged to Big Mouth McGee. So that he could haul McGee out and kill him with his bare hands. Swimming with fast-weakening



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strokes he came to the spot, and the rapids caught him, dragged him down, spewed him out again.

He sank, fingers groping, and his hands found long hair and he knew that it was the woman, not Big Mouth McGee. After a long, long time he drew her out on the beach beside Jorgensen, and then he too lay down, flat on his back, done in.

Sudden light illumined the waters from above. The glow of it against the lowering sky was red. That meant a fire. That meant that there were others on this little island.

Regan got to his knees and then, more slowly, to his feet. He stood there, swaying drunkenly for a moment. His legs were rubbery, boneless things under him as he made his way over to Jorgensen's side. Jorgensen still lived.

Jorgensen opened his eyes. "Hello, Sarge."

"Hello, kid," Regan said. He knelt awkwardly. "Look, I want you to lie still for a while. I don't know how badly you're hit. Understand?"

Jorgensen's eyes moved to show that he did. Regan crawled over to the woman. She too was alive; unconscious, probably full of water, but alive. He pushed himself tiredly to his feet. The firelight touched a corner of the little beach. Regan was suddenly so still that it hurt.

THERE was a tiny raft on the beach. Big Mouth McGee had mentioned a raft of sorts. This one didn't look as though it could have supported two men. Regan sought for and found a tortuous way up the cliff.

Coming at last to the top he stood for a moment and watched the man by the fire. It was Christy Charles. Somehow he had believed from the beginning that it would be he who would find Chris, not one of the others. He had dreaded it, hated it because of Karen, yet he had known.

Drenched though he was, Charles was still the fop. He was a tall man, taller than Regan by several inches, and very slender. His dark, good-looking face was high-lighted by the fire, and his hair was smooth and black. The small mustache he affected was a thin dark line over mobile lips. He laid another stick of driftwood on the fire.

Regan went forward. "Hello, Chris."

Charles turned. Only the trembling of his hands showed how on edge he was. His lean face was carefully surprised but unworried. "Is that you, Mike?"

Regan advanced another step. He couldn't see the bulge of a gun on Charles but he was almost sure there would be a gun.

Regan moved up slowly, held his hands to the fire, though the night was not cold. His hands were quite steady. "Tell me what happened, Chris."

Charles let his shoulder droop. "About Big Mouth, you mean? About the dick?"

"Yes," Regan said. "Yes, that's what I mean."

"Big Mouth shot the dick, Mike."

"Did he?"

"Yes, he did. I tried to stop him but I couldn't. Big Mouth was afraid I'd talk afterward so he took me with him."

"And what happened to McGee?"

"The highway went out under us when the dam cut loose. It was tough sledding for a while. We managed to rope some planks together and were just shoving off when the rocks got McGee."

Regan said quietly, "I talked to McGee, Chris."

That sudden shaking of the hands again. "You did?"

Regan bent over the fire. "You have always been a liar, Chris. A liar and a cheat. You shot the dick. And after McGee risked his life for you, and was crippled, you pushed him off the raft. At least McGee was a man."

Charles' right hand moved casually inside his coat. It came out not so casually, and there was a gun in it. His hands didn't shake now, because the gun gave him confidence and security and made him a better man than Regan.

"I am going to miss seeing you around, Michael. No doubt Karen will miss you too. The shining example." His eyes narrowed as he remembered what Regan had said. "You talked to McGee? Where is he now?"

"McGee is dead. You hoped he would be and he is."

"You have a boat?"

"There is no boat, Chris. What do you hope to do if a boat does find you?"

Charles laughed. "I can beat the rap. Who shall say that it wasn't Big Mouth who shot the copper? Not McGee, surely. Not you."

"No," Regan said, "not I." He kicked a shower of sparks into the handsome face across the fire. The gun spoke once. Then Regan was across the fire too, and his strong hands were on the gun and he wrested it free. He pushed Charles away from him, waiting.

Presently the taller man uncovered his eyes. "What are you going to do, Mike? You can't just shoot me down."

"Can't I?" Regan advanced a step. Charles backed away. Gun held almost negligently, Regan once again moved forward. Intent on the gun, retreating before it, Charles didn't realize how close he had come to the edge of the cliff till it crumpled beneath his feet. He screamed horribly, just once, and then he fell and was gone from sight. Regan's lips moved as though he might be praying, but no sound came out. After a little he lifted the gun and emptied it into the night, and then he tossed it far out over the waters. He made his way down to the little beach.

Jorgensen still lay as Regan had left him. The woman was beginning to retch. Regan helped her get rid of some of the water and listened to the noise of the flood on either side of the island.

Jorgensen said, "I heard shots."

"Yes," Regan said. "I thought I saw a boat." He waited to see if Jorgensen had heard anything else. The woman opened her eyes and looked at him. He said, "You'll be all right now." He sat hunkered down on the wet sand. "Too bad about Chris Charles," he said presently.

Jorgensen stirred. "What happened?"

"He's the one that pulled you and me out of that hell. And the woman. He went back after the others. He couldn't make it."

JORGENSEN breathed as though he had a hole in his lungs. "And we thought he was a heel!"

Regan nodded. "McGee shot the dick. He told me so, there in the boat." He waited a little, staring straight ahead. Jorgensen didn't say anything. Regan stretched out flat on his back.

After a while there was a boat. The fire had brought it. The fire built by Christy Charles. They put Jorgensen in the boat, and the woman, and then Regan. He slept.

When he again opened his eyes he was in a bed, and Jorgensen was in a bed beside him and the place smelled like a hospital. Karen was sitting stiffly in a little chair by his side. She put out a hand to touch one of his bandaged ones. "You have been very foolish, Michael."

"Have I?"

She nodded in Jorgensen's direction. "He says that Chris died a hero."

"Yes," he said.

"He must have been a very strong swimmer."

"Yes."

"Chris couldn't swim a stroke, Michael."

"Couldn't he?" Regan said.

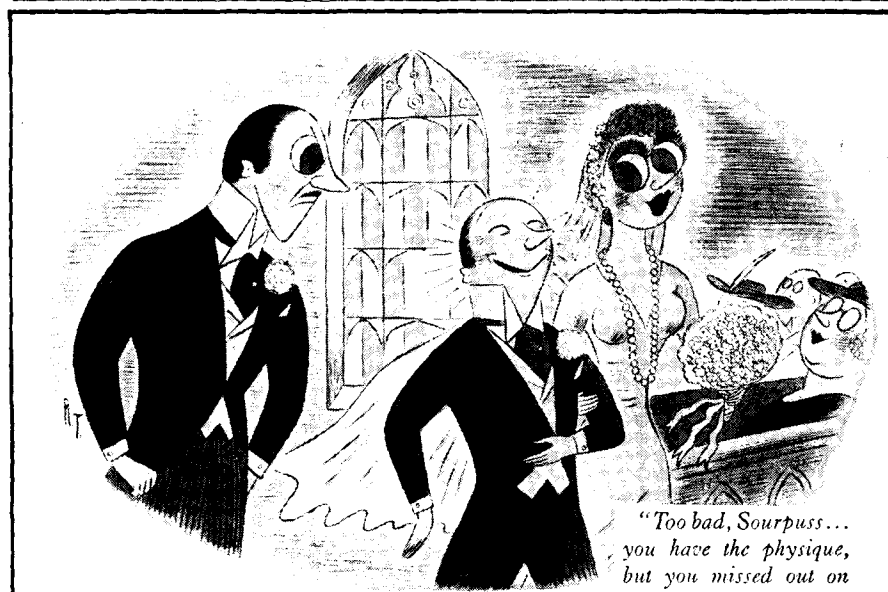


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Murder for Christmas

Continued from page 23

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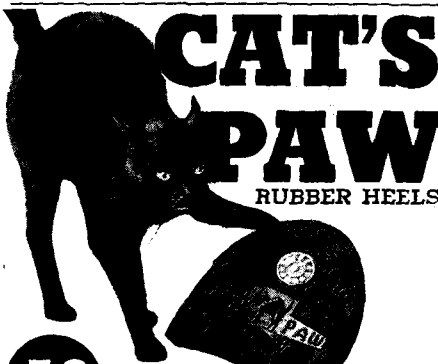
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mother had the brains of a louse! And it seems to me she's transmitted those brains to her children." He raised himself up suddenly. A red spot appeared in each cheek. His voice came high and shrill: "You're not worth a penny piece, any of you! I'm sick of you all! You're not men! You're weaklings—a set of namby-pamby weaklings—Pilar's worth any two of you put together! I'll swear to heaven I've got a better son somewhere in the world than any of you, even if you are born the right side of the blanket!"

"Here, Father, hold hard," cried Harry.

He had jumped up and stood there, a frown on his usually good-humored face.

Simeon snapped, "The same goes for you! What have you ever done? Whined to me for money from all over the world! I tell you I'm sick of the sight of you all! Get out!" He leaned back in his chair, panting a little.

Slowly, one by one, his family went out. George was red and indignant. Magdalene looked frightened. David was pale and quivering. Harry blustered out of the room. Alfred went like a man in a dream. Lydia followed him with her head held high. Only Hilda paused in the doorway. Then she, too, marched out of the room.

Simeon got to his feet and made his way to the safe. Every day—when he was alone in his room—he took out the little bag and, pouring the diamonds out, played with them. As the stones tumbled out, his eyes glittered, and he shook with silent laughter.

Leaning over the safe, he murmured, "Let's have a look at my beauties. . ."

THE doorbell rang about a quarter to eight.

Tressilian went to answer it. He returned to his pantry to find Horbury there, picking up the coffee cups off the tray and looking at the mark on them.

"Who was it?" said Horbury.

"Superintendent of police—Mr. Sugden—mind what you're doing!"

Horbury had dropped one of the cups. "Look at that now," lamented Tressilian. "Eleven years I've had the washing up of those and never one broken and now you come along touching things you've no business to touch and look what happens!"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Tressilian. I am indeed," the other apologized. His face was covered with perspiration. "I don't know how it happened. Did you say a superintendent of police had called?"

"Yes, Mr. Sugden."

"What—what did he want?"

"Collecting for the Police Orphanage."

"Oh!" The valet straightened his shoulders. In a more natural voice he said, "Did he get anything?"

"I took up the book to old Mr. Lee, and he told me to fetch the superintendent up and to put the sherry on the table."

"Nothing but begging this time of year," said Horbury. "The old devil's generous, I will say that for him, in spite of his other failings."

Tressilian said with dignity, "Mr. Lee has always been an openhanded gentleman."

Horbury nodded. "It's the best thing about him! Well, I'll be off now."

"Going to the pictures?"

"I expect so. Ta ta, Mr. Tressilian."

Tressilian went into the dining room and laid the rolls in the napkins. Then, after assuring himself that everything was as it should be, he sounded the gong in the hall.

As the last note died away Superintendent Sugden came down the stairs. He was a large, handsome man. He wore a tightly buttoned blue suit and moved with a sense of his own importance.

He said affably, "I rather think we shall have a frost tonight. Good thing, the weather's been very unseasonable lately."

Tressilian said, shaking his head, "The damp affects my rheumatism."

The superintendent said that rheumatism was a painful complaint and Tressilian let him out by the front door.

The old butler refastened the door and came back slowly into the hall. He passed his hand over his eyes and sighed. Then he stretched his back as he saw Lydia pass into the drawing room. George Lee was just coming down the stairs.

Tressilian hovered ready. When the last guest, Magdalene, had entered the drawing room, he made his own appearance, murmuring: "Dinner is served."

In his way Tressilian was a connoisseur of ladies' dress. He always noted and mentally criticized the gowns of the ladies as he circled round the table, decanter in hand.

Mrs. Alfred, he noted, had on her new flowered black-and-white taffeta. A bold design, very striking, but she could carry it off, though many ladies couldn't. The dress Mrs. George had on was a model, he was pretty sure of that. Must have cost a pretty penny! He wondered how Mr. George would like paying for it. Mr. George didn't like spending money, he never had. Mrs. David now, a nice lady, but didn't have any idea of how to dress. For her figure, plain black velvet would have been the best. Figured velvet, and crimson at that, was a bad choice. Miss Pilar, now, it didn't matter what she wore. With her figure and her hair she looked well in anything. A flimsy cheap little white gown it was, though. Still, Mr. Lee would soon see to that! Taken to her wonderful, he had. Always was the same way when a gentleman was elderly. A young face could do anything with him.

"Hock or claret?" murmured Tressilian in a deferential whisper in Mrs. George's ear. Out of the tail of his eye he noted that Walter, the footman, was handing the vegetables before the gravy again—after all he had been told!

Tressilian went round with the soufflé. It struck him, now that his interest in the ladies' toilets and his misgivings over Walter's deficiencies were a thing of the past, that everyone was very silent tonight. At least, not exactly silent—Mr. Harry was talking enough for twenty—no, not Mr. Harry, the South African gentleman. And the others were talking too, but only, as it were, in spasms. There was something a little—queer about them.

MR. ALFRED, for instance, he looked downright ill. As though he had had a shock or something. Quite dazed he looked and just turning over the food on his plate without eating it. The mistress was worrying about him. Tressilian could see that. Kept looking down the table toward him—not noticeably, of course—just quietly. Mr. George was very red in the face—gobbling his food, he was, without tasting it. He'd get a stroke one day if he wasn't careful. Mrs. George wasn't eating. Slimming, as likely as not. Miss Pilar seemed to be enjoying her food all right and talking and laughing up at the South African gentleman. Properly taken with her, he was. Didn't seem to be anything on their minds!

Mr. David? Tressilian felt worried about Mr. David. Just like his mother, he was, to look at. And remarkably young-looking still. But nervous—there, he'd knocked over his glass.

Tressilian whisked it away, mopped up the stream deftly. It was all over. Mr. David hardly seemed to notice what he had done. Just sat staring in front of him with a white face.

Thinking of white faces, funny the way Horbury had looked in the pantry just now when he'd heard a police officer had come to the house. . .

He went round with the port. . . The dinner was over, and Tressilian



"You got gypped, Bessie—I can't get no music out of this!"

REAMER KELLER



“Listen, George...either you get a fit or I’ll have one”

GEORGE: All right, all right, smarty! Laugh your silly head off. You’d think I deliberately bought this shirt three sizes too small. Funny, isn’t it?

WIFE: Yes, George dear.

GEORGE: If I don’t know my own neck, who does? Size 5, it is. Always has been, always will be. And when I bought this ding-dang shirt it was size 15—not something made for one of the seven dwarfs!

WIFE: Yes, George dear. But you know you can buy shirts that won’t shrink out of size.

GEORGE: How? How, I’d like to know? Look right here in this shirt. What’s it say? “Pre-shrunk,” that’s what it says. Phooie!

WIFE: Yes, George dear. But it doesn’t say Sanforized-Shrunk.

GEORGE: Sanforized-Shrunk! Bosh! Piffle! You can’t tell me those shirts don’t shrink like the others!

WIFE: Yes, George dear. Sanforizing is the process that takes practically all the shrinkage out of a fabric. It’s different from any other process—they’ve got 195 patents on it. The most any Sanforized-Shrunk fabric can shrink is 1%, by Government standard test! That’s so small an amount you can’t notice it.

GEORGE: Where did you get that 1% stuff? Think you’re smart, don’t you?

WIFE: Yes, George dear. I read it in an article on shrinkage in *Good Housekeeping Magazine*.

GEORGE: Yeah! Well, that’s swell for the guys that buy higher-priced shirts. But how about me? I suppose I can just waltz into a store and get Sanforized-Shrunk shirts at the price I usually pay, hey?

WIFE: Yes, George dear. You can get Sanforized-Shrunk shirts at a wide range of prices. Everything from work shirts up to grand broadcloths and oxfords.

GEORGE: What do I do when the store don’t carry ’em? Walk out?

WIFE: Yes, George dear—if you want to get a shirt that will fit you permanently.

GEORGE: Say, I’ll bet you deliberately read up on all this! Been trying to make a monkey out of me, hey?

WIFE: Yes—Why NO, George dear.

“Here’s something to tell her, George—

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Copr. 1938 Calvert Distillers Corp., Distilleries: Baltimore, Md., and Louisville, Ky., Executive Offices: Chrysler Bldg., N. Y. C. Calvert's "Reserve" Blended Whiskey—90 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits . . . Calvert's "Special" Blended Whiskey—90 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits.

was in his pantry. He stood there, wondering why everyone had been so nervous.

It was then he first heard the noise from overhead. . . . A crashing of china, the overthrowing of furniture—a series of cracks and bumps.

"Good gracious!" thought Tressilian. "Whatever is the master doing? What's happening up there?"

And then, clear and high, came a scream—a horrible high wailing scream that died away in a choke or gurgle.

Tressilian stood there a moment paralyzed, then he ran out into the hall and up the broad staircase. Others were with him. That scream had been heard all over the house.

They raced up the stairs and round the bend, past a recess with statues gleaming white and eerie, and along the straight passage to Simeon Lee's door. Mr. Farr was there already and Mrs. David. She was leaning back against the wall and he was twisting at the door handle.

"The door's locked," he was saying. "The door's locked!"

Harry Lee pushed past and wrested it from him. He, too, turned and twisted at the handle.

"Father," he shouted. "Father, let us in."

There was no answer. No sound from inside the room.

The front doorbell rang but no one paid any attention to it.

Stephen Farr said, "We've got to break the door down. It's the only way."

Harry said, "That's going to be a tough job. These doors are good solid stuff. Come on, Alfred."

THEY heaved and strained. Finally they went and got an oak bench and used it as a battering ram. The lock gave at last, and the door cracked and, shuddering, swung free on its hinges.

For a minute they stood there huddled together looking in. What they saw was a sight that no one of them ever forgot. . . .

There had clearly been a terrific struggle. Heavy furniture was overturned. China vases lay splintered on the floor. In the middle of the hearth rug in front of the blazing fire, lay Simeon Lee in a great pool of blood. . . . Blood was splashed all round. The place was like a shambles.

There was a long shuddering sigh and then two voices spoke in turn. Strangely enough the words they uttered were both quotations.

David Lee said, "*The mills of God grind slowly . . .*"

Lydia's voice came like a fluttering whisper:

"*Who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him? . . .*"

SUPERINTENDENT SUGDEN had rung the bell three times. Finally, in desperation he pounded on the knocker. A scared Walter at length opened the door.

"Oo-er," he said. A look of relief came over his face. "I was just ringing up the police."

"What for?" said Superintendent Sugden sharply. "What's going on here?"

Walter whispered, "It's old Mr. Lee. He's been done in. . . ."

The superintendent pushed past him and ran up the stairs. He came into the room without anyone being aware of his entrance. As he entered he saw Pilar bend forward and pick up something from the floor. He saw David Lee standing with his hands over his eyes.

He saw the others huddled into a little group. Alfred Lee alone had stepped near his father's body. He stood now quite close, looking down. His face was blank.

George Lee was saying importantly, "Nothing must be touched—remember that—*nothing*—till the police arrive. That is most important!"

"Excuse me," said Sugden.

He pushed his way forward, gently thrusting the ladies aside.

Alfred Lee recognized him.

"Ah," he said. "It's you, Superintendent Sugden. You've got here very quickly."

"Yes, Mr. Lee." Superintendent Sugden did not waste time on explanations. "What's all this?"

"My father," said Alfred Lee, "has been killed—*murdered*. . . ."

His voice broke.

Magdalene began suddenly to sob hysterically.

Superintendent Sugden held up a large official hand.

He said authoritatively, "Will everybody kindly leave the room except Mr. Lee and—er—Mr. George Lee. . . ."

They moved slowly toward the door,

reluctantly, like sheep. Superintendent Sugden intercepted Pilar suddenly.

"Excuse me, Miss," he said pleasantly. "Nothing must be touched or disturbed."

She stared at him. Stephen Farr said impatiently, "Of course not. She understands that."

Superintendent Sugden said, still in the same pleasant manner, "You picked up something from the floor just now?"

Pilar's eyes opened. She stared and said incredulously, "I did?"

Superintendent Sugden was still pleasant. His voice was just a little firmer. He said, "Yes, I saw you. . . ."

"Oh!"

"So please give it to me. It's in your hand now."

Slowly Pilar unclosed her hand. There lay in it a wisp of rubber and a small object made of wood. Superintendent Sugden took them, enclosed them in an envelope and put them away in his breast pocket.

He said, "Thank you."

He turned away. Just for a minute Stephen Farr's eyes showed a startled respect. It was as though he had underestimated the large, handsome superintendent.

They went slowly out of the room. Behind them they heard the superintendent's voice saying officially, "And now if you please—"

"**N**OTHING like a wood fire," said Colonel Johnson as he threw on an additional log and then drew his chair nearer to the blaze. "Help yourself," he added, hospitably calling attention to the cellar and siphon that stood near his guest's elbow.

The guest raised a polite hand in negation. Cautiously, he edged his own chair nearer to the blazing logs, though he was of the opinion that the opportunity for roasting the soles of one's feet (like some medieval torture) did not offset the cold draft that swirled round the back of the shoulders.

Colonel Johnson, chief constable of Middleshire, might be of the opinion that nothing could beat a wood fire, but Hercule Poirot was of the opinion that central heating could and did every time.

"Amazing business, that Cartwright case," remarked the host reminiscently. "Amazing man! Enormous charm of manner. Why, when he came here with you, he had us all eating out of his hand."

He shook his head.

"We'll never have anything like that case!" he said. "Nicotine poisoning is rare, fortunately."

"There was a time when you would have considered all poisoning un-English," suggested Hercule Poirot. "A device of foreigners! Unsportsmanlike!"

"I hardly think we could say that," said the chief constable. "Plenty of poisoning by arsenic—probably a good deal more than has ever been suspected."

"Possibly, yes."

"Always an awkward business, a poisoning case," said Johnson. "Conflicting testimony of the experts—then doctors are usually so extremely cautious in what they say. Always a difficult case to take to a jury. No, if one must have murder (which Heaven forbid) give me a straightforward case. Something where there's no ambiguity about the cause of death."

Poirot nodded.

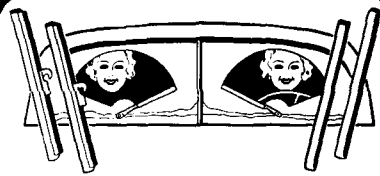
"The bullet wound, the cut throat, the crushed-in skull? It is there your preference lies?"

"Oh, don't call it a preference, my dear fellow. Don't harbor the idea that I like murder cases! Hope I never have another. Anyway, we ought to be safe enough during your visit."

Poirot began modestly, "My reputation—"

But Johnson had gone on.

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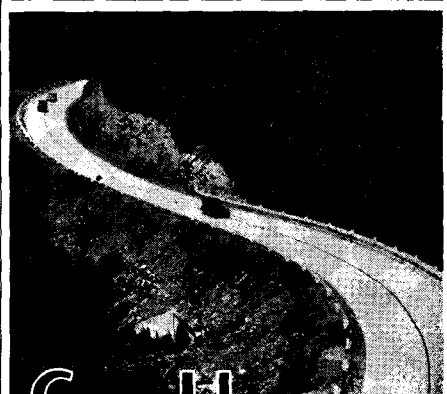
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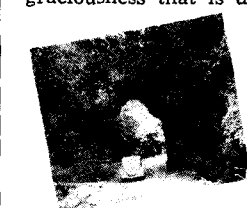
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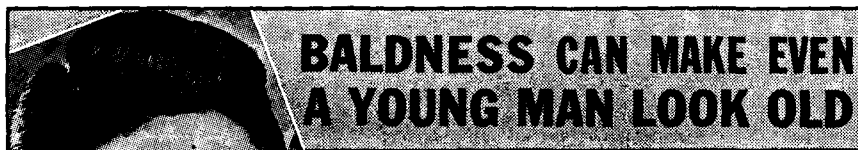
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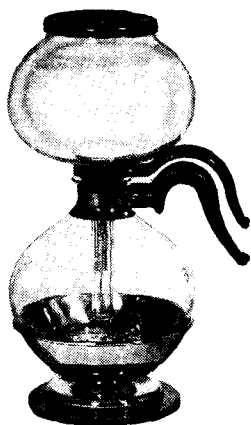
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“Christmas time,” he said. “Peace, good will—and all that kind of thing. Good will all round.”

Hercule Poirot leaned back in his chair. He joined his finger tips. He studied his host thoughtfully.

He murmured, “It is, then, your opinion that Christmas time is an unlikely season for crime?”

“That's what I said.”

“Why?”

“Why?” Johnson was thrown slightly out of his stride. “Well, as I've just said—season of good cheer and all that!”

Hercule Poirot murmured, “The British, they are so sentimental!”

Johnson said stoutly, “What if we are? What if we do like the old ways, the old traditional festivities? What's the harm?”

“There is no harm. It is all most charming! But let us for a moment examine facts. You have said that Christmas is a season of good cheer. That means, does it not, a lot of eating and drinking? It means, in fact, the overeating! And with the overeating there comes the indigestion! And with the indigestion there comes the irritability!”

“CRIMES,” said Colonel Johnson, “are not committed from irritability.”

“I am not so sure! Take another point: There is, at Christmas, a spirit of good will. It is, as you say, ‘the thing to do.’ Old quarrels are patched up, those who have disagreed consent to agree once more, even if it is only temporarily.”

Johnson nodded. “Bury the hatchet, that's right.”

Poirot pursued his theme:

“And families now, families who have been separated throughout the year assemble once more together. Now under these conditions, my friend, you must admit that there will occur a great amount of strain. People who do not feel amiable are putting great pressure on themselves to appear amiable! There is at Christmas time a great deal of hypocrisy, honorable hypocrisy, hypocrisy undertaken *pour le bon motif*, *c'est entendu*, but nevertheless hypocrisy!”

“Well, I shouldn't put it quite like that myself,” said Colonel Johnson doubtfully.

Poirot beamed upon him.

“No, no. It is I who am putting it like that, not you! I am pointing out to you that under these conditions—mental strain, physical malaise—it is highly probable that dislikes that were before merely mild and disagreements that were trivial might suddenly assume a more serious character. The result of pretending to be a more amiable, a more forgiving, a more high-minded person than one really is, has sooner or later the effect of causing one to behave as a more disagreeable, a more ruthless and an altogether more unpleasant person than is actually the case! If you dam the stream of natural behavior, *mon ami*, sooner or later the dam bursts and a cataclysm occurs!”

Colonel Johnson looked at him doubtfully.

“Never know when you're serious and when you're pulling my leg,” he grumbled.

Poirot smiled at him.

“I am not serious! Not in the least am I serious! But all the same, it is true what I say—artificial conditions bring about their natural reaction.”

Colonel Johnson's manservant entered the room.

“Superintendent Sugden on the phone, sir.”

“Right. I'll come.”

With a word of apology the chief constable left the room.

He returned some three minutes later. His face was grave and perturbed.

“Damn it all!” he said. “Case of murder! On Christmas Eve, too!”

Poirot's eyebrows rose.

“It is that definitely—murder, I mean?”

“Eh? Oh, no other solution possible! Perfectly clear case. Murder—and a brutal murder at that!”

“Who is the victim?”

“Old Simeon Lee. One of the richest men we've got! Made his money in South Africa originally. Gold—no, diamonds, I believe. He sunk an immense fortune in manufacturing some particular gadget of mining machinery. His own invention, I believe. Anyway, it's paid him hand over fist! They say he's a millionaire twice over.”

Poirot said, “He was well liked, yes?”

Johnson said slowly, “Don't think anyone liked him. Queer sort of chap. He's been an invalid for some years now. I don't know very much about him myself. But of course he is one of the big figures of the county.”

“So this case, it will make a big stir?”

“Yes. I must get over to Longdale as fast as I can.”

He hesitated, looking at his guest. Poirot answered the unspoken question.

“You would like that I should accompany you?”

Johnson said awkwardly, “Seems a shame to ask you. But, well, you know how it is! Superintendent Sugden is a good man, none better, painstaking, careful, thoroughly sound—but—well, he's not an *imaginative* chap in any way. Should like very much, as you are here, benefit of your advice.”

He halted a little over the end part of his speech, making it somewhat telegraphic in style. Poirot responded quickly:

“I shall be delighted. You can count on me to assist you in any way I can. We must not hurt the feelings of the good superintendent. It will be his case—not mine. I am only the unofficial consultant.”

Colonel Johnson said warmly, “You're a good fellow, Poirot.”

With those words of commendation, the two men started out.

IT WAS a constable who opened the front door to them and saluted. Behind him, Superintendent Sugden advanced down the hall and said, “Glad you've got here, sir. Shall we come into this room here on the left—Mr. Lee's study? I'd like to run over the main outlines. The whole thing's a rum business.”

He ushered them into a small room on the left of the hall. There was a telephone there and a big desk covered with papers. The walls were lined with bookcases.

The chief constable said, “Sugden, this is M. Hercule Poirot. You may have heard of him. Just happened to be staying with me. Superintendent Sugden.”

Poirot made a little bow and looked the other man over. He saw a tall man with square shoulders and a military bearing, who had an aquiline nose, a pugnacious jaw and a large flourishing chestnut-colored mustache. Sugden stared hard at Hercule Poirot after acknowledging the introduction. Hercule Poirot stared hard at Superintendent Sugden's mustache. Its luxuriance seemed to fascinate him.

The superintendent said, “Of course I have heard of you, Mr. Poirot. You were in this part of the world some years ago if I remember rightly. Death of Sir Bartholemew Strange. Poisoning case. Nicotine. Not my district but of course I heard all about it.”

Colonel Johnson said impatiently, “Now then, Sugden, let's have the facts. A clear case, you said.”

“Yes, sir, it's murder right enough—not a doubt of that. Mr. Lee's throat was cut—jugular vein severed, I understand from the doctor. But there's something very odd about the whole matter.”

“You mean—”

"I'd like for you to hear my story first, sir. These are the circumstances. This afternoon, about five o'clock, I was rung up by Mr. Lee at Addlesfield police station. He sounded a bit odd over the phone—asked me to come and see him at eight o'clock this evening—made a special point of the time. Moreover, he instructed me to say to the butler that I was collecting subscriptions for some police charity."

The chief constable looked up sharply. "Wanted some plausible pretext to get you into the house?"

"That's right, sir. Well, naturally, Mr. Lee is an important person, and I acceded to his request. I got here a little before eight o'clock, and represented myself as seeking subscriptions for the Police Orphanage. The butler went away and returned to tell me that Mr. Lee would see me. Thereupon he showed me up to Mr. Lee's room, which is situated on the first floor, immediately over the dining room."

SUPERINTENDENT SUGDEN paused, drew a breath and then proceeded in a somewhat official manner with his report:

"Mr. Lee was seated in a chair by the fireplace. He was wearing a dressing gown. When the butler had left the room and closed the door, Mr. Lee asked me to sit down near him. He then said rather hesitatingly that he wanted to give me particulars of a robbery. I asked him what had been taken. He replied that he had reason to believe that diamonds (uncut diamonds I think he said) to the value of several thousand pounds had been stolen from his safe."

"Diamonds, eh?" said the chief constable.

"Yes, sir. I asked him various routine questions but his manner was very uncertain and his replies were somewhat vague in character. At last he said: 'You must understand, Superintendent, that I may be mistaken in this matter.' I said: 'I do not quite understand, sir. Either the diamonds are missing, or they are not missing—one or the other.' He replied: 'The diamonds are certainly missing, but it is just possible, Superintendent, that their disappearance may be simply a rather foolish kind of practical joke.' Well, that seemed odd to me, but I said nothing."

"He went on: 'It is difficult for me to explain in detail, but what it amounts to is this: So far as I can see only two persons can possibly have the stones. One of those persons might have done it as a joke. If the other person took them, then they have definitely been stolen.' I said: 'What exactly do you want me to do, sir?' He said quickly: 'I want you, Superintendent, to return here in about

an hour—no, make it a little more than that—say nine fifteen. At that time I shall be able to tell you definitely whether I have been robbed or not.' I was a little mystified, but I agreed and went away."

Colonel Johnson commented, "Curious—very curious. What do you say, Poirot?"

Hercule Poirot said, "May I ask, Superintendent, what conclusions you yourself drew?"

The superintendent stroked his jaw as he replied carefully: "Well, various ideas occurred to me, but on the whole, I figured it out this way. There was no question of any practical joke. The diamonds had been stolen all right. But the old gentleman wasn't sure who'd done it. It's my opinion that he was speaking the truth when he said that it might have been one of two people—and of those two people one was a servant and the other was a member of the family."

Poirot nodded appreciatively.

"Très bien. Yes, that explains his attitude very well."

"Hence his desire that I should return later. In the interval he meant to have an interview with the persons in question. He would tell them that he had already spoken of the matter to the police but that if restitution were promptly made he could hush the matter up."

Colonel Johnson said, "And if the suspect didn't respond?"

"In that case, he meant to place the investigation in our hands."

Colonel Johnson frowned and twisted his mustache. He demurred.

"Why not take that course before calling you in?"

"No, no, sir." The superintendent shook his head. "Don't you see, if he had done that, it might have been bluff? It wouldn't have been half so convincing. The person might say to himself: 'The old man won't call the police in, no matter what he suspects!' But if the old gentleman says to him: 'I've already spoken to the police, the superintendent has only just left.' Then the thief asks the butler, say, and the butler confirms that. He says, 'Yes, the superintendent was here just before dinner.' Then the thief is convinced the old gentleman means business and it's up to him to cough up the stones."

"H'm, yes, I see that," said Colonel Johnson. "Have you any idea, Sugden, who this 'member of the family' might be?"

"No, sir."

"No indication whatsoever?" persisted Colonel Johnson.

"None."

Johnson shook his head. Then he said: "Well, let's get on with it."

(To be continued next week)

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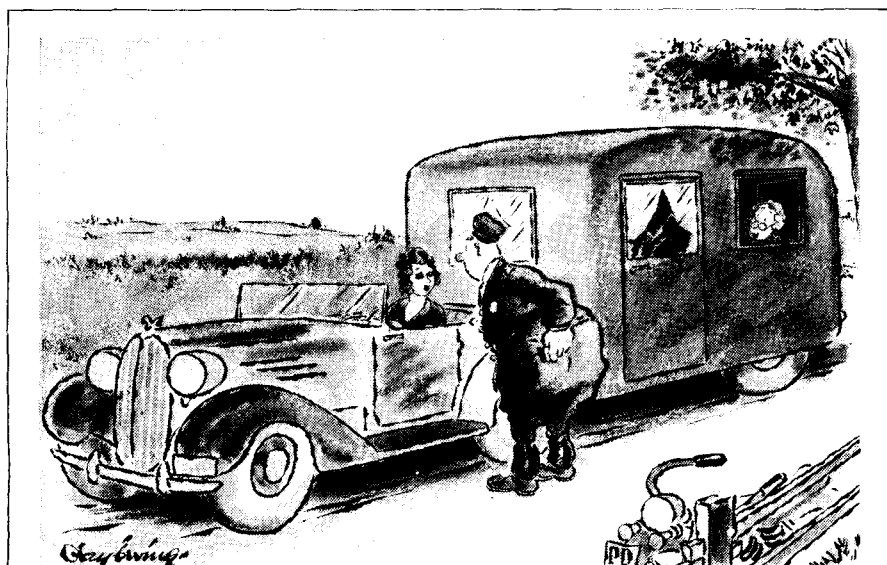
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"Why don't you ask the gentleman in, Martha?"

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The Old Trust-Busting Phony

WE'VE read and listened to the preliminary ballyhoo ushering in the government's drive against alleged monopolies.

We've been duly impressed by the big and near-big names on the so-called Temporary National Economic Committee conducting the drive—Thurman Arnold, Garland Ferguson, Jr., Jerome Frank, Isador Lubin, Herman Oliphant, Richard C. Patterson, Jr.; Senators William E. Borah, William H. King and Joseph C. O'Mahoney; Representatives Edward C. Eicher, B. C. Reece and Hatton Sumners; with (we'll finish the list in a second, now) Ewin L. Davis, William O. Douglas and Rear Admiral C. J. Peoples as alternates.

After digesting the ballyhoo and the big and near-big names, we still think the monopoly drive is an old and hoary phony that has merely had a face-lift and a new hair-do.

We expect to go on thinking this unkind thought about the monopoly drive until the TNEC bigs and near-bigs answer, in plain English that anybody can understand, some questions that up to now they have somehow neglected to answer.

Various of the boys, Chairman O'Mahoney in particular, have called attention in shocked tones to such facts as that "there are eighteen industrial, railroad and public utility corporations in the United States with assets of more than \$1,000,000,000 each . . . six of these corporations are banks and six are life insurance corporations." They have registered special pain over the fact that "scientific specialists" such as Farish of Standard Oil or Knudsen of General Motors, who know how to run big businesses, are running big businesses. And they have assured the nation that something must be done to break up this concentration of economic power or disaster will arrive.

But they have not answered such questions as these:

Does the TNEC hope to break up the big insurance companies, with their well-nigh impregnable financial positions, and throw the insurance field wide open to weak little fly-by-night insurance companies most of which will inevitably blow up in their policyholders' faces?

Would our present-day trust busters like to throw us back to the days when anybody could start a bank anywhere by simply calling himself a banker? Do they really want thousands of little shyster bankers to be able once more to get their hooks into a lot of depositors' money now administered with reasonable care and safety by big, strong banks? If this isn't what they are after with regard to the banking system, what are they after?

Is it their hope to have every city and town blessed with two or three competing telephone systems instead of one—the chief result of which would be that we would all go consider-

ably daffier than we are now? (Ask anybody who has ever lived in a two-telephone-system town.)

Is it proposed that management of big producing and finance corporations be taken away from the "scientific specialists," who concededly know how to run them, and given to some other group? If so, why; and to what group?

We suspect that those last two questions give the clue to the real reasons for the 1938-39 trust-busting crusade.

It looks to us as if the politicians and brain trusters running this show are up to two tricks, one old and one fairly new in this country.

The old trick is to make political capital—votes—out of the blind, unreasoning hatred and fear of bigness which many people feel; a trick that has worked well from time to time.

A new trick of which we suspect these gentlemen is that of trying to muscle politics into business management itself; trying to pull up chairs for politicians at business directors' tables.

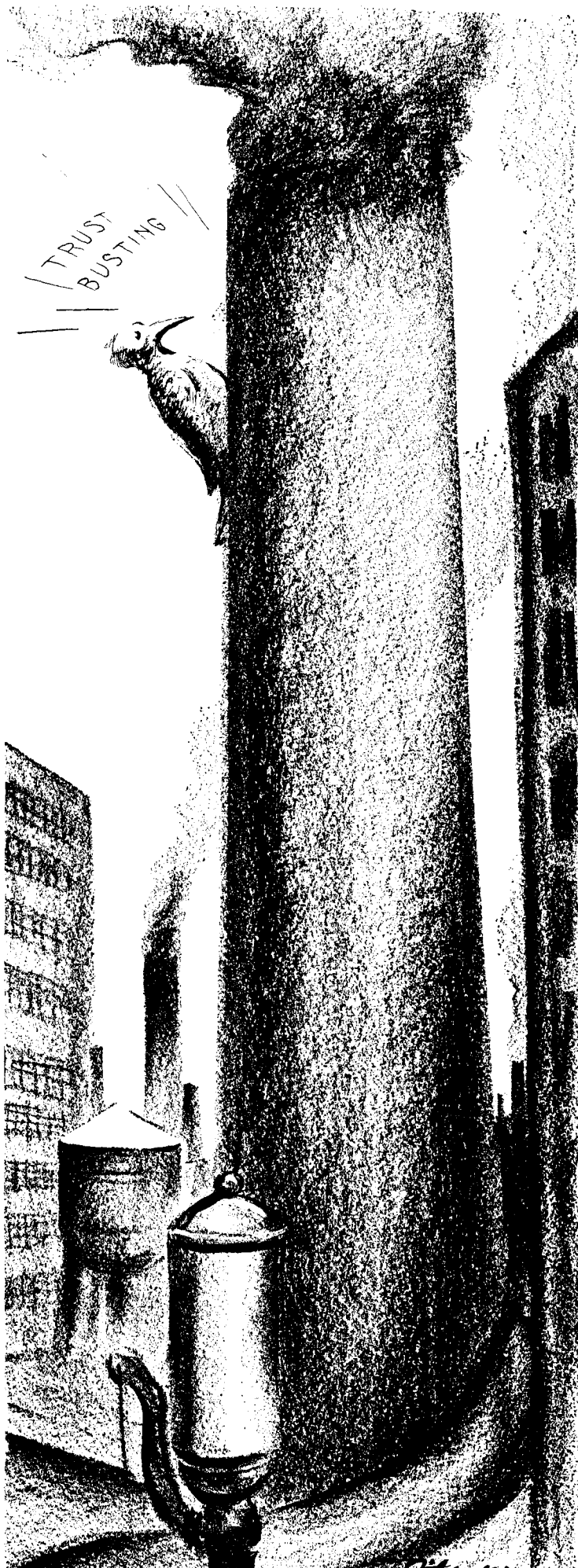
If the trust-busting crusade isn't a phony, why was Mr. Jerome Frank invited to sit on the committee at all? Mr. Frank has recently written a brilliant book, entitled "Save America First;" and one chapter in this book skillfully takes apart most of the trust-busting arguments that other members of the committee have been handing out to the public.

Also, if the crusade isn't a phony, why isn't some delving being done into labor-union monopolies as well as into alleged business monopolies—the C.I.O. parent body's effort, for example, to take over all dues collected by its local unions?

Maybe we're wrong. But American history since about 1890 has been studded with these trust-busting drives, and all of them have been phonies up to now. Until this one is proved genuine and sincere, we think the American people will be smart to treat it with a mixture of skepticism and contempt—say about 65% skepticism and about 35% contempt.

To try to combat the evolution of industries in size and efficiency is to try to turn back the clock—something that never has worked, and that always has kicked back at the would-be clock-reversers in unforeseen and painful ways.

As for letting the politicians move into industrial management—well, political control of industry in Russia, Germany and Italy has yet to show results comparable to American results as regards getting good goods to the consuming public in adequate quantities; and what else is industry for? It goes on looking to us as if politics' only proper duty toward industry is to prevent abuses, sharp practices and oppression of labor—not to sit on boards of directors, or to stand at the foreman's elbow and siphon advice into his pearly ear.



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